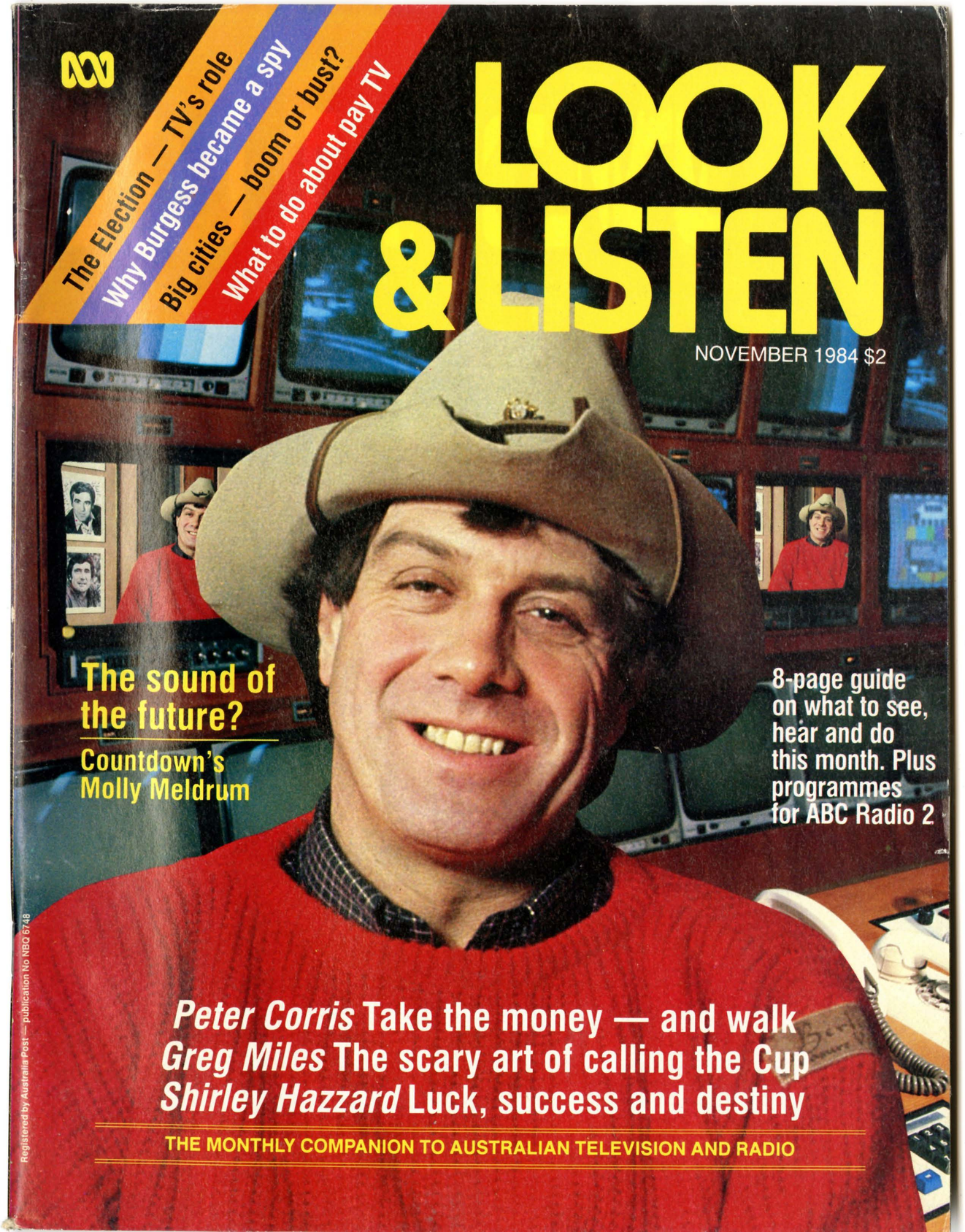
The Election — TV's role
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Countdown's Molly Meldrum
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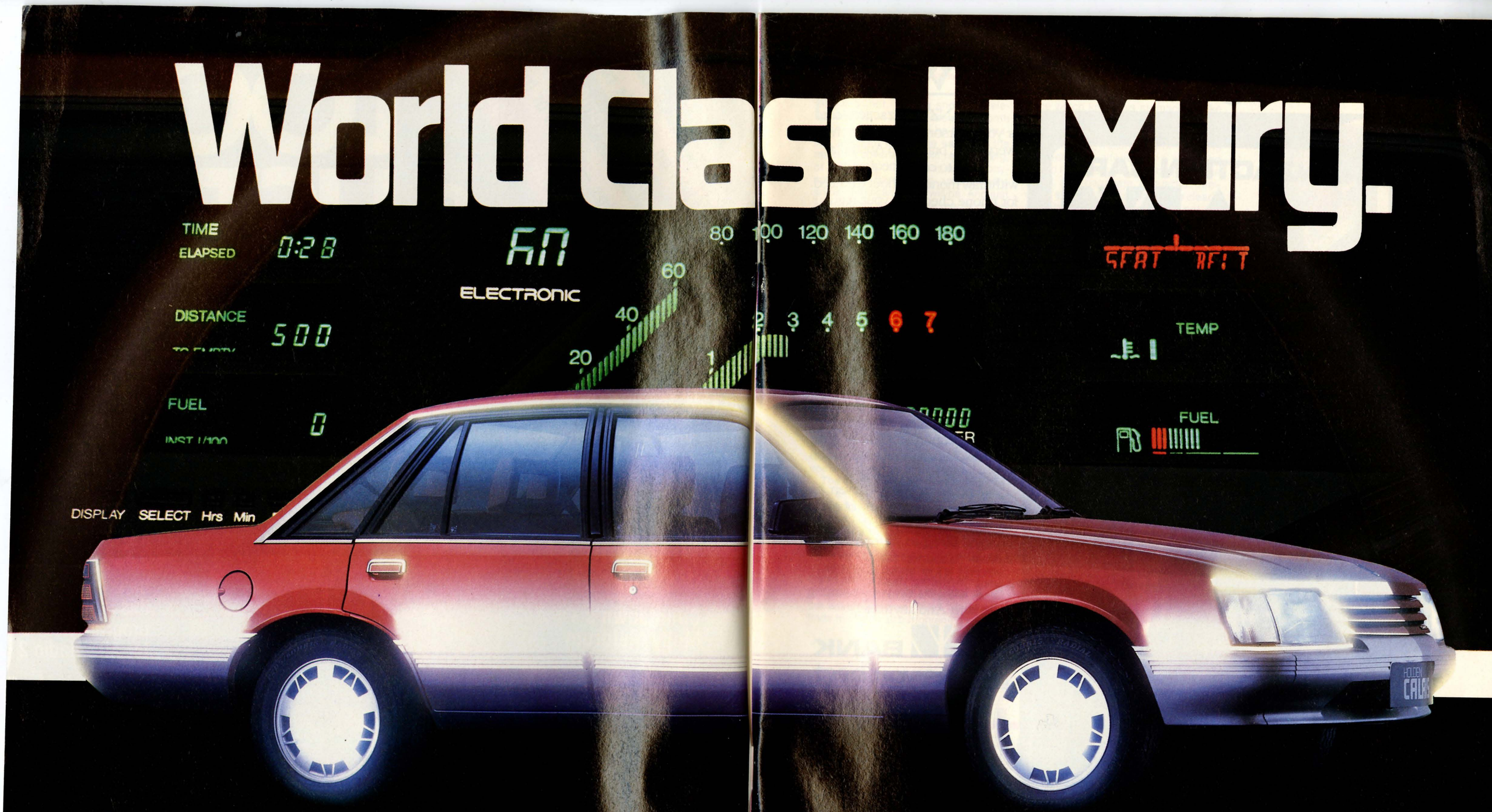

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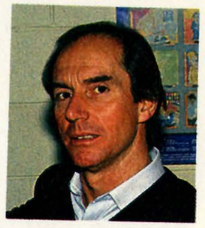

Like it or not, the big show on television and radio in the next month or so seems certain to be the Australian election. Big in the sense of the massive coverage it will receive. Big, of course, is often eventually synonymous with boring and, undoubtedly, some of the campaign will be. And just as certainly some of the media coverage will be trivial stuff. One person's trivia, naturally, is another's truth. It depends, as Arthur Daley would say. But in the end the quality of the coverage, like the campaign, is not going to match the quantity. I think the standard of political reporting and commentary is higher now than it used to be, especially among the best of the older Canberra hands who show a touch of style, a care for the sound as well as the message in their work, which makes for more agreeable reading. Not easy up against a deadline. Nevertheless, there are still ways of improving the coverage of elections and reducing the boredom and trivia factors and our politics people Colin Howard and Victor Prescott, who know a thing or two about elections, put forward some suggestions in this issue.

The other major event of the month with a much less predictable result is the Melbourne Cup, which calls for its own particular brand of commentary. In this line of business we have the world's best, or at least the fastest, don't we? On page 54 Greg Miles explains how he does it for the ABC and Garrie Hutchinson throws in some good stories from other callers. For all the ease he shows, Miles apparently finds the Cup call a frightening experience which knots his stomach — like some other stomachs, for different reasons.

What Molly Meldrum is on about is another thing altogether, a sight and sound that seems to hypnotise half the world and nauseate a quarter. Meldrum's *Countdown* programme clearly attracts the young and the not so young, if my friends are included, and as John Baxter reports on its 10th anniversary, the show might be the start of some entirely new form of communication. So it's as well to know what it's all about.

For those who haven't yet seen it, let me recommend as the show of the month Alan Bennett's *An Englishman Abroad*, based on the experience of the Australian actress Coral Browne, who ran into Guy Burgess, of Burgess and Maclean spy fame, when she was appearing in Moscow. She tells her story on page 14 and Bennett, with some reflections of his own on Burgess, describes how he turned it into an exceptional television play — witty, touching, evocative and, finally, uplifting.

Elsewhere in this issue, the Australian novelist Shirley Hazzard, this year's Boyer lecturer, recalls some of the turning points on her journey towards success in New York, in a revealing interview with Jan Garrett. And another Australian novelist, Peter Corris, creator of our answer to the American private eye, gives an hilarious account of his journey towards the completion of a screenplay based on one of his novels.

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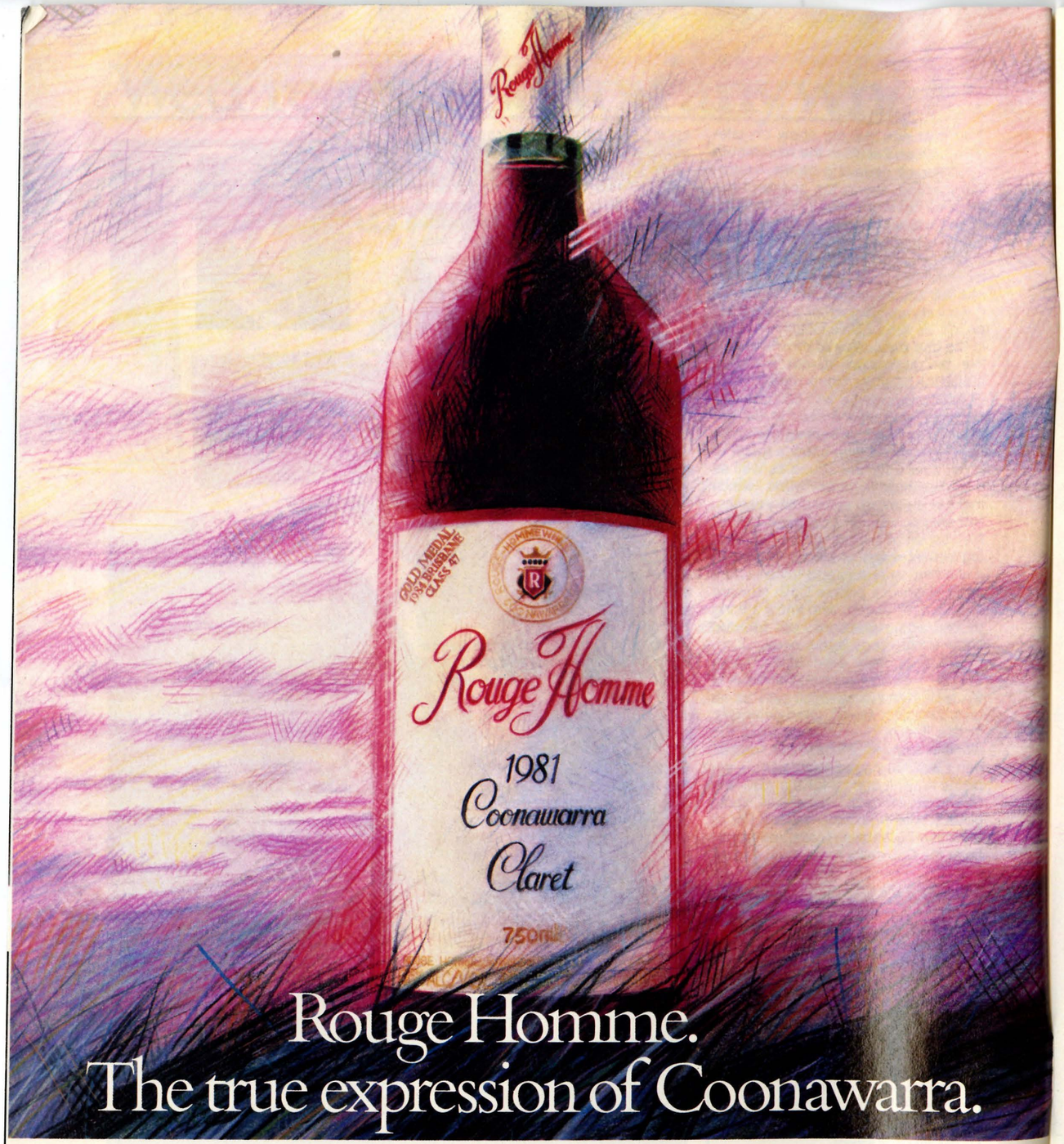

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LOOK & LISTEN

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

Calling the Cup — p54

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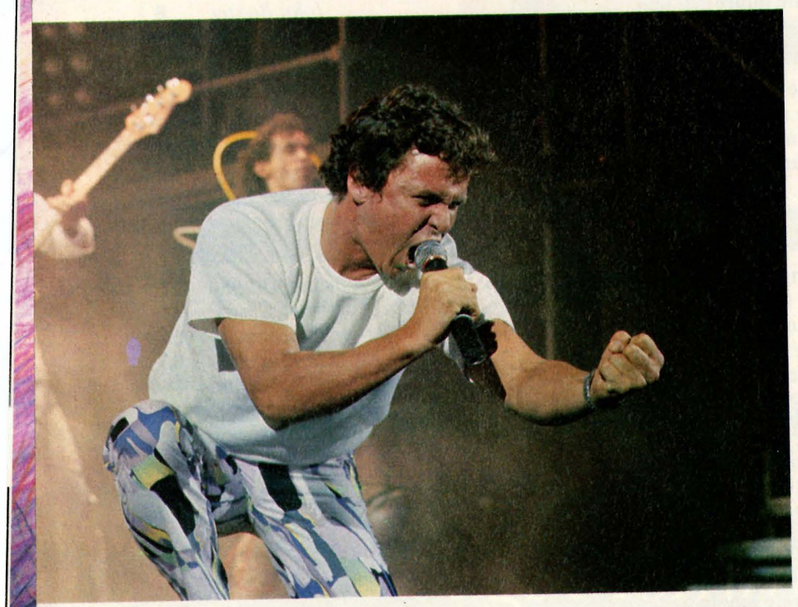
Cover photograph: Martin Webby, ABC

'You can be lofty about it, or you can let it happen. But whether you like it or not, the future is here and it's on *Countdown* every Sunday at six o'clock.' John Baxter explains why in this 10th anniversary reappraisal of an enduring ABC-TV success, and talks to the man responsible for much of it, Ian Meldrum

Countdown to the future



Photograph: Gary Johnston, ABC

Above: *Countdown* guest artist: more than a rock show. Opposite: host Ian "Molly" Meldrum and ABC-TV entertainment chief Michael Shrimpton

10 ... 1972. Australia's top pop programme, *Bandstand*, expires after 19 years. Sales of slim-cut grey suits slump as host Brian Henderson puts aside such things in favour of the news.

9 ... 1974. Ken Watts, head of ABC-TV, targets a major gap in programming — *Bandstand*'s abandoned 10-17 music audience.

8 ... November 1974. The ABC airs a 30-minute Friday evening rock programme, fronted by music journalist Ian Meldrum.

7 ... March 1975. The programme moves to Sunday, goes to 60 minutes, and wins a title — *Countdown*.

6 ... March 1975. Colour hits Australian television.

5 ... 1975. *Countdown* breaks the radio hit list grip on popular music and creates its own star groups in Sherbet and Skyhooks.

4 ... 1976. *Countdown* features a clip of Eurovision Song Contest winners Abba singing "Mama Mia". Demand for the song forces its release as a single, which hits number one in a fortnight. Abba subsequently tours Australia and sells 700,000 albums. *Countdown* wins a Logie for best children's television programme.

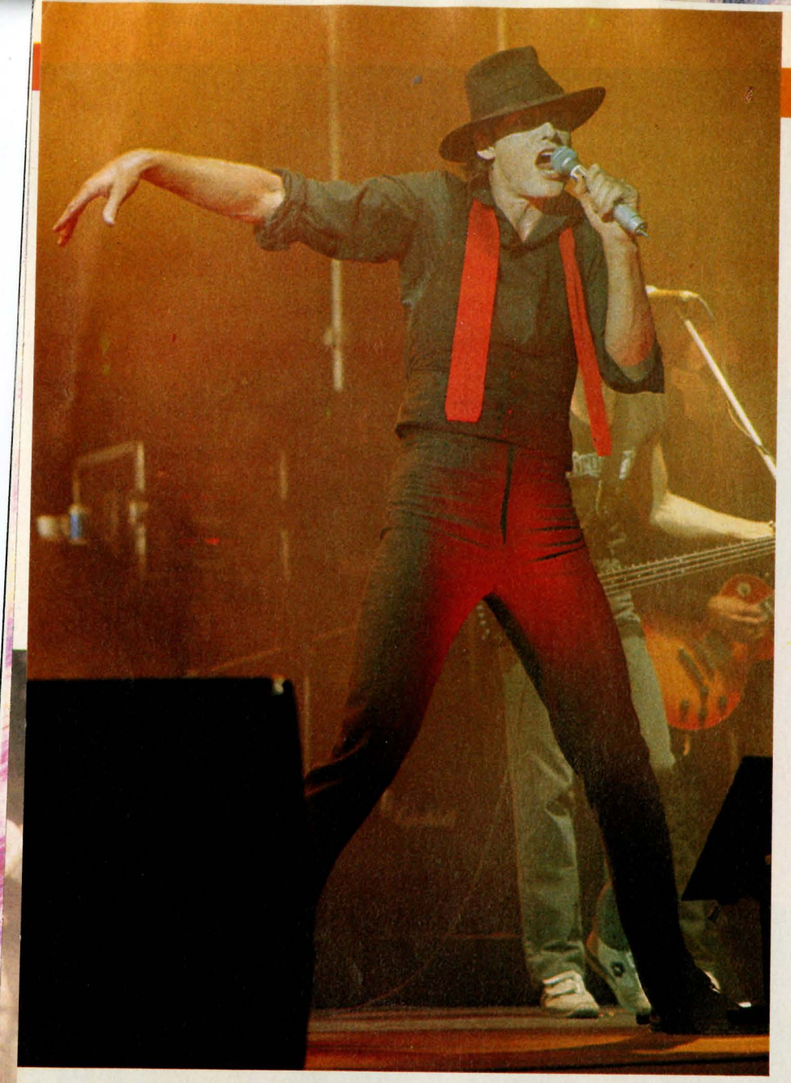
3 ... 1978. Fifty-six per cent of Australian children are watching more than 21 hours of television a week. For most, one of those hours is *Countdown*.

2 ... 1984. Elton John hires an abandoned Sydney paper factory as location for Russell Mulcahy's clip of his new single "Sad Songs". The clip costs $150,000, and premieres on *Countdown*.

1 ... November 1984. Kids are watching 30 hours of television a week. *Countdown*'s monthly magazine hoists its print run to 100,000, and *Countdown* itself is ten years old.

The spare, frowning man in early middle age, with a bristle of grey hair and a black leather jacket, drops two sweeteners from an onyx pill box into his coffee. Around him, in Double Bay's Cosmopolitan Coffee Shop, Sydney's throwaway society laps in a murmur of brand names: Gucci, Ferrari, Zampatti. Slick surfaces of vinyl and leather, neon and perspex shimmer with a thin video vividness in Australia's preferred palette of viridian and mango.

It's a Russell Mulcahy world, languid and thin, a projection of reality, dressed by Linda Jackson, with choreography by David Atkins. The scene cries out for theme music. I'm looking for *Countdown*'s first executive producer,



'In mass-cult arts like film and pop, gambling for high stakes is the essence of the game . . .'

money he's made with *Thriller*. At the level where that album sells, cause and effect court one another in an instantaneous minuet as tenuous and rarefied as anything in particle physics.

Pop, ironically, is the most isolated and isolating of the mass arts. Notoriety breeds a defensive detachment; it was a fan, after all, who shot John Lennon. For reasons less of safety than a studied respect for industry traditions, *Countdown* people resist exposure. It's hard to nail down both Shrimpton and the phantom Ian "Molly" Meldrum, *Countdown* front man and, increasingly, front man of the pop music world in Australia. But harder still to nail down the programme itself.

What is *Countdown*? Is it, as some say, Ian Meldrum himself — a personality vehicle for an increasingly powerful media presence? (Meldrum is a contract performer, not a member of ABC staff, and therefore free profitably to pursue production, promotion and personal appearance activities outside.) Is it (as the film business is fond of charging) an instrument of influence wielded by a capricious Corporation in the service of its own brand of music and morality?

Perhaps it really is just "an infernal can-can"; bop-along music and visual chewing gum for a mindless phalanx of 10- to 17-year-olders whose attention span, compressed between the television commercial on one hand and the rock clip on the other, contracts weekly towards zero and what may be a generation-breaking implosion into some entirely new form of communication . . .

Shrimpton's worry is *Countdown*. But it's also me. There is, God knows, enough bad publicity for the programme without inviting more as the decade looms. "He still takes responsibility for it," says Glenn Hamilton, head of ABC Enterprises. "It's still part of his empire. He goes down to Melbourne once a month. He has appointed and therefore knows all the producers. And of course he's also been an associate of Ian Meldrum's for more than ten years. So really the big story in *Countdown* is his."

So what *is* the story? Fuelled by coffee and ambiance, Michael Shrimpton embarks on oral history. "*Countdown* came about because Ken Watts, who was then the Controller of TV programmes, said to us 'There's a yawning gap in the ABC's attractions to the new generation of Australians.' It was as simple as that. Ken was a very direct bloke who loved to get people who were enthusiastic and pose almost impossible questions and sit back and revel in the total chaos he left behind him. It was a remarkable challenge, and terrifying.

"The people involved at the start were myself and Robby Weekes and Ian Meldrum. Meldrum was then working for a now defunct piece of journalism for the rock world called *Go Set*. Robby had known Meldrum from the Channel 10 days, when they'd worked on a record miming show called *Commotion* that had bitten the dust, and it had been two years since anything of this sort had been on television. And it seemed right, principally because colour was happening, and we were convinced that what we could do with colour was just go mad. And we did."

Shrimpton warms to his subject. "The way colour worked within the ABC at the time was fascinating. *Bellbird* went into mourning. Everyone wore khakis and purples and browns and muted tones. The grey hand of care, concern and conscious control had descended on us, and decreed that taste was all. The guy we'd contracted from the BBC on a consultancy basis to teach us how to do colour was Bill Wright, a man of fine wisdom. And he said to me on one occasion 'Everybody will over-react desperately in drama, because that is the way of it. Everything will be muted tones. So *you* can go on and be as vulgar as all get out, and everyone can have a great display, and orgasm can occur publicly all around the nation every Sunday at six.'"

Countdown is more than a rock show. What rocks its audience this week gibbers in a television commercial and beams out from advertising hoardings six months later. British TV's *6.5 Special* and *Ready Steady Go* in the sixties routinely looted the vocabulary of working pop artists like Allen Jones, Bridget Riley and David Hockney to style their sets, running through them one a week. Critic George Melly took Derek Boshier on one set, to be told by the producer that he should have been there a fortnight before when they had "done" him.

Peter Gennaro's choreography for *Shindig* opened up vernacular dance, absorbing the angular avant garde movement of Tetley and Cranko and selling its distilled essence back to the teen audience. Later, Bob Fosse merchandised the bottle to Broadway and Hollywood. The knock-kneed stand-and-shake dances of sixties Manhattan — the Shake, the Surf, the Frug — that Fosse retailed to the mass in his *Rich Man's Frug* for *Sweet Charity* were bought and sold in shows like *Shindig*, as was the basic visual alphabet of rock video. (One indelible sixties image — Mick Jagger on *Shindig* strolling through a Gothic doorway against a backdrop scribbled with shadows, tossing in his hand a glittering object of switchblade menace as he sang — Playing with fire. It was only a harmonica, but the danger was real enough.)

Lighting *matters* in popular culture, where so much is projected, reflected, peripherally sensed rather than perceived. The glitter-ball, strobe, light-show, rock-poster psychedelia and now video breakdown effects like interference bars and "snow" are the currency of cultural perception. And *Countdown*, as most television rock programmes have always been, is its clearing house and stock exchange.

Countdown's visual sophistication is no secret to Shrimpton. "The lighting directors played the most astonishingly important part (in *Countdown*'s success), and still do. The primary effect of the programme is still the lighting director's. You can't say that about any other form of television. We trail-blazed that.

"In those days the ABC was superbly well-suited technically. It had been wonderfully equipped. It was light years ahead of its nearest neighbours. And we inherited all the tearaways in the lighting department who couldn't wait to use the gear. It was easy for us to break the rules, and we did it all the time. We pointed lights into the camera, which was taboo at the time. We had one lighting change of which the lighting director at the time announced to the control room, 'That brought Yallourn to its knees, chaps'."

And then came a perfect synthesis of look and sound — Skyhooks. "They brought to popular music in Australia at the time the first individual band presentation style that we had known," recalls Shrimpton. "Graeme Strachan, the lead singer, in the amazing curly mop-top was extraordinarily different; Greg Macainsh in mysterious dark glasses and white Stetson and white suit, Red Symons in that peculiar diabolo affectation that he adopted, Bongo looking like something absolutely else, because that was the only way he had to go when faced with the other competition, and Fred the drummer, with the second pair of arms clutching around his chest. Great gimmick. Totally original.

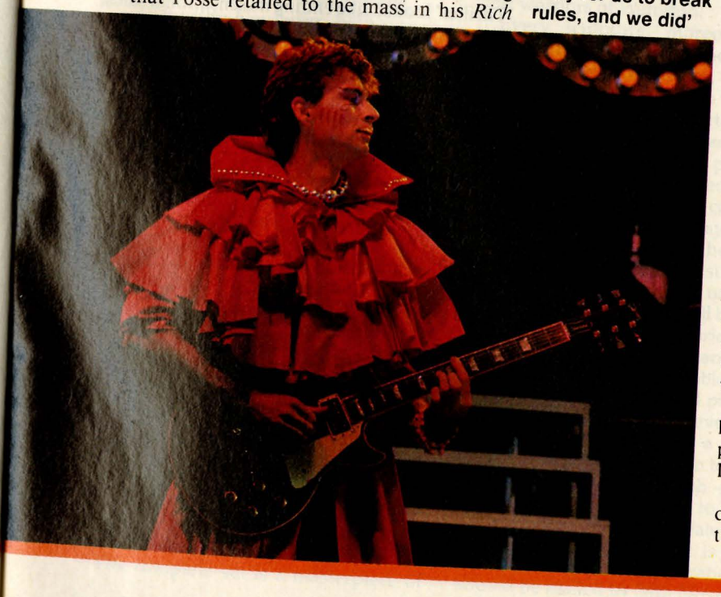
"They were on the first group of shows. Within a couple of weeks they were national names of very great significance. The publicity of Mushroom Records to this day will admit the success of Skyhooks outside its Carlton clique was due to its *Countdown* exposure."

Great days. Nothing much else, one senses, has been quite so satisfying. "We rocked the place. And it was tremendous fun. I don't think I've had as much fun since."

I mention my project to a BBC radio producer. Bad move. "*Countdown*? You know what they call it? *Letdown*. It's just for boppers."

There are other voices raised. Some hate the

Photograph: Gary Johnston, ABC



'We inherited all the tearaways in the lighting department who couldn't wait to use the gear. It was easy for us to break rules, and we did'

whole idea of rock video. At 43, and a family man (his daughter's name is Moon Unit) Frank Zappa fancies himself an elder statesman of rock. "The whole idea of rock video is anti-music" he announced the other day, "because you don't remember the song, you remember the image. It's like American popular music is limited to three chords and two beats, and the visual vocabulary is the same."

You don't remember the song but you remember the image . . . But surely the image has superseded the song, or at least become inextricable from it. We're moving into a world where music and images coalesce in a new form as radical in its visual terminology as was early film. It has surfaced on television because that's the medium most readily responsive to the evolving audience. The American media writer Michael Arlen notes: "We don't see on television an exact mirror image of what we are, or even what we want to be. But for the most part what we get is a general version, a crude but by no means inaccurate approximation of what our society perceives as being important."

Countdown's visuals bulge and quiver like reflections on the mercury in that cultural thermometer. Reading the temperature is Ian "Molly" Meldrum.

Sydney's Sebel Town House, the watering hole of peripatetic show business. Film producers cruise the lobby like barracuda. In the minuscule bar, the seats of designer jeans squeak on neutral Naugahyde. A vinyl angel with hair by Zorro of Glebe delivers brown froth in a coffee cup. The photographer pops one under his silver umbrella, gilding the room with white light. We're Waiting for Molly.

Why *Molly*? I make a note to ask. No darling of the press, Meldrum has lately taken a pasting. Richard Coleman in the *Sydney Morning Herald* had a field day with his Culture Club special and putatively inarticulate interview with Boy George: Headline ARM, RYE ON, MOLLY. (Coleman, on the other hand, can't spell Marc Bolan, so my mind is open.)

Meldrum arrives. Better protected by the characteristic *Countdown* guardedness than by the famous cowboy hat (Another note: *Ask about hat*), he offers cautious greetings. He shares with Michael Shrimpton the *Countdown* smile, one corner of the mouth hooked up in weary amusement. "Dogged" and "solemn" are the adjectives that come to mind.

Glenn Hamilton's analysis of Meldrum's media strategy looks even more acute than it first seemed: "He's stayed with the ABC because he sees it as a way of keeping himself 'clean'. So you'll not see him doing many promotions. I think one of the great survival things for *Countdown* is that Ian Meldrum has never been seen as being an 'industry' person who's in there with the record companies."

Meldrum has the programming philosophy. He has the demographics. He has the figures. He knows his business because he *is* business. What

What is *Countdown*? A personality vehicle for an increasingly powerful media presence? Visual chewing gum for the mindless? Some entirely new form of communication?

about the differences between *Countdown* 1984 and *Countdown* 1974?

"*Countdown* 1974 was designed to set up a professional show for Australian musicians who could be presented to an Australian audience on the same level — or, to the best of our ability, the same level — that overseas counterparts were being presented on film. And that, I think, we achieved. And also, because of the air play situation which still exists on radio, to give Australian groups an opportunity to make an appearance and go national all in one go. In one day, a Melbourne group could become known to a Sydney, a Darwin, and Perth, an Adelaide audience. And that was achieved through *Countdown*."

When did he first sense the programme's power? "It wasn't until the success on the local level of Skyhooks that I suddenly saw what impact the show had, and how the sales of an album — *especially* an album — could be increased from what was then a healthy sale of 40,000 copies to a quarter of a million copies of a Skyhooks album alone."

And *Countdown* 1984? Fifty tracks in a week to choose from, with a better-than-average chance that anything he plays will become a hit. What meaningful distinctions can one make at this level of apprehension?

"First of all," says Meldrum, "I listen to the song before I watch the video clip. There are times when I've seen video clips that have absolutely destroyed the song. But I've seen others where it embellishes the song and makes it into something special."

Like *Thriller*, the album to end all albums? Meldrum has a cool professional appreciation of its skill. "In the clips for 'Beat it', 'Thriller' and 'Billie Jean' Bob Guaraldi and his choreographer Michael Peters surrounded Michael with the mystique he demanded. And when 'Thriller' looked like ending its sensational sales, they issued the cassette of *The Making of Thriller*, directed by John Landis. It opened up a market of kids ranging from three to eight years old, who suddenly began to treat Michael Jackson as some sort of comic-book figure or Peter Pan. And they asked their parents if they could buy them for Christmas or their birthday *The Making of Thriller* and also the *Thriller* album. When the album got to about the 28 million mark we thought it was the end of its life span, but it's now sold 46 million."

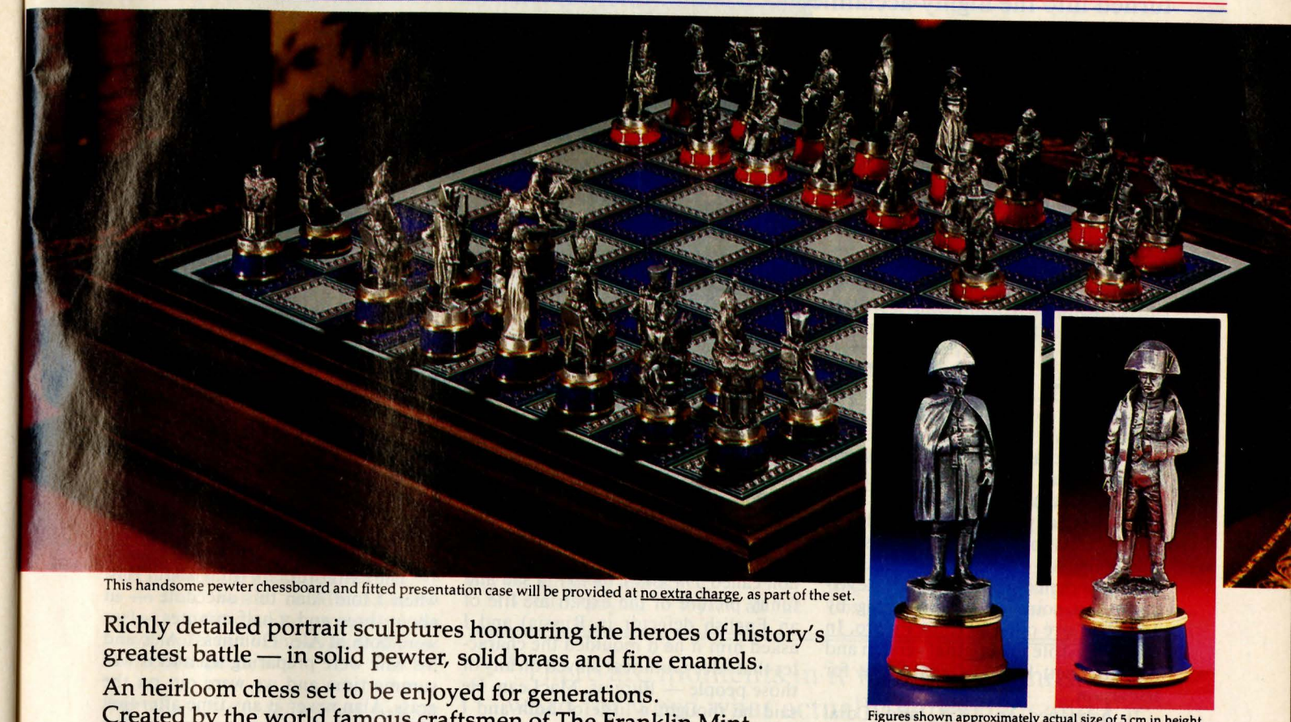
Pop is a profession of prescience. Shrimpton calls Meldrum's hunch capacity "phenomenal". "I look ahead," acknowledges Meldrum, "for what can be a boost not only for *Countdown*, but for the industry as a whole." So what next? In America, it's dancing. Rap dancing on street corners, all-night boogie in New York loft discos where DJs work on twin turntables with 12-inch singles, rhythmically "scratching" the record back and forward an inch to create a subversive back-beat that has the crowd "barking" its appreciation.

▸ **Continued on page 87**

LE MUSÉE DE WATERLOO

PRESENTS

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO CHESS SET



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Playwright Alan Bennett was so fascinated by Coral Browne's story of her meeting in Moscow with Guy Burgess that he wrote a script about it which director John Schlesinger turned into the highly-acclaimed television film *An Englishman Abroad* (ABC-TV this month). Henry Fenwick talks to the Australian actress about her role as herself opposite Alan Bates as the British traitor and, over the page, Bennett tells Pamela Stirling about the challenge of depicting Burgess

Browne, Bennett and Burgess – formula for success

An elegant and witty actress on tour in Moscow with the Royal Shakespeare Company is visited in her dressing room by a disconsolate British defector. They talk. A correspondence between the two develops . . . it sounds like something by John le Carré out of Arthur Pinero. In fact God wrote the original version and Alan Bennett has now adapted it for television.

It happened in 1958, and Coral Browne was playing Gertrude in the RSC production of *Hamlet* when it visited Russia, where she met Guy Burgess. "Many years later," she says, "I was discussing spies one day with Alan Bennett, for no reason — just sitting on a mound of grass at somebody's home where we were for the weekend. Alan had written a play at that time in London called *The Old Country* (a sad and funny picture of the expatriate life of an English defector in Russia) and I asked him if he'd moulded the character that Alec Guinness played on any of those people — Burgess, MacLean. He said he thought a little of both and I happened to say to him: 'Oh, I met Guy Burgess in Russia!' We discussed it for about five minutes; no more than that.

Coral Browne and Alan Bates in *An Englishman Abroad*: a brief encounter recalled

Several months later he sent me the script and said he'd written up the things that I'd told him and would I mind if he went on with it or would I rather he didn't. I said I didn't mind at all. I was delighted.

"The extraordinary thing about it is, when I told Alan this anecdote — in about three and a half minutes — we were both at Alec Guinness'. Alec and his wife were preparing tea and it was summertime and we were out on the grass. Alan never at any time after that phoned me. I never thought another thing about it, but obviously he's got a strange photographic mind, because when he sent me the draft there were the things I'd said.

"I didn't want him to think that anything I had said was fantasised or elongated, so after he sent me the draft I went through my papers: I've got a very nasty black book, which isn't a book, it's a great big suitcase, and in it I keep my life, a sort of diary, I suppose. And in it were the letters that Burgess had written to me. These letters I photocopied and sent to Alan, because I didn't want him to think it was some sort of fairy story I'd made up."

She mentioned Bennett's script to a mutual friend, the film director John Schlesinger, and said, "Do you think it's a film?" "Well," Schlesinger recalls saying, "I said 'I think it's television,' and I rang Alan." Bennett had written his first film script for Schlesinger, an adaptation of Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*, which "he did brilliantly but it never got off the ground". Bennett sent the rough script to Schlesinger but he had already offered it to the BBC as part of a series of his plays which were shown at the end of last year. Schlesinger got in touch with the producer, Innes Lloyd, and said, "I'd like to do this," but he couldn't immediately clear the date for production. So Lloyd took it out of the series and it was slotted independently.

Coral Browne: playing herself was a strange experience

It appealed to Schlesinger, he says, for its particularly English qualities and attitude. "I think we take a slightly different view of spies from Americans. It's ironic and witty and touching, an amusing piece about Guy Burgess towards the end of his life, a man with a desperate longing to get back in touch with England — it's a feeling I've often had when I've been in America for a long time! It's an anecdote which I found delicious when Coral told it and as Alan wrote it. Witty and sad at the same time. It's an anecdote, we're not trying to do a great spy story."

Russia had to be re-created "with a lot of salt and luck with the weather", laughs Schlesinger. "Marvellous settings," says Browne. "It looks like Russia — it was cold, very cold." She shudders at the memory. "Not very comfortable." She was also in the curious position, for an actress, of playing herself. "I found that intensely difficult. I don't know who I am and, if you think about it, do you know who you are? I mean what I am to myself is obviously not what I am to other people. Sometimes people think I'm a highly camp lady, sometimes they think I'm a funny lady, sometimes they think, I'm sure, that I'm a crashing bore. My husband (the actor Vincent Price) thinks I'm a woman who thinks of nothing but diet — I try to prevent him from putting the butter in things.

"I kept on saying to myself all the time 'Who am I? This sounds like me. Alan's written it so it sounds like me. This happened to me, I know.' And I know that my reactions to it when I was acting it were the same reactions I had in the same situation when it happened. There are moments in it which are almost word for word what actually happened and I found some of those very moving. When I learned the lines and acted them with Alan Bates I became an actress, but in the beginning it was a very strange experience."

> 'There are moments in it which are almost word for word what actually happened, and I found some of those very moving . . .'

What else of possible use to dramatists, I ask, might that black suitcase hold? "I haven't kept anything there for 20 or 30 years," she confesses. "I think I cleared it out a bit when I got married last time. It got cleared out in the first marriage and it got cleared out a bit in the second marriage. I'm sorry, now, about some of the things I parted with."

I condole with her — when I married, I confess, I threw out all my old love letters from other people. "There you are," she says delightedly. "There might have been one from Guy Burgess there! Or who knows, 20 years later one of those ladies might be shot as Mata Hari and then you'd say, 'I had these letters from Mata Hari and now they'd have been worth a fortune!' But you need storage room," she says, practically.

Who's Who in the Theatre maintains, ungallantly, that she was born in 1913 and that this fortunate event took place in Australia. Neither of these items of information seems to have the slightest likelihood if applied to this stylish, attractive, caustic, urbane lady I met in New York.

She now lives in Los Angeles. "Vincent had to have a home there — he's lived in California so long, though he's not Californian by any manner of means, and when we were first married his daughter was very much younger and he wanted to be near her. I leave California frequently. I get to London quite a bit, my mother's 93 and she's in London. We travel a lot. We like travelling. If we stopped we might get fixed. Los Angeles is a place to live in and a place to leave and a place to come back to. I still have my apartment in London. I would never give that up. I don't go into it much because it's let most of the time. But I could not *not* live there."

When we met in New York Browne was en route to Paris to begin work on a new film, *The American Dreamer*, in which she plays Tom Conti's mother. This was to be followed by a hectic schedule which included London for a television talkshow, Venice where Vincent Price could learn to make tortellini, Los Angeles and the Panama Canal for a cruise.

All the time Coral Browne will be dieting. "Vincent gets so mad! Absolutely mad!" She laughs triumphantly, like a wife in a situation comedy written by Strindberg. Her life transmuted into art once again.

(Radio Times)

• An Englishman Abroad *is one of the plays in* Objects of Affection and Other Plays for Television *by Alan Bennett (BBC Publications)*

Why he became a spy

Yes. Well. It's a trifle embarrassing actually. The awkward truth is that Alan Bennett, acclaimed author of the play *An Englishman Abroad*, doesn't quite remember things happening the way Browne describes them on the previous page.

For a start he can't place that mound of grass. The way Bennett tells it, Browne told him of her meeting with Guy Burgess over dinner at the Mirabelle — where Alec Guinness had taken them to eat after a performance of Bennett's *The Old Country*. Bennett particularly recalls the restaurant "because the mixture of Moscow drabness and London luxe was so much a part of the telling of that tale". Another thing: Bennett didn't send Browne the script "several months" later. He doesn't even recall writing it for a couple of years. And he certainly doesn't remember telling Browne that the character Guinness played in *The Old Country* was based on Burgess and MacLean. It wasn't even based, as many people have assumed, on Philby. Says Bennett: "If I had anybody in mind when writing the play it was W. H. Auden; the play seeming to me to be about exile, a subject which interests me, rather than espionage, which interests me not a bit."

But best believe Coral Browne's version. Bennett claims to have "a hideous memory: soon I'll have to write my name and address round my neck, like an evacuee". The self-effacing Bennett — who appears in his checked shirt, grey flannels and sandshoes like an "overgrown first-day-of-term Jennings" — can *prove*, he says, that he's got a lousy memory. Look: a whole carton full of cardboard shirt-backs with scribbled bits of dialogue and play ideas; cryptically entitled "The Handcuffed Baby" or "The Muscleman's Mother". All written down immediately "for fear that five minutes later they would escape me".

All right. He can prove it another way. Look at all the repetitions in his series of television plays. Bennett claims his lack of memory makes him appear obsessed.

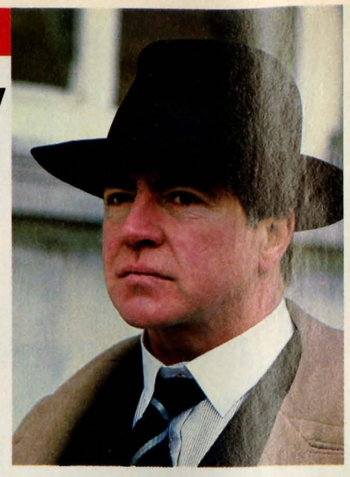
Bennett — one of the four brilliant young graduates who took London by storm in the sixties with the satirical revue *Beyond the Fringe* — has since, like Peter Cook, Dudley Moore and Jonathan Miller, been very successful. But he sees himself simply as a middle-aged writer whose quest for a "universal theme" remains unfulfilled. "I feel like the pavement vendors on the fringe of Camden antique market selling objects that don't quite qualify — an old Oxo tin, a scent spray, a crocheted table mat and some family snaps from the fifties. That's what I feel my writing is like, the contents of a drawer. I wish it wasn't but it is."

But writing about Guy Burgess was obviously different; a challenge fulfilled. Bennett found the ironies in the man fascinating. He quotes a letter from Burgess to Coral Browne dated Easter Sunday 1959, mentioning the singer Paul Robeson whom Browne had urged Burgess to visit in Moscow. " '. . . I found myself too shy to call . . . I always am with great men and artists such as him. Not so much shy as frightened. The *agonies* I remember on *first* meeting with people I really admire, eg E. M. Forster (and Picasso and Winston Churchill but not W. S. Maugham).' " Says Bennett: "The particular irony is that when Burgess was sent in happier times to Washington as second secretary at the British Embassy his former boss, Hector McNeil, warned him above all not to get involved in any homosexual incidents. "What you mean," said Burgess, "is that I mustn't make a pass at Paul Robeson."

Bennett finds it hard "to drum up any patriotic indignation over Burgess. No one has ever shown that he did much harm, except to make fools of people in high places. In all the 'important' things he was a conformist: 'But how can he be a spy?' people said. 'The chap goes to my tailor.' " Because Burgess made jokes, scenes and passes at other men, the general consensus, says Bennett, is that he was "silly".

"Philby is thought of as being more respectable because he was more serious. It's paradoxical that it meant he was capable of handing over agents to torture and death."

Some of Burgess' sentiments in the play are also Bennett's: "I can say I love London. I can say I love England. I can't say I love my country, because I don't know what that means." Bennett talks of how the Falklands war helped him understand how a "fastidious stepping-aside" from patriotism could affect characters as different as Burgess and Blunt.



Alan Bates as British defector Guy Burgess: unhappiness abroad

"There's a sense too in which an ironic attitude toward one's country and a scepticism about one's heritage is a part of that heritage. And so, by extension, is the decision to betray it."

Bennett believes also that Burgess became a spy "because he wanted a place to be alone and having a secret supplied that". He quotes from Auden when he describes Narcissus not as young and beautiful but fat and middle-aged. Drunk he gazes at himself in the glass, and says, "I shouldn't look at me like that if I were you. I suppose you think you know who I am. Well, let me tell *you*, my dear, that one of these days you're going to get a very big surprise *indeed*!" Burgess, says Bennett, wasn't a close friend of Auden's, but the night before he left the country in May, 1951 and before it became plain he would have to go "the whole hog" and accompany MacLean, Burgess thought of lying low with Auden on Ischia.

"There would have been a nice appropriateness in this, secret agents and sudden flight being potent elements in Auden's 'Leave for Cape Wrath Tonight'. But on the crucial evening Auden failed — or forgot — to return Burgess' call. This omission was also appropriate. Auden's poetry in the thirties often sounded like a blueprint for political action, but set against subsequent events some of his verse rang hollow. Burgess 'running naked through Europe' and turning up on Ischia would have been like a parody of early Auden, a reminder of a poetic past, some of which Auden was anxious to forget. Though that too would have made a nice play." L&L

— Pamela Stirling
(NZ Listener)

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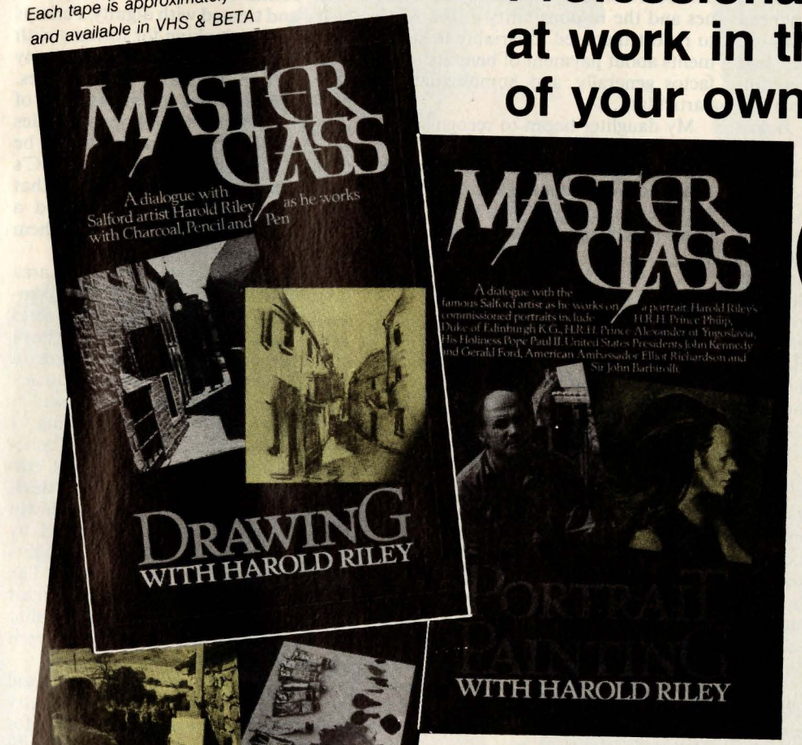
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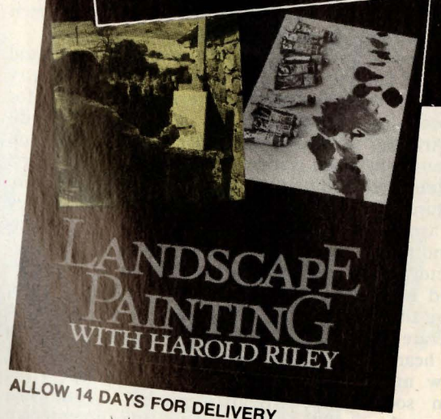

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The case for the country

Is the urban-rural gap larger than we think?

During August and September I spent two weeks in non-urban Australia — in far north Queensland and western New South Wales. The Chairman, Ken Myer, and I visited Cairns, Townsville and Rockhampton in far north Queensland (FNQ) to meet the local ABC staff and listen to their views on the way things are and should be in broadcasting. The announced closure of television services in Rockhampton and Townsville had caused consternation in the community and it seemed fair that people had their chance to speak to Board members.

People proudly described FNQ as a separate state of mind, if not a separate state. Brisbane seems as remote and irrelevant as Sydney. There is a vitality, energy and confidence there that is contagious. FNQ likes its ABC exactly as it is. It doesn't want television services closed down in Townsville and Rockhampton; it believes instead that they should be expanded to reflect the importance of FNQ which kept reporting to us that it represented the most decentralised state in Australia and insisted that we read their statistical models which illustrated it.

Far North people saw no reason for the ABC to "implement social change", as benefits to de factos are quaintly described. At a press conference, one reporter, sweating with the stress of it, finally asked me the question he had been saving for ages: "I suppose that next time you'll be authorising bestiality." On dear, when did justice become sex?

By contrast my week in western New South Wales was in the company of my very own nuclear family, complete with station wagon. On this occasion I used the opportunity to listen to country radio, both ABC and commercial, and I was forcefully reminded how choice decreases as one moves west. As programming choices and reception quality decreased we played more of the children's cassette tapes. The entire family can now sing "Sweet and Sour" in unison, although not for the record.

When visiting friends and sharing meals, I was invariably lobbied about the ABC. The future of FM (even though not currently available to them) was a major issue as was the insistence that *Country Hour* be maintained and organised to include at least a ten-minute spot for rural groups to do their national networking.

People insisted that their interests could not possibly be served by commercial stations and that all the better things in life must be provided by *our* ABC — sports coverage, news and current affairs and stock and market reports, entertainment and local news. The confidence in expressing their values and the responsibility of the ABC to reflect them led invariably to statements about payment of benefits to de factos generally, and homosexuals in particular.

My daughter began to recognise the signs — an embarrassed look, a flushing of the cheeks aided by a couple of drinks, a word about being a taxpayer, and the mature rural man would draw in his breath and say: "Weed them out,

it's not right — we can't have these people in our ABC." Invariably the women didn't comment on the issue although sometimes they admonished the men for being rude. Perhaps they think that it might be their son or daughter . . .

What happens to homosexual people in the country? Do they hear the rage of these men and leave for the city? Is the bush society exclusively heterosexual or is it expressing a far more profound fear of urban-based change? Are they fearful that the radicalism Dennis Altmann describes as a "commitment to basic and far reaching restructuring of social, political and economic arrangements to make for a better and fairer society" may be more than rhetoric?

The gap between rural and urban may be much greater than we think. The implications for the ABC are significant. They affect the very heart of programming decisions. How much comfort and distance from social change will there be in non-urban areas? How much is their view of Australia the "right" one? Should we assume that the ABC of non-urban Australia wants its news cleaned, its sport direct and its safety reinforced without confrontation on radical issues?

Of course we shouldn't. But we should be mindful that there are many people in non-urban Australia who don't have the opportunity to discuss some of the contentious issues, to put their points of view where they'll be heard and treated with dignity. Perhaps we should be looking for formats with greater interaction and community participation. If smaller communities, often isolated from the mainstream of thought, reduce people's opportunities for discussion, perhaps it should be seen as an important part of the ABC's role. In both places people told me that *Monday Conference* had provided a vicarious discussion place for them that was presently lacking.

To have a reporter in the local area being asked to check responses to seemingly far away urban contentious issues could be a beginning. People then have a chance of measuring themselves in their own community and a legitimacy is given to the topic being discussed.

Lest this seem too depressing, I should report that when de facto benefits are discussed as a matter of employer justice rather than sexual "deviation", the emotional heat cools down. The first responses are tempered by new information and new insights which allow a rational discussion. The benefits to the ABC of the deputy chair being a writer and educator in sexuality and fertility have probably only been apparent in China previously.

Unfortunately some people see rural programmes, and in particular *Country Hour*, as some sort of indulgence for people who live in the bush. They do not understand the reality of isolation and communication of market reports around Australia for people who are trading in agricultural products. They do not recognise the informational networking that occurs.

By contrast, if programmes discussing social issues are seen as city issues, people in the country switch off. There must be a better way for all Australians to communicate. I am perhaps a little schizoid about this issue. I spent the first 20 years of my life in rural Australia and have never quite accepted an urban definition. What does it all mean? Simply, that all the shareholders in the ABC care enough about it to speak up. It's a good base to build on. L&L

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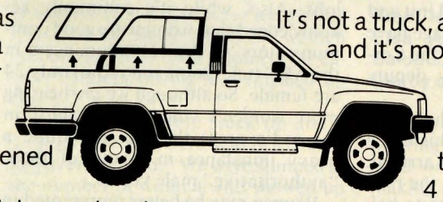

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Carolyn Dunne talks to members of the Australian Women's Broadcasting Co-operative about the place of women and women's programmes in the ABC
"Look below the surface and you understand why many women feel that a few of the battles may have been won but the war is far from over"

Why The Coming Out Show keeps on coming

After ten years of *Coming Out* shows you might be forgiven for thinking that women at least in ABC radio have well and truly come out. On the surface, the situation looks quite impressive. *The Coming Out Show* itself is now part of mainstream ABC programming, no longer having to justify its existence annually the way it did in its early years. What began as a short-term experiment in International Women's Year is now seen in some quarters as an outstanding success with significant audience and community support. Several ABC women presenters are now household names, and many other women's voices are familiar to listeners of the various current affairs shows. There is a woman head of an Equal Opportunity Unit and guidelines on non-sexist language have been issued. And at the top of the Corporation is Wendy McCarthy, deputy chair on the Board.

In fact some people within the organisation are beginning to feel this much vaunted equality has definitely arrived, and that it is time to provide the men with a few more opportunities to balance the situation.

Appearances can be deceptive. If you look a little below the surface you begin to understand why many women feel that a few of the battles may have been won but the war is still far from over. Although statistically women make up about 30 per cent of the ABC workforce (and have more tertiary education than their male counterparts) they are still predominantly congregated in the lower-paid clerical and administrative jobs. Also, while it's commonly acknowledged that women are good communicators, of the 150 announcers in the ABC (television and radio) only 24 are female. So although we *are* hearing more women's voices (particularly in the radio area) there is still quite a heavy imbalance in favour of those "authoritative" male voices.

> Women may be better represented in the creative jobs than they were, but in the technical areas they hardly exist

Women may be better represented in the creative jobs than they were, but in the technical areas they hardly exist. Recently, in Queensland, equal numbers of men and women applied for trainee technical positions. *No* women were taken on — is it reasonable to suppose that none of them were competent?

At the top end of the scale, out of 120 senior officers in the organisation only three are women. And elsewhere? There is only one woman foreign correspondent — Helene Chung in Peking. The "innovative", "progressive" ABC Radio FM station, 2JJ has only two women on air and it took the intervention of the ABC Board to include a female in the previously all-male contingent that was sent to cover the Los Angeles Olympics. "In sport the ABC is bankrupt of the influence of women," comments Wendy McCarthy, "which is most unfortunate seeing that so many sporting stars are women. Initially not one woman was selected and following complaints we had to insist that some women were trained to join the team."

Certainly women have come a long way since ABC radio began just over 50 years ago. But it's easy to forget that as recently as 20 years ago, in 1964, Elizabeth Bond was the only female announcer among 32 male announcers. Even by 1970 she was the first woman in the ABC after the war to read the news, and the first woman to get a national programme.

So when, in 1974, a memo was circulated requesting that the ABC should do something special for International

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From left: Julie Rigg, Kathy Gollan, Elsa Atkin, Julie McCrossin, Jan Balodis, Lyn Malcolm, Penny Lomax, (partly obscured) Robyn Raulich

Women's Day a number of women in radio saw this (in its original form) as a fairly condescending and inappropriate suggestion. "We got pretty stroppy because we didn't want a token programme on one day, so we came up with the idea that we would do a regular series of programmes made by women and for women," recalls Julie Rigg, who became full-time programme co-ordinator for the AWBC (Australian Women's Broadcasting Co-operative) for that first year (1975). "What we didn't want was something made by the few women who were producers and broadcasters at the time — we wanted a programme made by all the women around the place who'd joined for careers in broadcasting and finished up typing."

A few posters were stuck up and a series of meetings were held in a church hall over the road. "We were stunned at the number of women who showed up — about 40 or 50 — and they all turned out to be keen on the idea, but they knew what they didn't want was to be thrown on air and fail, so we realised that whatever we did would need a training component," explains Rigg.

Ten years later, as a result of these meetings, scores of women have developed or expanded their programme-making skills enabling them to move into broader programme areas while up to 70 women from all States are involved each year in making *The Coming Out Show*. Critics of *Coming Out* might see it as a narrow, feminist-dominated unit which continues to

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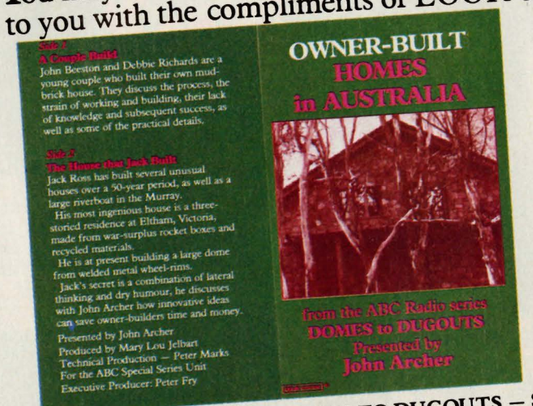
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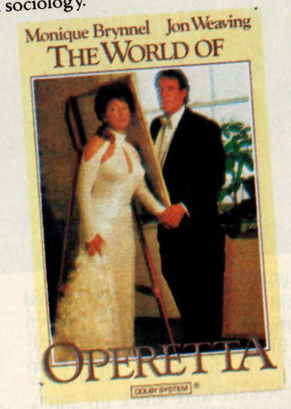

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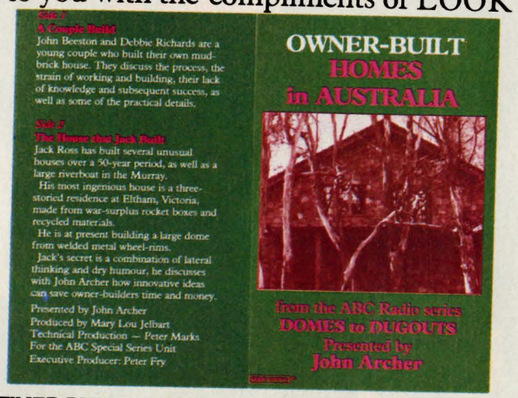
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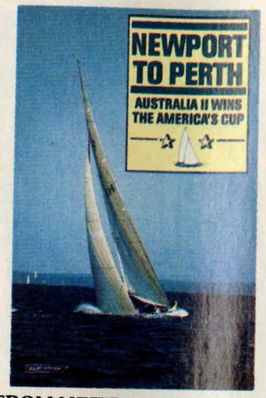

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In passing it's also worth noting perhaps the advance (though not everyone would agree with that description) made in the use of language: there don't seem to be any taboo words as far as *The Coming Out Show* is concerned now. Anything goes, and frequently does. Women talk with an earthiness not heard in other programmes; certainly not from men.

While the AWBC has provided both training and support for women interested in advancing themselves in ABC Radio there are other women who have fought their own private battles as they made their way up that precarious ladder of career success. Jane Singleton, Sydney's *City Extra's* compere/interviewer, came to the ABC from a journalist background and started the first regional afternoon talk programme for Albury Wodonga in 1977. "I was only the second woman trainee rural officer and my appointment was greeted with a fair bit of concern. I met with comments like 'You'll ruin radio' and that came from within my own department."

Singleton believes, however, that the discrimination she's experienced in breaking new ground hasn't been confined to within the ABC. "I feel the prejudice is more from the public, if anything. When I was in Queensland interviewing Mr Hinze he'd say to me, 'Oh, love, don't give me that. What's a nice young lady like you asking a question like that for?' The Premier of Queensland has great difficulty dealing with women — they send him into a total flap and hysteria — he just can't deal with them at all. I think Mr Wran finds it difficult to deal with women asking straight questions and perhaps even Mr Hawke, too."

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But while the mills of Aunty may grind slowly Elsa Atkin's job is to make sure that they do at least continue to grind. Appointed three years ago as Head of the ABC's Equal Opportunity Unit, Elsa is still very aware of the need to tread gently so that unions or staff in the organisation aren't alienated. One of the areas that the Equal Opportunity Unit is focusing on is to teach women how the informal power structure within the ABC (or any organisation, for that matter) works. "What women need to learn is that it takes more than ambition and the right qualifications to get on. Organisations work on a networking system, on learning to play the game, on being assertive and knowing what is the formal power structure and the informal power structure, and it's the latter which is probably the more powerful one. Another part of the system is mentors — men have always worked on the basis that you see an up and coming young man and you pick him out, encourage him and put him in jobs. Women haven't got any mentors yet."

But are there all that many women out there who want jobs in complicated technical fields or to compete at the top for high powered, pressured executive positions? Elsa Atkin explained why that question can't be fully answered yet. "If someone would have asked me ten years ago are you the type of woman who wants to get into the ABC and do all the things I'm doing now I would have said 'no'. But as little doors opened for me I saw more horizons open up. If you give women the chance and give them some sort of role models there'll be more and more coming up. What we're saying now is we've got a new image, a very different policy and if you feel you've got the ability you can go ahead and do it now."

Wendy McCarthy, as a committed feminist, is another woman who believes that special considerations are definitely necessary to accelerate women's career development. "At the moment career paths for women are tortuous. They tend to stay in programme making rather than policy making but I don't think this represents the aspirations of many women. While I'm on the Board I will be acting as an advocate for women in broadcasting and I hope by the time my term is finished they'll be up there in the policy-making section."

So how far off is true equality for women in broadcasting? Elsa Atkin points out one way we'll know when it has really arrived. "So far the women who've made it have had to be exceptional. When Equal Opportunity is a reality you won't just get outstanding women at the top of the organisation. What you'll get is good female managers and bad female managers the same way you get good and bad male managers now. I think that's really important and that's how you'll be able to tell that it's finally happened."

Another strong indication, of course, will be the recognised redundancy of *The Coming Out Show*. L&L

The name of God in vain

Reflections on choosing the right Word

On days when I am feeling more kindly towards God than I usually do, I see His point about the final destruction of us and our pleasantly furnished planet. In the Old Testament, He practically exhausted the topic of fornication and abomination, to little apparent effect. In the New, hypocrisy and sham piety got a blast, with equally little result. At last count, the human race was approximately as licentious and hypocritical as in the days of Noah, and considerably more numerous. It's enough to try the patience of a saint, let alone a creator.

But it may be that it is in the area of language that the offences are most deeply felt. For one thing, we kept getting His name wrong. "Jehovah" is a mere muddle by translators — a hybrid mixture of the consonants (JHVH) of "Jahveh" and the vowels of "Adonai" ("Lord"). The Hebrews, who knew the Seven Names of God by heart, had never heard of anybody called Jehovah.

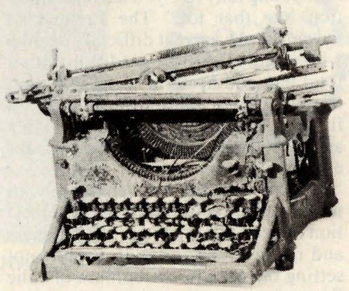
"How sweet the name of Joshua Josephson sounds in a believer's ear" would not make a particularly good hymn — but then, as some Hispanic graffitist asked, "If Jesus was a Jew, how come he's got a Spanish name?" The name "Jesus" makes about as much sense as "Hamlet" does to a Dane. (Far from being Danish, it's an English version of a French version of a Latin version of "Olaf" transcribed into Irish as "Amhlaoibh" — which is a perfectly logical spelling, if you happen to be Irish.)

The Tragedie of Olaf Prince of Denmark would set our teeth on edge, which is what modern translations of the Bible do to many a fastidious atheist. But from a God's-eye point of view that jewel of the English language, the King James Bible, must have seemed a Grade One Abomination. Even mild scholarly detachment shows it up as a bizarre hotchpotch of misconstructions and mistranslations — clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful ... and wrong.

Mind you, God is perfectly able to foresee the course of history (and indeed to hindsee it, since it is already over and done with from His standpoint). I have a suspicion that the linguistic joke is, or was, on us — and with a perfectly visible punchline.

If you take a look at the standard list of Indo-European root-words (from which English and about 50 other languages have largely descended), you will observe something very curious indeed.

The very first words are "abel, ad, ag, ages, agh, agh(2), agro, agwesi" — which is a strange collection of words to be found in the mouths of Proto-Eurasians living in about 4000-5000 BC. Roughly speaking, they mean "apple — nearby — urge on — guilty deed — fear — same day — open country — sharp weapon". In case you haven't read the third chapter of *Genesis* lately, you've just read a fair summary of it.



How can such nonsense be? For one thing, it's an alphabetical list, and there was no such thing as an alphabet in Proto-Indo-European, which was never written down. For another, the language has no connection with Hebrew, which came from quite different sources. Finally (and here I suspect one of God's little jokes) there is nothing about an apple in *Genesis*: it says "peri etz hagan", meaning "the fruit of the tree in the garden". The familiar apple grew out of the similarity in Latin of the words malo/malum/mālum/malus/mālus — "I choose/evil/apple/wicked/apple tree". And painters needed something *positive* to paint.

If even the word of God isn't exempt from Murphy's Law, it's no wonder that the average media person or personess can make the average head spin with the mystic and wonderful things they do to language.

The hurly-burly of the media, those high-speed wallpaper factories, can affect even the profoundest thinkers. Take Thomas Keneally, for example, who presumably dictated the following paragraph at 3am, with a mouthful of Los Angeles smog, and excited by the fact that we had been deprived of our rightful Olympic gold medal for boxing because somebody dared to apply the actual rules:

"Except that the jury members, if they are maintained, should at least be as equally qualified as the judges."

Ah, well. But there really is something to be said for the King James system of mediachat and journalak (i.e., if it feels good, say it). No one wants to hang around while you choose your words with exquisite and fastidious care. On the other hand, those who prefer to sound like *Henry* James detailing the subtleties of a duchess's tea-party are prone to tying themselves in too many knots. I once encountered a feature-writer who solemnly believed that "very" was a vulgar and horrible word which should be avoided at all costs. There are others, who couldn't tell a non-defining relative pronoun from a split infinitive, who will deplore anybody who dares to say "nice" or "got", or who answers the question "how are you?" by saying "good" instead of "well".

It's all relative, and I'm grateful to be able to say that none of my relatives care a tinker's curse about the niceties of elegant expression. Anyway, I mostly talk to the dog, and she won't listen to anything except the briefest aphorisms. "Take care of the vegetables," I remarked to her the other day, "and the vegetables will take care of you." You could see from her expression that a truer word was never spoken, around here anyway.

Gertrude Stein said that she learned the difference between sentences and paragraphs by listening to her dog lapping up water. There can't be many people still living who believe that Gertrude Stein knew the difference between a sentence and a paragraph, but she certainly had a gift for making trivialities sound like the Old Testament. Sometimes I think she's writing the television news.

* * *

To keep the children quiet on long motor trips, do this: Read off the last two digits on the odometer — call this "the target". Then assign each child a letter taken from the name of your make of car — H-O-L, T-O-Y, R-O-L, or whatever. Their task is to "spot" 100 objects beginning with their letter before the same numbers recur. No conversation is permitted during the game, and if the target number isn't reached the game starts again. L&L

Blainey critic replies

IN YOUR September issue, the column written jointly by Victor Prescott and Colin Howard lauds Geoffrey Blainey for his campaign on immigration, and attacks his critics, especially his Melbourne University colleagues. As one of those colleague-critics, I should like to reply to their laboured and ill-informed attack.

They accuse us of trying to limit Blainey's freedom of speech, a line which Blainey himself has also tried to exploit. In fact we never tried to "silence" Blainey at all; nor has his freedom of speech been in the slightest limited. On the contrary, no Australian (with the possible exception of Bob Hawke) has had greater media publicity than Blainey, since his original Warrnambool speech. One cannot turn on radio or Television or open a newspaper without hearing or reading Blainey's views. If this is suppression of free speech, may we all be so fortunate.

Prescott and Howard perpetuate the central falsehood of this issue, that Blainey wishes "that the debate be in rational terms". In fact, in all the months since the Warrnambool speech, there has been no proper debate. Blainey has *avoided* all genuine debate, preferring to deliver his message to passively receptive audiences of Warrnambool Rotarians, Brisbane engineers and readers of the Melbourne *Herald*. When he has been challenged to proper debate, he has always declined it. The AHA, meeting at Melbourne University from 27 to 31 August, held a symposium on the history of Australian immigration. Blainey was invited, many weeks before, to take part and to debate the serious issues with this large gathering of his fellow-historians. He declined the invitation. Despite the great use Blainey has made of his prestige as an historian, his speeches and articles have been long on emotive slogans — "Surrender Australia", "the Asianisation of Australia", a McCarthyite repetition of the figure of 40 per cent Asian immigration etc. — but very short on any historical facts and substance. Dr Andrew Markus, for instance, delivered a paper at the AHA symposium which demolished Blainey's position; Blainey chose not to be there to answer these points, and the media, of course, other than a brief ABC-TV news item, ignored this.

Messrs Prescott and Howard show that their joint assessment of the Blainey immigration campaign is as shallow as their well-known several assessments of other political issues.

Dr D. Philips,
University of Melbourne, Parkville, VIC

ABC series impresses

I MUST congratulate the ABC on its series *Singles*. I'm tremendously impressed with both acting and scripts, particularly with the episode titled "Stefan." We came to Australia two years ago via England and overseas aid work in Africa. Everything portrayed in this episode was "spot on". I would be glad of more information on the writer, Linda Aronson.

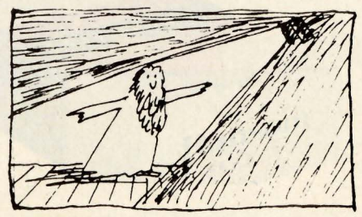
The acting of Elizabeth Alexander and Juliet Jordan was absolutely first class, and so was that of Stephen Jacobs. Is this programme of international standard? As a viewer from England, and also one who has watched South Africa's SABC, I have to say — yes! Please, ABC, make every attempt to sell this series abroad. It is really world class.

Barbara van Schaik
Alice Springs, NT

Genealogical nightmare

THERE are fascinating implications in Wendy McCarthy's asexist language article (*LOOK & LISTEN*, September). Is "McCarthy" Wendy's paternally inherited name, or does she carry it per favour of a husband? In any case, her neurosis will increase with the knowledge that the Gaelic "Mac" means "son of". She should then hasten to identify herself as "Wendy Ni Carthy — "daughter of" — the inflected classical languages seeming to suit her problem better. If she has "lost her family name" to male domination, she remains in a dilemma in either case. Why should she be "daughter of Carthy"? What was her mother's name? Why not daughter of that? And if that is derived from her maternal grandfather, why not — ? And so on and so on!

It's a feminist genealogical nightmare. No wonder Newspeak Unisex has abolished gender. We can understand why she says: "Suddenly it wasn't funny, just silly." Lady — Is it okay to call her "lady"? — you said it!



John Graham
The Channon, NSW

Misused words

MAY I ask one question about Patrick White's article (L&L, September) on pronunciation by ABC announcers: It is this: how could anyone making a detailed study of pronunciation on the ABC fail to mention the number of newsreaders, commentators and journalists who do not know the difference between "bought" and "brought"? I have just heard, on ABC Radio, a report about an Australian performer who "bought the house down." I wish the commentator had explained to us poor listeners why anyone would want to "buy a house down" and how much it would cost.

What must educated visitors to Australia think when they hear such speech over our "national" broadcaster?

M. Mahor
Rankin Park, NSW

Addicted already

HERE is one reader (already an addict after seeing number one) whose main interest in your magazine is items about radio programmes. I wonder how many others prefer radio to television? In your promised "Letters to the Editor" section, do please insist that letters are short, so we can have lots of them.

Rick Radford
Cannonvale, QLD

Long awaited

CONGRATULATIONS on your splendid publication. I have waited a long time to see such a magazine published in Australia — and shall now be looking forward to some enjoyable reading as a prelude to my viewing. It is good to see that such a well set out and printed publication is an entirely Australian product.

M. Beesley
Raymond Island, NSW

Review rapped

BEING bored stiff in Newcastle I went last night to its picture theatre. To see the subject of *Look & Listen's* first film review, of *Romancing the Stone*, by John Hinde. It is remarkable how old troupers like John Hinde suffer acute lapses of taste and judgment when reviewing Hollywood updates of their Jaffa-rolling days in the local Odeon. We are told that *Romancing the Stone* is a "wonderfully cheeky, funny and exciting adventure for two against ... a

wilderness world". Not only that, but the film is "deeply attached to ordinary, vulnerable people". Well, maybe we were better off with the cardboard characters of the past. If this clumsy slapstick is taken seriously because of its "reasonably credible" characters. Apart from being long on car chases and short on humour, the film is pernicious in that a four-tiered hierarchy of these credible characters rams home the message: at the top our two Aryan gringos, then a pair of swarthy American villains, in their turn outclassed in villainy by a dark crew of local thugs, all against a rhubarb backdrop of Colombian extras acting as natives. Douglas and Turner strut across a Colombia that is all mud, vice and corruption. And they win. Come on John, crack the Weissmuller complex and root for the other side!

Frank Campbell
Deakin University, VIC

Unfair to the Raj

IN your first issue I read with interest your articles on films about the British Raj. (L&L, August.) May I say, with hindsight, that it is simple to decry any achievement and to pick out and emphasise any particular point of view. The greater number of officials in India were dedicated and hard-working people and who realised that in the end India would achieve independence sooner or later and who worked to that end. India was not run by "chinless wonders"! Both my father and uncle served for many years in the Indian Police, my father retiring in 1947 after 30 years service. They had many Indian friends and were certainly not snobs. They were deeply moved, on leaving India, by the many farewells that they received. I write this as one of the last generation of children who had been brought up under the Raj.

Michael Field
South Yarra, VIC

Slipshod sounds

I WAS delighted to read Patrick White's article on the "Ebbysee". I watched the inauguration of the North West Shelf Gas Project, and cringed at the two ways "project" was pronounced. I prefer *pro*-ject, because the prefix is pro; and the same rule can be applied to some other words such as *contro*versy where contro is the prefix. *Centri*fugal is another example wherein the prefix is pronounced separately from the remainder of the word. Another double pronunciation at the inauguration ceremony was kilometre — which should of course be pronounced *kilo*-metre, as it is not etymologically correct in the same class of words such as speedometer, barometer, thermometer etc. which are measuring instruments whereas a kilometre is a measure of distance and/or length. Professor Sumner-Miller often said he preferred barmeter, therm-meter etc., and in a way he was right — at least in my opinion. Somewhere along the line the "o" appears to have been added, just as the "o" has been introduced into such words as Jacko, Rotto (Rottnest Island), Thommo, etc. How does one pronounce centimetre, kilolitre, millimetre, etc. on the *Kilom*-eter style?

The letter "t" is often omitted in many words, and here I imagine one finds a Cockney influence. I object to "offen" for often, and the omission of the "t" sound in words such as Saturn, mountain etc. Also, the "t" should be pronounced in words like fact, pact etc., and I feel that "twenny" for twenty seems to be an indication of a lack of good education. There was a good play on TV not long ago in which a schoolmistress taught her class the pronunciation of soldier, not sojer. In a similar fashion, actually is too often pronounced as "ackshally", and there is a glaring example on one particular programme where jewellery is pronounced "jewry". I am also surprised at the people who should know better pronouncing regularly as "reguly" and similarly as "simily" — virtually leaving out the "ar" syllable — and often we hear the letter "h" pronounced incorrectly as "haitch" rather than the correctly muted "aitch".

My observations in no way refer to the excellent news readers, who set a perfect example of spoken English. As English is the widest used language in the world it is important that non-English speaking immigrants hear good English, and the news-readers are the best examples.

E. J. Robjohns
Beckenham, WA

Negative images

THE FILM *Mail Order Bride* (ABC-TV) was a satisfactory enough film as a social document, and was convincingly acted on the whole. I couldn't help thinking, though, how nice it would be to get away from the portrayal of the victim, to give us, males and females, a positive image for a change! We were presented briefly with the Aboriginal woman activist, and for a few minutes one hoped that the Filipino "mail-order bride" might get out of her appalling relationship with her ocker husband. But no such luck; she continues to be the victim right up to the last awful moment, when she is being driven away, black eye and all, to a seemingly hopeless future by her impossible husband.

It's certainly a change to have the female as victim (remember those dramas about the poor, henpecked misunderstood male?) and we were left in no doubt about the girl's vulnerability and the unhappiness she was suffering. I suppose I was annoyed that the Aussie husband was getting away with his exploitation and that the bride appeared to be offered no way out of her situation.

Such a film leaves me wondering about Australian male directors' attitudes to their fellow men. I have just listened to an interview with the director of yet another film about the Anzacs. Yes, another one! But what about the conscientious objectors in that war? What about the draft resisters in the Vietnam war, the ones who went into hiding, who lived the life of social outcasts, went to gaol? Was that not bravery too, the kind which requires guts of a different order — to just following the mob? Does the Aussie male really only find his hero, his positive image, in fighting wars? Or on the football field?

Then there's the "negative image" which is, of course, always The Other Chap, such as the obsessive, slightly deranged character in the film *Every Move She Makes*. And the criminally inclined police sergeant in *Scales of Justice*. Etc, etc. If I were a man, I would be terribly confused by all this. Could it be that it's time the film industry started looking for other role-models?

I'm not quarrelling with the trend in the ABC towards more exposure on television of social injustices. I'm saying that along with this might go more dramatic presentation of positive attempts to bring about "a vision of a better and different world", to quote Dennis Altman in his article, "Whatever Happened to the Revolution" (*LOOK & LISTEN*, August).

May Morris
Bonang, VIC

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Producer Peter Luck: fun and games in Corporate Country

Photograph: Robin Doyle

HOW THEY PLAY TV's ADULT GAME THAT TESTS THE FAMOUS

The Hypothetical Men

by GINNY DOUGARY

Would George Negus do a story on the Reverend Fred Nile snorting cocaine at a party, particularly if one of the co-snorters was his network chief? How would leading businessmen deal with a secret document sneaked to them from someone in a rival company and what would they do if they found that their product was being used to kill people? There are three patients in desperate need of new heart and only one donor, who gets it?

Hypothetical questions? Certainly. But sometimes worth asking, and the answers often turn out to be riveting entertainment. The proof is in the success of Channel Nine's *Sunday* programme when it is turned over to what is appropriately called a *Hypothetical* in which such questions are tossed at some of Australia's leading lights in medicine, business, law and the media. When the first *Hypothetical* went to air, Nine's switchboard was, as they say, jammed and its producer, Peter Luck, inundated with letters, telegrams and telexes, including one from the chairman of the ABC, Ken Myer: "Congratulations! Such a programme would merit consideration for prime time on Channel 2."

The *Hypotheticals* have reached television via the Harvard Law School where, in the thirties, Karl Llewellyn, eschewing traditional methods of lectures and tutorials, gave his students case studies based on "Socratic dialogue" in which they analysed situations and played the parts of plaintiff, prosecutor, defendant and so on — the rationale being that this was the most effective way to familiarise them with the practise of law.

In the early seventies, the American Ford Foundation introduced *Hypotheticals* and sparked off a series of similar private conferences of leading decision-makers all over the world, using the skills of a few moderator-professors from the Harvard Law School. The role of the moderator is all-important. He has to devise a number of tricky scenarios in which the participants will be faced with gruelling moral and ethical dilemmas. It is then up to him to keep the participants in line and ensure they are playing their roles as realistically as possible for the device to be effective. Most large corporations now use this method to teach their staff new skills and learn more about exploiting their talents.

In 1979 Denis Forman, head of the British television company Granada, participated in a *Hypothetical* and hit upon the idea of translating the technique into television entertainment. Granada has continued to make series each year, with an estimated audience of more than ten million. American networks swiftly followed suit but it wasn't until this year that *Hypotheticals* reached Australia.

Much of the success of these programmes lies in the brilliance of the moderators and expatriate legal polymath Geoff Robertson is certainly one of the most impressive. Peter Luck met Robertson some years ago through mutual friends. "It was the tennis court that brought us together rather than the court of law," jokes Robertson who has been a regular moderator both in England and America. He agreed with Luck that *Hypotheticals* would go down well here, too. However, none of the channels at that time (1982) was game to take the idea on. It wasn't until Luck joined Channel Nine to produce *Sunday* that it came to fruition. Luck is delighted to have Robertson as the lynchpin: "There are only five people in the world, let alone Australia, who are capable of being moderators and I think Robertson is the best. The man is a genius."

Some say the same of Luck. He is perhaps best known for his Channel Seven Sydney documentaries: the ambitious and immensely successful 36½-hour history of 20th century Australia — *This Fabulous Century* — followed by *The Australians,* "the commercial version of *A Big Country*." Always a media junkie, his conversation is peppered with references to news items, past and present, and anecdotes about current affairs personalities. Like all people with obsessive tendencies, he assumes you share his passion and knowledge. On discovering you don't, he is more than happy to educate you, in the nicest possible way.

Starting as a copyboy on an Adelaide newspaper, he moved to the *Canberra Times* in its sixties heyday. "This was the decade that saw the birth of

Australia's first national paper, in Canberra, the *Australian* ... journalists flocked from all over the country to carve their reputations. It was a very exciting place to be at that time."

He worked on practically every desk of the paper as a journalist, and also had a foray into cartoons. Cartoonist Bruce Petty remembers him being "very enthusiastic about the strange business of cartoons — he had quite a nice drawing style. He knew all the people in the business and was absolutely intrigued to see what we did." Both Petty and Luck remember it as a period charged with inquisitive energy. "We were all affected by events overseas," says Petty. "The student riots, Vietnam, there was so much to discuss. Peter was at the right age and had all this stuff flying around and just grabbed hold of it."

> 'It's a good way to humanise important issues. It gives the public an important view behind the thinking of politicians, business people and lawyers'

In 1967 the ABC pioneered current affairs programmes with *This Day Tonight*, the forerunner of *Nationwide*. Luck joined the programme as a reporter and worked alongside Mike Carlton, Gerald Stone (producer of *60 Minutes*), Mike Willesee and Bill Peach. After eight years with *TDT* he moved to *Four Corners* and produced his own segment, *Fifth Corner*: "It was a blend of serious journalism coupled with satire and general silliness. We covered subjects like bad taste, more in the style of Clive James than Janet Street Porter."

He embarked upon *This Fabulous Century* at the ABC but left to start his own company when, he says, the production got clogged up in the corporation bureaucracy. His wife of 11 years, Penny, joined him in the new venture working for some time as secretary and bookkeeper. They now have two young children and he is more than relieved that she isn't involved in the industry full time. Although he works a six and a half day week (interspersed with three-hour sessions of tennis) one senses that he needs to have clear breaks from his work. Filming the last *Hypothetical*, he worked straight through from Friday morning to Sunday evening. This also explains why he has a pillow and blankets in the corner of his office.

His office is a small, cluttered room in one of Channel Nine's cottages in the Sydney suburb of Willoughby. It does not reek of high technology (although it is shaded by "Kerry's wok", a white, saucer-shaped receiver which takes in hundreds of programmes from all over the world) and even has an outside dunny — "Yes, this cottage has retained something of its old world charm," Luck offers drily. In one room there is a huge (empty) bottle of champagne. "Michael Carlton had a lunch recently. In order to attend you had to deliver a joke. The bottle was the prize and I won!" Luck refuses to tell the joke, insisting that I'd have to wait until he'd had a few.

Apart from being a highly-respected producer, he is obviously well-liked. A *bon viveur*, with a nice touch of self-deprecating humour, he says of his leather bow-tie: "This was an effort on my part to redress my image as a poor dresser. Now they tell me leather is *passé* and I should be wearing porcelain." He is playing back some of the *Hypotheticals*: English, American and Australian. We are interrupted intermittently by the *Sunday* staff with remarks about shooting schedules, personalities agreeing or pulling out of appearances, and comments on Luck's singing.

He's always singing, anything from the blues to opera ... "Only problem is that I can never remember more than two lines. I can't even remember 'As Time Goes By' and it was the theme tune of *This Fabulous Century*."

The first Australian *Hypothetical* was on business: "A game of pinstripes, power and politics ... Corporate Country ... a group of influential Australians play themselves in a series of imaginary situations, probed and prodded by Australian Rhodes scholar and barrister Geoff Robertson, who practises mainly in Britain, sharing chambers with John Mortimer. He has chaired an inquiry into the British Press Council and is chairman of the long-running BBC radio programme *You The Jury*." We are given a few "teasers" (glimpses of the forthcoming *Hypothetical*) just to whet the appetite but they barely prepare you for what is to come.

Robertson's scenario is this: you are managing director of Rotorwhirl, about to launch a new product — the silent helicopter ... the Whispercopter. Your rival company is also working on the same idea ... their product will be called the Hummingbird. An unsolicited package arrives through the mail on your desk with details of your rival's promotion plans. Do you read it? Bob Ansett (of Budget Rent-A-Car) barely hesitates — yes, certainly he would. Some of the other prominent business personalities are less eager to show themselves so candidly and um and ah about the genuine nature of the document and whether it has come to them via "nefarious means". Ansett says, "I made an instant decision to respond naturally. I'd say that some of the others took more time to make that decision."

The scenario gets more complex and shabbier as it progresses, posing numerous moral dilemmas. It makes for chilling, as well as highly entertaining, television: you catch a glimpse of just how those big business brains operate. As Richard Walsh (managing director of Angus and Robertson) says: "It's the business people who performed best. They really played themselves."

Members of the panel are asked whether they would accept information, obtained for a small fee, from the marketing manager of the rival firm, who happens to be a drinking companion at the Tattersalls Club. The immediate response is that the fee is too low for the information to be genuine; only later are the ethics considered. Robertson pounces on the inconsistency: if the managing director is prepared to read confidential matter which has arrived unsolicited, what's so different about paying for it? ... more mumbling about nefarious means.

The high spot of the programme is a confrontation between Bob Ansett and his "colleagues". Rotorwhirl has sold 50 of their 'copters to the Philippines Government. Civil war breaks out; the rebels are suspected of being communist-backed and the government has imposed military rule. The silent 'copter is discovered to be an invaluable weapon and Manila orders another 50. How does Bob Ansett, managing director, respond? Again, no hesitation ... it's not for business leaders to determine who is worthy of buying one's products. His colleagues disagree. The sales manager says he's unhappy about selling products that can affect people adversely (like killing them) and so won't manage these particular sales.

> Very often ideas rejected as too implausible become that week's news item

Ansett replies, quick as a flash: "Your successor won't have that problem, on Monday." John "Bruvver" Ducker (member of the NSW Public Service Board and director of Qantas) resumes his former role as union boss and launches into a fierce attack — "You would say that profit is more important than any other consideration. I say we can't be in the business of being merchants of death." He threatens Ansett with an all-out strike: "The men and women here will refuse to take part in your slaughter." Meanwhile, marketing manager Richard Walsh has handed in his resignation. Gripping stuff, and for a moment the participants seem to quite forget that this is, after all, only a hypothetical situation.

Of the participants contacted, all found the experience stimulating and challenging; all believed their responses to have been genuine. Only one had had any idea of what it would be like — Nick Greiner, Leader of the NSW Opposition: "I'd had two years of that technique at the Harvard Business School. I thought the programme was extremely well-handled, particularly considering the rigours of entertainment and the need to have a dénouement and conclusion. As a politician, I had no qualms about appearing on it. I think it's a good way to humanise important social and moral issues and it gives the public an important view behind the thinking of politicians, business people, lawyers and so on. And, of course, I have no trouble playing myself; I do it all the time." There's a potentially awkward moment in Corporate Country when Robertson asks Greiner whether he is prepared to reveal the name of his informant. Greiner just laughs it off and says something to the effect of "once bitten, twice shy."

Moderator Geoff Robertson in action: primed to pounce

The *Sunday* team has made three *Hypotheticals* but only two have gone to air. The second focused on the media and the participants included Mike Carlton, Richard Carleton, Richard Hall, Peter Bowers and Jana Wendt. It would appear that either Kerry Packer didn't like it or that all the scenarios were so dodgy that it couldn't possibly be shown. Luck gives no indication that it won't, saying that lawyers are still looking at it.

One of the most fascinating *Hypotheticals* is a joint production between CBS and Granada. It was filmed over a long weekend of wining, dining and hours of discussion at Warwick Castle. Luck says ruefully: "We don't have that sort of money." The participants included prominent British and American newspaper editors and television journalists, as well as Alexander Haig and James Schlesinger (former head of the CIA). Robertson was planning the scenarios after the Falklands War and wasn't interested in doing a re-enactment of that. "I spent the summer coasting around the globe looking for hot spots. I was representing some people who had been sentenced to death in Jamaica and Trinidad and came up with the idea of Grenada. I decided to call it St Jude, after the patron saint of lost causes." Incredibly, while Robertson worked on his scenario (Americans invade St Jude because of alleged Cuban-backed instability) the events occurred in real life. This is not rare for *Hypotheticals*; very often ideas rejected as too implausible became that week's news item.

Undeterred, Robertson stuck with the scenario, which makes Haig's and Schlesinger's participation all the more extraordinary. Robertson asks Haig what he plans to do about informing the American public about the Cuban-backed rebels and whether he can trust the source of this information. Haig's source, naturally, is Schlesinger. He replies that there are certain journalists he would give the information to, at which the editor of the *New York Times*

▶ Continued on page 101

The TV election

Ten ways to improve the campaign coverage

This should be a time of great happiness for political journalists and radio and television interviewers. They are in the middle of a very long election campaign and at last they have Mr Hawke versus Mr Peacock, a contest they have dreamed and perhaps schemed about since the days of Messrs Fraser and Hayden.

Some candid commentators have admitted that they need the excitement of a regular electoral fix. After all, the right story at the right time might affect the outcome of the election decisively and change the course of Australian history. If political commentators have any power it is probably at its greatest during an election campaign. It should be noted also that even if the fires of ambition have burned low in the commentator and reporter, at least election campaigns provide a wealth of stories.

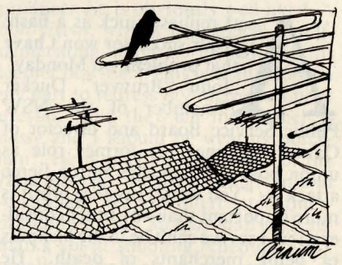
But this should not simply be an orgy of self-indulgence for the reporters. It should also be a time when they seek to ensure that the country and public are well served, so that the best decision can be made. In most of the developed world television has achieved a role of exceptional importance in recent elections. Remember the brilliant policy speech of Mr Whitlam when it was time in 1972? Remember how Mr Howard, hurled in at the deep end of an economic debate with Mr Hayden in 1977, suddenly swam like a powerful fish? Now that television may continue to report and comment on the campaign without blackouts its role will be augmented.

The powerful temptation to trivialise the election should be resisted. Election coverage is about information, not entertainment.

Without doubt some politicians will make statements which appear silly or contradictory as a result of the tension and fatigue associated with this political marathon. Instead of pouncing on such *faux pas* and pretending that they are scoops the reporter should make quite sure that the expressed views are genuinely held and only if they are confirmed should he go for the jugular.

Please let the public be spared a multitude of debates between matched, or worse, mis-matched, politicians. Television producers might think that the public enjoys watching a good row in the same manner that some Rugby League spectators long for a brawl in the scrums, but such friction generates heat rather than light. Nor is the ability of a politician to perform in the hot kitchen of television debate a good guide to his or her ability to make sound decisions. Policies are not decided in that sort of atmosphere.

The television stations should deal even-handedly with the issues. There is a tendency to focus on the policies which politicians think are important. Why should the agenda be left to them? They are not exactly disinterested advocates. In an election campaign of this length there is no excuse for any station which does not at some stage give detailed coverage of the rival policies on health, taxation, defence, employment, pensions, States' rights, Aborigines and immigration. And with its unrivalled advantages, the televised exposition



should make full use of graphs, tables, maps and photographs. In short, the issues should be the subject of solid investigative journalism, not party propaganda.

It would be a valuable public service, which ought not to be left entirely to the electoral office, to provide information on the changes in the electoral system and on the way it works. For example, the welcome changes designed to reduce the level of informal voting on long Senate tickets and the basic facts of the new redistribution are matters of public interest and deserve to be treated seriously.

We suppose it is too much to ask to be relieved of the tedium of frequent pretend-elections. Journalists love polls because the stories write themselves; pollsters love polls because the publicity helps their business; our view is that the public would be happy to do without polls. It really is a fruitless exercise to announce in sepulchral tones that "The Government would have been returned with an increased majority if the election had been held yesterday". There is simply no way of proving the statement. We are unimpressed by the "proof" that the final poll is close to the final result. After all, the pollsters know that this poll is subject to an early test.

It would be refreshing to see genuinely independent candidates given a chance to express their policies. We do not use the term genuine only to describe freedom from party affiliation but also to indicate purity of motive. Experienced reporters are perfectly well able to avoid helping the lunatic fringe, or the peddlers of objectionable minority views, and focus on the person who stands because of a deep conviction that a particular set of wholesome policies should be pursued. A set of policies is stressed because we do not wish to see someone whose sole political obsession is with preventing abortion or saving the Daintree forest sitting in judgment on issues of defence and taxation.

We also urge television stations to dispense with the services of two special *bêtes noires* during the campaign — the expert academic commentator and the person-in-the-street. The particular bias of most expert, academic political commentators is well known to avid viewers but the casual viewer may not be sure of the proper discount to apply. (And the fact that some readers must now be muttering "That's rich coming from those two" simply proves the point.) It would be best during the campaign to let the politicians speak for themselves and employ only the interviewers who have learned and can apply the golden rules. Similarly there is no more fatuous contribution to an election coverage than a parade of very brief, unprepared comments by six randomly selected passers-by.

Finally it must be recognised that there is a threshold or saturation point for political comment or analysis. Although we have argued for detailed treatment of issues it is necessary to be careful also about the total volume of material presented. Indeed the only sound argument for the former blackout of election news on radio and television was that it gave the electorate a respite from political bombardment. During a campaign television should stimulate the viewers to develop their own political interest and arrive at individual political judgments on the most reliable information available. L&L

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'Many of the best things that have happened to me have happened as a stroke of luck,' says Shirley Hazzard, the Australian writer who this month gives the Boyer lectures on ABC Radio. Here she talks to Jan Garrett about the turning points in a career which has taken her to success in New York as the author of *The Transit of Venus* and other books

The transits of Hazzard

You were born in the middle of the Depression — what are your very early memories of your childhood in Australia in those days?

"Of a lot of suffering, a very dreary life, a very difficult life for many people and all the humiliations that come with poverty, not only the lack of opportunities, but the difficulty of living and raising children without means. The women were slaves really. Life was closed down with this difficulty of survival, because many people were just thinking of getting through the day; they weren't thinking of having trips or acquiring things, they were trying to keep their heads above water."

What's important to you when you remember your early childhood?

"Quite early in my life I realised that the sea was an essential part of my life. All through my life I've lived near the sea and I think, sometimes, how difficult it would be for me to be landlocked, to be, for instance, in the Middle West in America or in the centre of Australia. I don't mean I wouldn't go with pleasure and interest to such places, but being born beside the sea I think for most people means that you must always be somewhere within sight or within easy reach of it."

Do you recall thinking when you were a schoolgirl that you might want to be a writer? Did you have any feelings that the literary life was perhaps going to be a very important part of your life?

"I read a great deal of poetry from my earliest childhood, even from the time I could first read, and I was very choosy. I read only the best, which had a great effect on me. I was very lucky to have that affinity in my life. I was just born with it, I didn't have to work to acquire it, it was there, and I naturally tended to cultivate it without even knowing I was doing that"

Who were the poets you liked best?

"The first poet I remember singling out for my affections — in the sense that I went and bought a book of his poems when I was about eight years old — was Robert Browning, who is still a great favourite of mine. But it was all the poets. I didn't discriminate. I knew they came from different centuries, but I wasn't interested as people are now in connecting the matter of the period or calling them the Romantics or speaking of the Enlightenment. I just thought it was marvellous poetry. Later on, of course, I became interested in their lives and the society they lived in. But I only think of them as great poets really. I think even the adjective 'great' should hardly stand in front of poets. For so many centuries there were poets who by their work simply deserved the name of poet. We now call them great poets because we distinguish them from a great deal of fine, interesting and capable work that's happening. But I don't think there are any 'great' poets any more.

"I think with wonder that Yeats, such a great poet, could walk the earth when I was in my cradle in Sydney. And also Auden. There was an illusion that, with the group of poets of the thirties, there was going to be a continuity of this flow of great poetry, but for the present I think in our language this magnitude stopped with Auden. It may take up again, but it would take up in a different way now. The long link had been broken. They were part of the long line. If one says the tradition, one tends to fall into the trap of again seeming to put the past into some conservative context. It's simply the matter of our human history, our literature, which is the story of our civilised life, really."

> 'It's very troubling to see the intelligentsia, who should be defending it, cheering on the death of humanism. A world without humanism isn't a world I would want to live in'

In 1947, when her father was sent to Hong Kong, as Australian Trade Commissioner, she visited Hiroshima.

"It was not many months after the bomb had been dropped, and certainly it wasn't a sight that one would forget. It was momentous. One felt that one stroke of destruction had wiped out an existence. One understood how long it takes to create a human existence, to create habitation, create all the things that are familiar and in one moment they had all been wiped out. Of course in Europe, there were cities in very much the same condition. I don't know if there is an ethical difference, but there is certainly a psychological difference and we were right to feel that, because now we understand that in one moment our world could be wiped out."

Recalling her two years in Asia at this time, she said:

"I was a young girl and thinking of myself a great deal, and so it was really my private life, my affections, that were important to me, and I think I didn't put that experience in the East to the sort of use I would put it now. I didn't get out of it what I should have had, but I got an immense amount out of it all the same. Simply the experience of being there and all sorts of things that unconsciously I was absorbing have been important to me all my life. I have never been back. When I see photographs of the changes, I really don't think I could bear it. Perhaps one day I'll go. Something may take me there. But to make the conscious effort to go would be quite daunting for me because of the strength of the memories I have and the strong feeling I have about the emanation of place, really, the ethos of the time that I was there."

You mentioned some fairly important experiences there. What sort were they?

"They were all kinds of experiences: they were private experiences, they were affections, and revelations that people seriously would dedicate their lives to knowledge — that in itself was something important. Although in Australia there were people who gave up their lives to knowledge, it was a small part of the populace and the consciousness of it didn't pervade the public in general. But there I understood that scholarship was an important thing, the dedication of a life to enlightenment was an important thing. And I met a number of people who had quite different ideas of the purpose of life and what their responsibilities were. I had been brought up in a very conventional community, where I think it's fair to say that the underlying sense of life was to do more or less what one's neighbours were doing. Suddenly this disappeared completely. I don't mean by that to say that these people were wild or irresponsible. On the contrary, their sense of their responsibilities towards life and towards the world were much greater than anything I had ever encountered. It was the idea of fulfilment, the universal sense of existence that they belonged to; their interests were those of the greater world, of the stream of culture and knowledge, and that did change me very very much."

Can you speak of somebody who was particularly important to you, somebody, someone like this?

"No, I won't do that. No, I think that's going too far. One doesn't realise when one's very young what is happening, because of course it was only a beginning. Those things were beginning in me, the things that I had natural affinity for were encouraged and instead of having to develop them in isolation and in a very difficult way, suddenly I was inspired and encouraged and I had mental companionship in this. So those things were enormously important. And then the beauty of the place was also beginning to strike me because veils were being lifted from my eyes. I sometimes think with all this change in the Australian visual sense, Australians are enjoying the beauty of their own country more because, in part, they're much more exposed to the content of visual beauty around the world. They've gone abroad and seen great pictures and seen other parts of the world and it's helped them to see their own country. The eye here has changed a great deal. It's not that they've had a sudden revelation of Australia. I think that their whole visual sense is often involved in this change. And I think that was beginning to happen to me."

Next, the family moved to New Zealand for two years and then, via Europe, to New York.

Were you writing at this stage?

"Not at all. As you grow older, people say 'you have a way with words — why don't you write?'. Well, I had always had remarks like that made to me, but I saw they were made quite readily to all and sundry by people who had no idea what writing was. And as I said earlier, I liked the best company in literature. I read the very greatest poets and I saw there was quite some distance between what I was likely to do and what they were doing. I even felt discouraged by feeling that many people think they can have a shot at

Photograph: Martin Webby, ABC

Shirley Hazzard in Sydney: memories of suffering

writing. I really withdrew from the idea, thinking 'I don't want to be like that'. So I took a job at the United Nations and remained in New York, after my parents had left. My parents separated while we were in New York and went their separate ways. I lived an obscure and penurious life in New York for several years, working at the United Nations. I had nice friends, but I was living, as I knew then and as I look back on it now I see it even more clearly, a very deprived life. Lots of interesting things were happening to me and I saw interesting and beautiful things, but as far as the development of my own character and any talent I might have were concerned, this was really a starvation diet. I should not have accepted for so long the conditions in which I was living."

What led you to take a job with the United Nations? Were you very idealistic at this stage? Did it represent something for you that was very important?

"Yes, I was 20 and I was part of that feeling of hope that came into the world with the end of the war. I went, like many other people then, to apply to the United Nations in a spirit of idealism, little dreaming indeed that idealism was the last thing that was wanted there, as I was to find out over the following ten years."

You worked in New York for four or five years and then you were posted to Italy.

"It was an enormous stroke of luck. I've been so lucky in my life. Many of the best things that have happened to me have happened as a stroke of luck. It's true that one has to be accessible to luck, one mustn't turn it down. I was very very fortunate, because after I'd been about four years at the United Nations I was offered a chance to go to Naples. It was during the Suez crisis and the United Nations had set up a little base at Naples to send equipment to the UN army. They needed people who spoke Italian. I didn't speak any Italian. However, I wasn't about to confess that to them. Also, up to that time, Italy, having been a belligerent in the war, had until then been excluded from the United Nations, so there weren't Italians on the staff who could have done this work. From one moment to the next, I found myself extracted from a wintry little flat in New York and beside the Bay of Naples. And there I remained for a year, the term of my assignment."

It must have seemed like paradise to you.

"It was a great revelation. It was like going to heaven. It's a terribly poor city now and it was a desperately poor city then, and yet when I entered that city I knew that it was a *coup de foudre*. I knew that this was where I wanted to be. Bit by bit I began to have this great companion, the city of Naples, and of course to learn all sorts of things there — to change my way of looking at things, to enlarge my way of thinking

> 'When I went to Naples it was like being sent back to earth . . . when I left the United Nations I can say I lived happily ever after'

about things. The year passed with as much interior development in me as the previous four or five years and perhaps even more. For one thing I became joyful. I don't mean all the time of course, but I think really for the first time I knew what joy was. It became a part of my life, I understood at last what that was. With all these strokes of luck, I'd also had a lot of anxiety and really not a great many recent pleasures in my life. I began to understand at least some things about experience. I was no longer very young, and it

dawned on me that these things added up to something. One was creating one's character and one's personality in an irrevocable way and that was very interesting, apart from everything else. And I began to look at life in that light. Because those things were happening to me, I was beginning also to have some larger thoughts about other people. Like many young people I had been very introspective, very interested in my own personality and experience. I began then to take a deeper interest in the experience of others and really to feel more associated with their lives. Aesthetically I had a really great revelation, expecially with visual things. I had never been aware of current ways of looking at art or reading books. And as I said before, I hadn't read poets or great writers from periods or thought of them in that way. I approached them with the idea of quality. In Naples, except in the world of real knowledge, of scholarship and art history, I think that the baroque was rather looked down upon; there wasn't any great interest from outside of Italy in this great period. And I, being unaware of what I ought to be doing in the eyes of the critical world, just found this marvellous and have never ceased to find it marvellous. Now things have come round so that we're allowed to like it, but without any permission I began to take a tremendous interest in the architecture and painting of Naples, which so expressed the character I saw around me. Another thing immensely important to me was the discovery of the ancient world which I knew about in very vague and ignorant terms. But I really had very little idea of what was in store for me and it has never ceased to be one of the wonders of my life, this marvellous literature and history of the ancient world."

And it was in Naples that you began to write?

Before I went back to New York, I stayed in the country in Tuscany with an Italian family I'd become friendly with, and that again changed many things for me, just by the quality of the people, of the members of that family, and it altered my view of what a human being could become in a way I had known in the East. I had known people who were of this maturity, but I hadn't known many since, and so that again was important to me. And in some mysterious way — I think almost everything that matters is mysterious — this released my feelings towards what I might do myself. And I began, after I went back to New York, to think about writing, and over quite a long time I wrote one short story. Now there was again an enormous stroke of luck, because that first piece of writing I sent to the magazine I respected most, *The New Yorker*. And when I was away having my summer holiday in Italy I had a letter from them accepting it, and a cheque, which was also very welcome. Again those were moments one really can't surpass. It was a very great moment for me, and from then on I began to write and really quite soon I was able to think of giving up my United Nations job and living off my writing, which was precarious, but it was much more precarious to stay in this bureaucracy where one was steadily dying.

"I should have said, when we were talking about changes that happened to me at Naples, I think perhaps the greatest single thing was the feeling of being restored to life. Because the UN bureaucracy, which had the tragic dimension of being a travesty of the world's hopes, was also a place which had been established as a centre of standards, and in that way it was ironic, very disillusioning to be working in such a place. It had taken me quite a long while, much longer than it should have done, to come to the realisation that this was deliberate, that this was not intended by the governments of the world to work. I began to understand the demoralisation, the terrible effect it had on people who were accepting it and going on with it and expected to live their lives out in that bureaucracy. And when I went to Naples it was like being sent back to earth. I saw life, even in the midst of so much difficulty and suffering. It had vitality, there was blood in the veins and it was quite a different life from the life I'd been accepting and had even been teaching myself to accept as a necessary and rightful thing. I think that also helped me to begin to write. When I left the United Nations, I can say I lived happily ever after."

After supporting herself with writing for two years in New York she met and married the writer and scholar Francis Steegmuller and published her first book, a collection of short stories first published in The New Yorker.

"The collection was something I hadn't ever imagined would happen. The publisher proposed it to me and I was astounded. They said to me, 'And of course you'll write a novel'. I had no idea of writing a novel. Then, a year later, I found I had a novel. It means that there was a momentum — I was only catching up with a lot of things that had been delayed, I suppose."

Your first novel, *The Evening of the Holiday*, how did that come into being?

"I don't know how it came into being. I think that if you have that profession, if you become a writer, there's always another thing to write. I mean, that's your life. You have a lot of anxiety and suffering while you're doing it but you're never quite happy unless you are doing it. So I went on and wrote that short novel, *The Evening of the Holiday*. We lived quite a bit in France in the early years of my marriage because my husband is a scholar of French literature and writes on French themes and he had always spent a large part of his life in France. We were going abroad a lot and I would sit up in a little attic room in Paris and write. But we

> 'I know that there is destiny and I've seen how events in an extraordinary way come round and how people, by what they put into life, very often generate the things that are to come'

also kept going to Italy, because since he'd been a boy he'd known Italy and loved it.

"The title of the novel, *The Evening of the Holiday*, is the same as the title of a great poem by Leopardi. That was the poem that really most moved me to study Italian, and it was a strange thing for me to find that I would then have a book with the title, something undreamed of when I first read this beautiful poem, one of the most beautiful poems that was ever written. It's just the sense of that. It's a short novel and it culminates with a feast day, a celebration in a small hill town in Italy, and a sense of anticlimax, that life can't always go on being thrilling. And it's the story of a love affair that finishes, in the sense that nothing more is going to happen. And so I thought it was appropriate to the spirit of the book as I wanted it."

I think there is quite a lot of that joy in your second novel, *The Bay of Noon*. It has a marvellous feeling of openness and pleasure in life as well as all the difficulties of a fairly young girl coming to work for a NATO agency in Naples, which has a curious parallel to your own experience. And it's your only novel that's written in the first person. Is it a fairly autobiographical account of your experience of Naples and life at that time?

"I assure you it's not my story. But I did take the facts of my life there. I don't think I would ever write again in the first person, it's not something I care for very much. But I found, although I began the book in the third person, that the only way to attempt what I wanted — to have the city as a leading character in the book — was to write in the first person. Otherwise it was beginning to sound like a travelogue."

***The Bay of Noon* has a fairly equivocal outcome. It doesn't seem to me as though romantic love comes off very well in that novel, either.**

"Well, there are moments when it comes off well. But I had had a rather equivocal experience of love at that time too, and I wanted to say there is joy in it, but there is also a lot of suffering and there are unexpected things which aren't always a question of blame, that life carries us on and we do different things. There is this sense of events passing away and leaving something behind which was what I wanted to achieve in a way. Perhaps I would write it differently now, but then one's always a different person to some degree."

It also seems to have in it that fairly Neapolitan attitude that you should seize the pleasure of the hour, that you can't wait for the world to be perfect before you seize your pleasure?

"That's absolutely right, and that I really learned at Naples. Instead of making strictures and judgments on life, one should try at least with some aspect of one's personality to embrace it. I certainly learnt that there."

You've talked a lot about luck in your own life and about the difficult business of human love in your first two novels. Both those elements are very important in what's become your most famous novel, *The Transit of Venus*. One character says that Venus can't blot out the sun and he's equipped to know that because he's an astronomer.

"Yes. Those things of astronomy in the book are allegorical including the title. They all have double meaning, they are all symbols, naturally. I had conceived very much the story form, the tone, the events and the sense of destiny before I began to write the book. I had all that and I had the title in

▶ Continued on page 96

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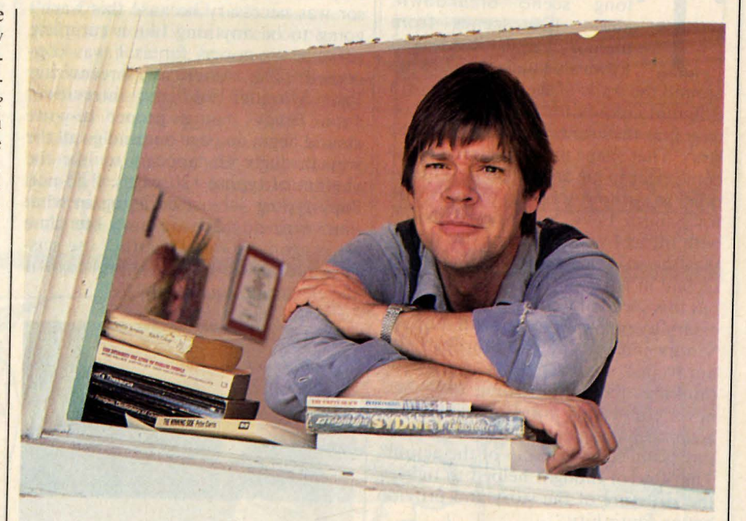
Take the money and walk

Peter Corris, creator of the Australian private eye Cliff Hardy, tracks his yoyo-ing efforts to write his character on to the screen — efforts which at the time of writing had left him eager to return to the more singular problems of producing a novel

The Empty Beach is the fourth of my Cliff Hardy novels and the fourth to attract the interest of filmmakers. The first book, *The Dying Trade*, brought a nibble from South Australia, but nothing ever came of that. The next novel, *White Meat*, did better; options were taken, a director was enlisted, Bryan Brown was contacted and I wrote a script. The script was written on spec, I wasn't ever paid for it, and the project fell at one of the early funding hurdles.

The Marvellous Boy, published in 1982, took the eyes of the producers John Edwards and Tim Read (the latter the principal of Polygon Pictures), who opened discussions with my agent. When *The Empty Beach* appeared in 1983, they transferred their attention to it as the more filmable book. Out of these previous nibbles and bites, three useful things came: a little option money, soon spent, the interest of Bryan Brown and some experience of scriptwriting. The script of *White Meat*, however, was terrible. It was reported to me that one of the assessors of the book at a funding source described it as "the worst novel he had ever read". Whether that is a fair judgment is not for me to say; I feel fairly confident, however, that I wrote one of the worst screenplays ever. One reader said that I had "taken out all of the humour and left in only the nastiness".

From the first, the *TEB* project seemed to be a lucky one. Bryan Brown liked the book and was keener than ever to play the Hardy character. Coincidently with Edwards and Read taking their option, I began a crash course in scriptwriting at the Australian Film and Television School. We novices were coached in the fundamentals — scene breakdowns, story synopses, plot points. I had *TEB* ready to hand to use for these purposes and the book and story always seemed to respond well to the various exercises. I felt confident that I could write a script, if not as good as *Chinatown* then a lot better than *White Meat*.



Photograph: Martin Webby, ABC

Writer Peter Corris: reflecting on a trying experience

TEB never really ran into any serious financial difficulties. After some early skirmishing elsewhere, the producers sold the idea of the movie to Channel 10 with a minimum of fuss. The timing was right. In retrospect, it seems that Read and Edwards approached 10 at exactly the time stories began appearing in the papers about the exhaustion of the Aussie "period" film and the need for contemporary subjects.

The crucial thing for the funding, though, was the interest of Bryan Brown. Bankable after *A Town like Alice*, not, apparently diminished by *The Thorn Birds*, and of very high profile since his marriage, Brown and *TEB* came to be mentioned in the same financial breath. He read all the Cliff Hardy books and some of the stories and liked the character. He liked his "Australianism", he said. He was reasonably well-read in the genre too, although his personal preference for Mike Hammer as a favourite private eye is unfortunate. We agreed that Darren McGavin had been wonderful as Hammer in the old television show and that gave us firm enough common ground. McGavin tried for some humour and wryness, unlike Spillane's books which are, in my view, one-dimensional, violent grotesques.

Read and Edwards originally wanted to form a limited liability company — with me as a principal — to make the

film and provide me with money. Ignorant and fearful of balance sheets, I was uninterested in that, and my agent concluded a straight scriptwriting deal: I was to get $18,000 for three drafts and a further $12,000 was to be held in reserve until the first day of photography. Some of this could go to another writer if there was substantial dissatisfaction with my final script. The film rights to the book were bought for $25,000; options were six monthly at $1000 dollars for the first two and $1500 and up for further periods. My contract provides me with eight per cent of net profits if the film gets into the black.

Thus motivated, I wrote a long scene breakdown, about 120 scenes from memory, and Read and Edwards stuck the slips up around the walls of their office — with different colours for night and day — to get, as they said, the "shape" of the story. That shape took two drafts to become clear to me and might never have done so without the help of script editor Sandra Levy. She worked closely with me as I wrote the first two drafts, the first in about three weeks and the second in 16 days. (I write fast anyway, but this speed of writing was made necessary by meetings to do with money.) Sandra thought the story through and unravelled several knots, partly by thinking about something that had never crossed my mind: were the characters behaving consistently and credibly when they were *out* of the action? That line of thought helped to tighten the structure of the story and provide better continuity.

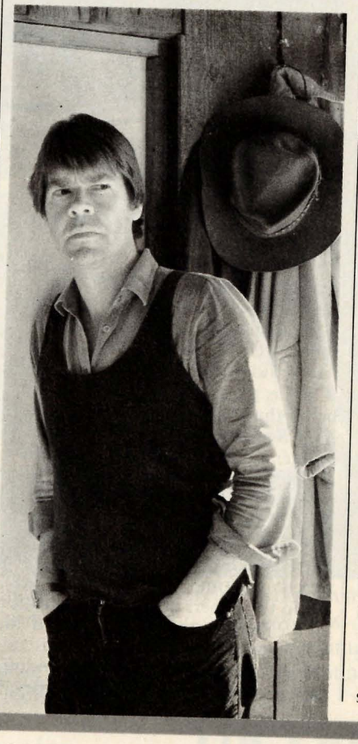
Sandra and I ended with a polished, right-length, smoothly running script which had toned down the violence and turned up (indeed invented) the love interest. The producers enthused. Bryan Brown was in India and hard to contact. The Melbourne-based producer, Bob Weiss, by this time in the wings as a source of funds, ideas and experience, read the book, the scene breakdown and drafts one and two of the script.

Telexes arrived from India. Brown hated the script; he thought it stank. Weiss liked everything in reverse order: he liked the book most and everything else less and less right up to the smooth script. Other irons Sandra Levy had in other fires heated up and she had to leave *TEB* at that point. I had discussions with Read and Edwards and they convinced me that I could re-write the script in such a way as to preserve its

> '. . . if all you do in your life is turn out screenplays, I may covet your bank account, but I wouldn't give two bits for your soul'

smoothness and polish and restore the guts.

The smooth version was typed onto a word processor for me and I tackled the job of keeping the good and throwing out the bad. There were some structural problems detected by Weiss and emphasised by Reid. The word processor was necessary because this wasn't going to be anything like a complete re-write — not as far as I was concerned. The American screenwriter Paul Schrader told the interviewer John Brady that a proper re-write should begin on page one and go all the way through. He appears to like the rhythm of typing 120 pages. I do not: copy typing — just doing again what you've already done, exactly the same — is agony to me. I'd rather use scissors and paste. The word processor is the electronic equivalent.



By this stage there was another film person involved, the director Chris Thomson. Like everyone else, he preferred the earlier, tougher script and backed Reid and Weiss on the need for more "meat", more duplicity and complicity in the back-drop. What Thomson did, most usefully, was suggest a point where a change could be made which could permit the amendments to slot in. That point was the beginning. He didn't like my beginning, anyway.

I re-wrote the script changing the beginning completely and re-shaping throughout. I changed dialogue, settings and took out all the love interest. The final draft took about six weeks. I was thoroughly played out on the project by this time. I write only two drafts of my novels and stories, and the experience of going over and over the same material was not a pleasant one. I began to feel, to my distress, rather tired of Cliff Hardy. I'd never felt this before and it worried me because there were a good many more Hardy novels I wanted to write and I couldn't afford to fall out of love with my character. I was happy with my final version of the script. I could see the merit of the multiple drafting that seems to be standard in the business, and I valued the contributions of people more experienced in matters cinematic than me. I felt I had been well paid for the work which had meant solving several knotty problems.

"Voice over" — a style that hasn't worked in most recent films in my experience — had gone from *TEB*. The action had been packed into a shorter time frame and some unlikelihoods (like the homing device Hardy inserted in the caliper on his damaged leg) had also gone. Read had objected to the final shoot-out taking place in an underground car park. "Boring", he'd said. I agreed and transferred the scene to a (real) above ground sewage plant. Edwards had not liked the cultists' ashram in the book — "A hangover from the sixties." Out went the ashram and in came The Starting Line — a drug rehabilitation and personal betterment outfit. Snappy, modern.

My screenplay (as I had now begun to think of it) was well received. "Very close," one of the producers assured me, "very close." For me, anxious to get on with another novel and with a television project in the air, it would have to be close enough.

* * *

At the time of writing (August) it seemed that close enough wasn't good enough, or that all the cards weren't on the table. The producers' next move was to engage the British writer Keith Dewhurst to do some more work on the script. After being assured that this wasn't going to cost *me* any money, I was pleased by this development. Dewhurst had impressive credits in British television and was said to be a private detective yarn fan. It seemed unlikely that a first film script (or second if you count the *White Meat* disaster), would be made as was. I looked forward to seeing Dewhurst's revisions.

Dewhurst wrote a scene breakdown (which the producers no doubt pasted up around the office walls). This document was a drastic revision and amounted almost to a new story. There were many new situations and some characters who do not appear in the novel or earlier versions of the script. The promised "re-shaping and restructuring" was there with a vengeance with scenes from act one of the book removed to act three. Mercifully, there was no "voice over", but the homing device was back, so was the car park and so was the ashram.

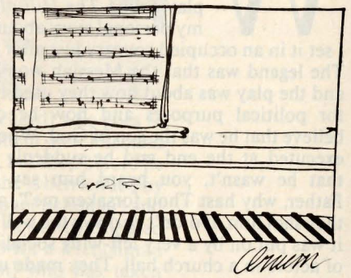
The experience has been instructive. For one thing it has enabled me to enjoy Kenneth and Kerry Cook's novel about the machinations of film producers, *The Film-makers*, very much more than I would have done had I not been through the mill. It has made me suspect that it is no accident that the best film stories, such as *Citizen Kane*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Third Man* and *Chinatown* never had a previous life as novels or plays.

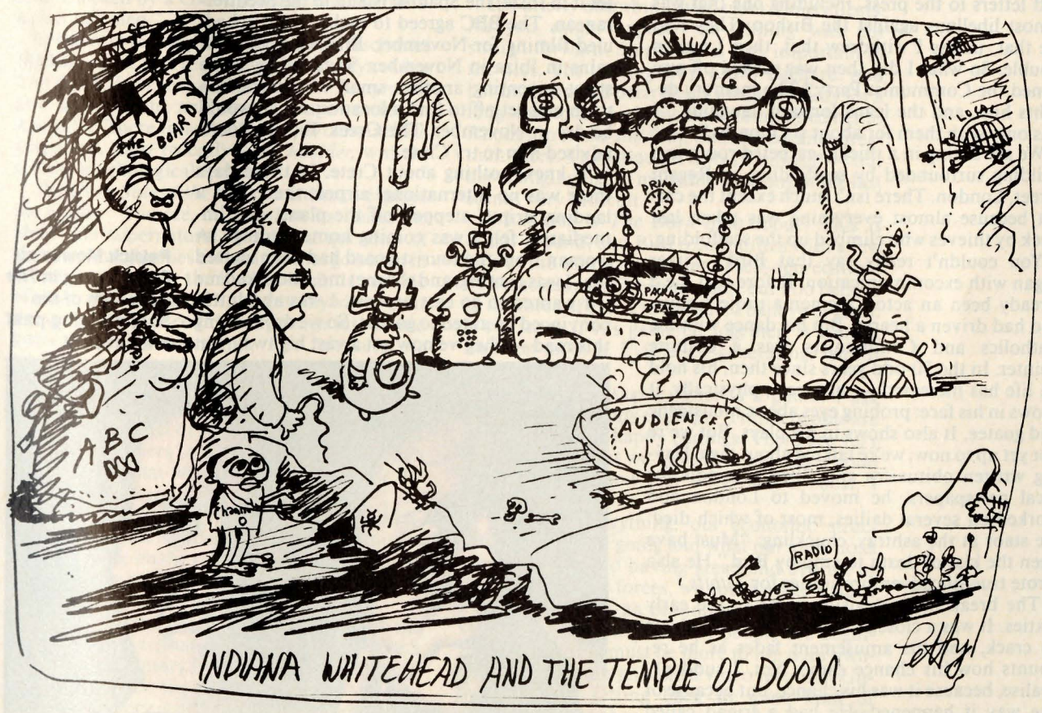
> 'The final draft took about six weeks. I was thoroughly played out by this time'

The experience has confirmed the wisdom of two writers I admire — William Goldman and Ernest Hemingway. In his *Adventures in the Screen Trade* Goldman argues that screenwriting is not enough for a full, creative life: "The primary success available to a screenwriter is financial, and that's all well and good for bankers and businessmen, how else would they keep score? But if you are the kind of weird person who has a *need* to bring something into being, and all you do in your life is turn out screenplays, I may covet your bank account, but I wouldn't give two bits for your soul."

While stars have been starring, scriptwriters drafting and producers phoning, I have written another Cliff Hardy novel — *Make Me Rich*, to be published early next year, long before a movie adapted from *The Empty Beach* will be seen.

Hemingway's advice is characteristically succinct and dramatic: "Take the money and run." L&L





Bird of evil

In London, Wendy Barnaby talks to Michael J. Bird, author of *Who Pays the Ferryman?*, *The Lotus Eaters* and other elegant and eerie dramas set in Cyprus, Crete and now, in *The Dark Side of the Sun*, the island of Rhodes (ABC-TV this month)

When he was 19, Michael Bird was excommunicated from the Catholic Church: "I wrote a play called *The Hill of Blades*, my personal story about Christ. I set it in an occupied country just after the war. The legend was that the Messiah would come, and the play was about how they used this man for political purposes and how he came to believe that he was the son of God. When he got executed at the end and he suddenly realised that he wasn't, you heard him say, 'Father, Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?', and then they shot him. It didn't go down too well because it was put on by a very left-wing socialist group of actors in a church hall. They made us take it off. That would have been okay had I not been 19 and doubting everything. I wrote some very stiff letters to the press, including one that was almost libellous against the Bishop. They told me that, unless I withdrew that, then I was in trouble. So what I did then was rushed off and joined the Communist Party." The memory delights him, and the leans forward, laughing. "I was only with them for about six months."

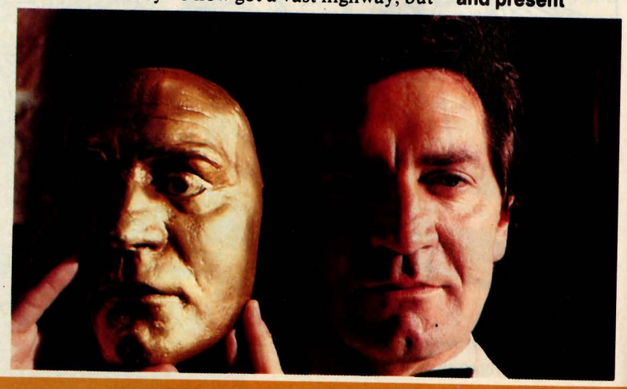
We are sitting in a thickly-carpeted room in a building surrounded by scaffolding, in Regent Street, London. There isn't much except the carpet because almost everything was taken last week by thieves who climbed up the scaffolding.

You couldn't really say that Bird's career began with excommunication. Before that, he'd already been an actor, a cinema projectionist, and had driven a hearse. But his dance with the Catholics and Communists was a definite pointer. In the 30-odd years since then, his hold on life has increased — not least, physically. It shows in his face: probing eyes above moustache and goatee. It also shows in his plays. But we're not yet up to now; we're talking about *then*. Having written obituaries and filled glue-pots for local newspapers, he moved to London and worked on several dailies, most of which died. He stabs at the ashtray, chuckling: "Must have been the kiss of death to employ Bird." He also wrote true-life adventure stories for *Titbits*.

The break into television came in the early sixties. It was a closed circle that was very hard to crack, and his amusement fades as he recounts how his chance came. Not, I suddenly realise, because it was his chance, but because of the way it happened. He had a friend called David Stone who was writing episodes for two popular television series of the day: *The Power Game* and *Dangerman*. In spite of Stone's attempts to persuade the producer to let Bird write a script, nothing had happened. Then one week when his deadlines were looming and the work wasn't done, he let Bird write a *Dangerman* episode for him. The producer complimented Stone on the script. "Anyone else would simply have said thanks. But David, who was unique among human beings and certainly unique in the television industry, said he hadn't written it. It was a marvellous gesture, absolutely marvellous. That's how I started. He was a first-class man."

His first series was *The Lotus Eaters*, enormously popular both in England and Australia. It was set in Crete. He had originally written and set it in Ibiza, the Spanish island in the Mediterranean. The BBC agreed to make it and scheduled filming for November. Bird was aghast: it rains in Ibiza in November. So he rejigged the story, inventing another small Mediterranean town and set off to find a location which would be dry in November. The Greek Tourist Board advised him to try Crete.

"I knew nothing about Crete. In those days there was no international airport there: just a landing strip. I stepped off the plane, and immediately felt I was coming home. Strange. A woman from the tourist board had been alerted that I was coming, and she met me. She asked me if I wanted to go east or west. I was absolutely convinced I wanted to go east. So we drove along this road — they've now got a vast highway; but



Patrick Mower as Don Tierney in *The Dark Side of the Sun*: mingling past and present

in those days the road ran along the coast and it took hours. It was beautiful. We came around a bend, and I said: 'Hang about, stop.'

"I got out of the car and looked out at this village. It was exactly as I'd described it in the script. I mean literally exactly. Even to the extent that it had an internal lake as well as the sea. Unbelievable. One of those very rare things that happen. It was really weird. We drove down to the town and I got out and said to my guide: 'I could take you to where I think we ought to film this'. I took her to an old building which had been the Italian headquarters during the war. It was just a facade. And I said: 'There you are. If you read my script you'll see I've described it.' And I had — even to the pepper trees outside."

It was not his first, or last, psychic experience. After filming *The Lotus Eaters*, he went to the Acropolis with another guide. He desperately wanted to go into the central area forbidden to tourists, and was only allowed in after a fuss. He stood there, looking round and dreaming a little, and suddenly noticed that his guide, white and trembling, was backing away from him, stammering, "You were speaking in Greek!" "But I can't speak Greek!" "But you did — you spoke in ancient Greek. And you said, 'I have been here before, and you would not listen to me then'." She was convinced he'd been possessed by the spirit of some ancient Greek. The words, written down over a stiff drink afterwards, were later checked by a Greek scholar, and the translation affirmed.

It's easy to see why the supernatural fascinates Michael Bird, and runs through his plays. After *The Lotus Eaters* came *Who Pays the Ferryman?* also set on Crete, and another huge success in Australia. There followed *The Aphrodite Inheritance* and, most recently *The Outsider*, with its stifling psychological tension.

The Dark Side of the Sun continues to explore the occult: "You see, this is what fascinates me about the supernatural. It's not a question of ghoulies and ghosties and things that go bump in the night. It's what the human brain is capable of, and what we haven't yet got anywhere near discovering. If we could really reach into it and know what it's all about, I'm not sure we wouldn't be capable of teleportation, for instance. Certainly ESP and those kinds of things — there's evidence to show that works. I think the answer to it all lies with psychiatrists and in further researchers into the human mind. When we discover what we really are, it'll either destroy us or make us."

The Dark Side of the Sun is set on Rhodes, near one of the castles used by the Knights Templar while on the run from the Inquisition in the 13th century. Historically, the series is accurate and even breaks new ground.

In fact, Bird has become so fascinated with the Knights Templar that he is going on to write a serious documentary book about them. But history is the vehicle for *The Dark Side*; not its substance. The story is about a photographer, Anne

Betty Arvaniti as the Greek psychoanalyst Ismini: a tale of strange entanglements

Tierney (played by Emily Richard) who goes to Rhodes to finish an assignment her husband Don (Patrick Mower) started, but died before he could complete. Once there, she is befriended by an English historian (Christopher Schoular) and a Greek psychoanalyst (Betty Arvaniti). She also becomes strangely involved with a Frenchman called Lavalliere (Peter Egan) who has taken over the castle in which one of his ancestors, a Knight Templar, once lived.

It's utterly absorbing, with marvellous effects. As you might expect, the filming was not straightforward. Pregnancy is very important to the plot. The leading lady, Emily Richard, and her husband had been trying unsuccessfully for a long time to have a baby. He accompanied her to Rhodes to make the film, and she became pregnant there. They thought it was a miracle — but her changing figure made the shooting of the last scenes very difficult.

What else is *The Dark Side* about? This is dodgy ground, and Bird reconnoitres with a few jabs at the ashtray and a bit of self-deprecation. "This sounds terribly pompous, but I do believe in the force of evil. I'm not sure I believe in good. It's a force if it's gathered together; it's not a force on its own. Evil is self-generating. Isn't it boring?"

Pensively, I disagree. There's a pause. I ask him about his happy endings. "I think people are entitled to a few happy endings. There are very few in reality. But we have to believe that good will triumph." How can we give it a boost, I wonder.

"Re-think everything: our economic structure, where we're going and what our ambitions are. If we stopped having greed and avarice as our main driving forces, we could make a start. Perhaps if there's an economic crash we could start. My senses tell me that people are beginning to say there must be more to life than owning two television sets and a video recorder. Unless we start getting back to some kind of spiritual values, then we're in trouble." L&L

To pay or not to pay?

How it works and what to do about pay TV

While the debate about the possible introduction of cable television into Australia seems to be dead and buried, the prospect remains that some forms of pay or subscription television are on the way. Radiated subscription television services (RSTV) are transmitted over the air like a standard television service, except the programme signal is in a coded or scrambled form. To secure a viewable signal, the customer of RSTV is provided — for a fee — with a decoder which unscrambles the signal. The signals can be picked up by any normal television set with UHF, ultra-high frequency, facilities. The cost to the consumer of installing a decoder, a small black box, is expected to be about $75, including the installation of a UHF aerial, and the programme service charge is expected to be about $25-a-month. This, of course, would be the first time that the principle of direct "user pays" was applied to Australian television. The staple diet of RSTV programming throughout the world is sports events, entertainment specials and comparatively new films, uncut and uninterrupted by commercials.

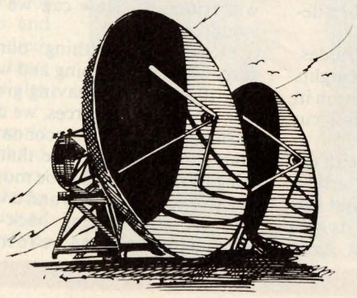
In the US, pay television services are available on most cable television systems. Cable television operators usually charge a single fee for a range of channels, known as the basic cable service. In addition to basic cable, specialised or premium channels may be purchased on a per channel basis, usually for about $15 per month per channel. Movies that are not generally available on "free to air" television are by far the most popular pay television channels in the US. A subsidiary of Time Inc — Home Box Office (HBO) — pioneered pay television, and has become so successful that it has developed a new form of stranglehold on film distribution in the US.

The Canadians were slow to develop pay television services, and the first services were licenced by the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) in 1982. Canada is one of the most cabled countries in the world, where cable companies have offered basic services for decades, but no pay television as extra premium channels as in the US until 1982.

At about the same time that Canada was exploring models for the introduction of pay television, the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal had recommended to the Fraser Government in August 1982 that both cable and radiated subscription television services be introduced into Australia "as soon as practicable". This inquiry spanned two years, involved consultants who examined the potential demand and uses for RSTV and cable television, and the ABT presented a five-volume report in favour of the introduction of a range of new television services in Australia. The marketing consultants' report on the likely demand for subscription services in metropolitan and country areas supported the positive view of the Tribunal. Predicted maximum penetration of an RSTV service in Australia costing $25 per month plus a $50 connection fee was about 30 per cent.

The Hawke Cabinet has twice baulked at accepting recommendations for the introduction of pay television into Australia. The problems emerging for pay television operators overseas have been noted, and the difficulties of selling the concept of "user pays" to an Australian electorate which has only ever had "free" television have been well understood by the pragmatists in Cabinet.

In February 1984, Michael Duffy, Minister for Communications, called for expressions of interest from potential operators and issued a broad set of guidelines for RSTV in Australia. This document stressed that the Government had yet to decide whether to introduce RSTV, but that the Government wanted to consider "whether RSTV could boost Australian film and television production and also have an impact on the development of Australian technology". The Labor Government, of course, needs to explore innovations which would assist the viability of the domestic satellite system as well as investigate the manufacturing prospects for new hardware such as the decoders.



The Minister for Communications received 42 expressions of interest from organisations who wished to be involved with different aspects of RSTV, from prospective manufacturers of decoders, to programme distributors, to interested system operators. For instance, the Myer Emporium Pty Ltd submitted a detailed proposal to service the Melbourne metropolitan area, intended to be followed by an extension of the service to Tasmania and outlying areas of Victoria, using the south-eastern footprint of the domestic satellite system. Alan Bond's STW Pty Ltd in Perth proposed a 24-hour-a-day movie channel. Television Australia-Satellite Systems Ltd proposed an unusual mix of a dual community-commercial television service to remote areas using four spot beam transponders of Aussat, where commercial television programming would be offered from 4pm to midnight and community programming between 8am and midday. Other organisations who registered their interest included the US operator Oak Industries Inc, Elders IXL, James Hardie and Sons, and the cinema exhibitors Hoyts Ltd and Village Theatres Ltd. In addition to these prospective participants, the new board of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation had earlier made a submission for a national ABC pay television service to be licenced. Meanwhile, the commercial television industry is predictably opposed to the introduction of RSTV in all areas.

There are some tough issues to be resolved on the possible introduction of RSTV in Australia. Is it a service that is needed and by whom? Under what conditions might licencees operate? Has the video cassette recorder invasion undermined pay television markets? Would RSTV provide any real programming diversity? Would employment prospects in the video, film and television industries be enhanced, or might it lead to a drop in the local production of films and television? Would it introduce unfortunate inequalities of access to broadcasting services throughout Australia? A working party of the Department of Communications and the Department of Home Affairs is addressing these issues and others involved with RSTV.

Will it be change or status quo for the Australian television industry? L&L

Cricket and sauce

Warm thoughts of a long hot summer

That warm inner glow is with me — the cricket season is getting under way and one's Saturday diet changes from a tinny and hot meat pie (with tomato sauce, of course) to a tinny and cold pastie (with tomato sauce, of course). I remain surprised at how quickly I adjusted from those jolly little English quarter sandwiches with the crusts cut off and a gentle hand clap, "Damn fine shot, Reggie, well played!" to the more substantial Aussie fare and "Good on yer, Greg, mate!". But the nostalgia of middle age takes my mind winging back to those lush green English cricket grounds where I first watched, then played, the game.

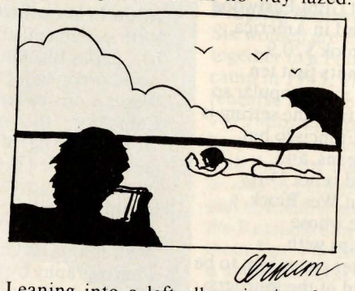
Apart from the sheer aesthetic pleasure of watching good players in action — a Greg Chappell off-drive, a Border square cut, a Gower flick off the legs or a Vivian Richards anything — the great joy of cricket is its humour.

Watching the television series *Bodyline* reminded me of watching Frank Tyson bowl for the first time in a Test Match at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, the former home of Harold Larwood. There was a large crowd and a great atmosphere as the South African opening batsmen came down the pavilion steps and on to the green sward. Tyson was already pacing out his run up and Godfrey Evans, the wicket keeper, and the slips had taken up positions half way back to the sight screen at the other end.

"Oo's this booger Tyzack then?" said the cloth-capped man sitting next to me, clutching his wartime gas mask container now containing his sandwiches, pork pie and a flask of tea. "He'll be nowhere as fast as our 'arold were, mark my words!" And in moved Tyson to bowl; he bowled and, as the opening batsman (Jackie McGlew, I think it was) leaned into a forward stroke so Godfrey Evans, 25 metres further back, was jumping to take the ball on the rise. There was a spontaneous and collective gasp from the 20,000 crowd. Tyson was quick, very quick. "Bloody 'ell!", said the man next to me tightening his grip on his sandwich box.

I played in England for some time for a team in Sussex which had as its opening batsman an elegant schoolmaster. He was a paragon of virtue and was not only an exaggeratedly correct stroke player (whether or not he connected with the ball) but always wore creams rather than whites (always the sign of a class player in the English club cricket scene). His pads were whiter than white and he was topped off with one of those curious English club cricket caps which had rings of different hues.

As in the classic rural cricket story in the book, *England, Their England*, our elegant opener had to face a village blacksmith fast bowler when we made our annual visit to an up country ground. The bowler, who had a shock of black hair flopping forward over his brow — like Fred Trueman in full pomp — wore the whitest of white trousers which barely reached his ankles, revealing a pair of black socks and the dirtiest and largest pair of cricket boots imaginable. He grinned a gap-toothed grin to the elegant one and pounded in to bowl. It was the local repeat of Tyson to McGlew but our elegant opener was in no way fazed.



Leaning into a left elbow-jutting forward defensive shot, as the wicket keeper caught the hurtling missile, our man looked the blacksmith straight in the eye and, deliciously quoting from Steinbeck, *Of Mice And Men*, said: "Tell me about the rabbits, George!".

It was another elegant and measured player who upset to the point of apoplexy one of the great characters with whom I played, Arthur Mills. Arthur, an ex-military man with a bristling moustache, a flair for explosive language and with a run of six successive ducks behind him was 49 not out in a welcome return to form. He was joined at the wicket by Mr Elegance — cream shirt with sleeves neatly and precisely folded to mid-forearm — and with a Ken Barrington mannerism of leaning into a forward stroke to a ball pitched outside the off stump and then, with a flamboyant circling of the blade, lifting the bat, letting the ball pass through to the keeper.

The third ball he received he deftly worked off his legs towards the square leg boundary. "Come one, Arthur," he called, "there may be two, but I'll look." Arthur reached the other crease. "Yes, Arthur, there looks to be two, maybe we should go . . . think about it." At this point in the convoluted verbal stream Arthur began his dash for the second run. "No, Arthur, one will do," said Mr Elegance. Arthur, half way up the wicket, applied the brakes — but to no effect and was duly run out 49. The fielders congratulated each other, Mr Elegance looked on in horror, his mouth opening and closing but now emitting no sound. Arthur held himself in check breathing deeply.

For a moment he stood stock still in the middle of the pitch before, with teeth bared and moustache a-quiver, he strode purposefully towards the pavilion. He had just passed cover point when, with a loud roar like a Serengeti lion on heat, he hurled his bat towards the pavilion, turned back towards the pitch and shouted to Mr Elegance in a voice which could be heard all round the ground and beyond: "There are only three calls when batting — 'Yes', 'No' and 'Fucking well wait!'."

Arthur's second contribution to the lore of cricket was his summary dismissal of a visiting team who had batted most of the afternoon with scarcely an aggressive stroke. At that time our pavilion did not boast a WC, instead a large bucket was provided behind a canvas screen. Arthur, an inveterate lunchtime boozer, asked permission of the skipper to go behind the screen to relieve himself. When he returned to the field of play he gestured towards the members of the visiting team sitting in deckchairs in front of the pavilion: "They're not even a good social team," he said, "the piss bucket's still half empty!"

The summer ahead with the wonderful Windies here again is a great prospect. Will Roger Harper, with his long fingered off-spin, be an effective alternative to the relentless emphasis on pace bowling? Will Graham Yallop, once the whipping boy and now a world-class hero, add significant stability to the Aussie batting? Will the Windies dominate the one day series or will India surprise everyone as they did in the last World Cup series in the UK? And, among all the serious stuff, let us hope there will be plenty of incident to keep a smile on all our faces and a warm glow of contentment. L&L

RECOMMENDATIONS

FILMS

Carmen
Earlier this year we had Carlos Saura's flamenco *Carmen*. Now back to tradition with Placido Domingo, Ruggiero Raimondi and the dramatically beautiful American soprano, Julia Mignes Johnson (born in Manhattan of Greek and Puerto Rican parents). A French production made in Spain with the National Orchestra of France, this version is as lush as Domingo's last opera film, Zeffirelli's *La Traviata*.

VIDEO

Gorky Park (Roadshow)
Murder and mutilation in mid-winter Moscow. For what? Politics, money? Drugs? And how can an American businessman (Lee Marvin) swagger around town seemingly too smart for the comrade cops led by William Hurt. Compared with the novel by Martin Cruz Smith which seems to have been read by everyone in the Western world, the movie is more frozen than shrouded in mystery. But atmospherically photographed and well played by a British and American cast despite some speech quirks. Joanna Pacula, the Polish actress, looks at home.

Village Dreams
Gracefully offbeat comedy about two friends who have grown up on New York's Lower East Side and have very different ideas about how best to move on and up. Charlie has a yen and a talent for respectability. His likeable cousin, Paulie, is more interested in trouble. Nonetheless, they stick together. Subtly directed by Stuart Rosenberg with Mickey Rourke from *Rumblefish* and *Diner* as Charlie, Eric Roberts as Paulie (enjoying a switch in style from his part as Mariel Hemingway's vicious husband in *Star '80*), and Daryl Hannah (right) from *Splash* as Charlie's exasperated girl friend.

Tightrope
The latest Clint Eastwood picture and in America, where it took $20.9 million in its first ten days, the most popular so far. This time the setting is not San Francisco but New Orleans, and Eastwood is not Dirty Harry but Wes Block, a detective whose friendships with prostitutes cause him to be suspected of the murders he is trying to solve. Directed by Richard Tuggle (author of *Escape from Alcatraz*) and photographed by Bruce Surtees. With Genevieve Bujold.

Tron (Walt Disney)
One of the better high-tech thrillers with the ultimate in video games. Jeff Bridges and Bruce Boxleitner are a couple of whizkids catapulted into a computer "where energy lives and breathes, where light takes on a new dimension". David Warner plays the baddie as usual. Very clever, if a bit sterile, with brilliant use of computer effects and language.

BALLET

Alice in Wonderland
With design and artwork by Charles Blackman, the world premiere of the Western Australian Ballet Company's *Alice in Wonderland* has attracted great interest. The jazz blues music, specially commissioned, is performed by the West Australian Arts Orchestra. Choreography by Barry Moreland, director of the company.
His Majesty's Theatre, Perth. (09) 321 5979. Opening Thursday 29 November, closing Saturday 22 December.

Australian Dance Theatre
Second subscription season. Two ballets by Jonathan Taylor — *Quicksilver* and *For Ever and Ever*. World premiere of Julia Blaikie's *The Pebbled Shore* and finally a new and as yet untitled work by Margaret Wilson.
Opera Theatre, Grote Street, Adelaide.
(08) 212 6833. Opening 22 November, closing 1 December.

Sleeping Beauty
Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* was first commissioned by the Imperial Court at St Petersburg. This new production is choreographed by the company's artistic director, Maina Geilgud, with design by Hugh Colman. World premiere.
State Theatre, Victorian Arts Centre, Melbourne.
(03) 654 4000. Closing Friday 9 November.

PLAYS

Scapin
Molière's Scapin is a traditional figure of farce. On the surface, he is nothing more than a silver-tongued rascal but he turns out to have a soft spot for young lovers. One of Molière's most simple but appealing plays. The Playbox Theatre Company presents this as guests of the Tasmanian Theatre Trust. Stars David Cameron, Kate Fitzpatrick and (below) Nina Landis.
Prince of Wales Theatre, Hobart. (002) 34 6266. Opening Friday 2 November, closing Friday 9 November.

The Removalists
David Williamson's study of violence. A fresh look at this important play by director Rex Cramphorn.
Victorian Arts Centre Studio, Melbourne.
(03) 63 4888. Opening Friday 19 October, closing Saturday 10 November.

Children of a Lesser God
John Waters and Elizabeth Quinn star in this touring production which has already been a smash hit in Sydney and overseas. A classic teacher/student love affair with a difference.
Perth Regal Trust.
(09) 381 1557. Closing Saturday 24 November.

Look & Listen's pick of the month in the arts

The Christian Brothers
Peter Cummins stars as the Christian Brother in the Melbourne Theatre Company's production of Ron Blair's play. Considering its subject, Catholic male education in Australia in the fifties, it has been very popular. The reason is Blair's approach to the central character, the Christian Brother — more than a cardboard cut out.
Athenaeum 2, Melbourne.
(03) 654 4000. Opening Thursday 29 November.

Playing Molière
Six women are thrown together in a Polish prison camp in 1945. They rehearse Molière's play *The Imaginary Invalid* to keep body and soul intact with the hope that they'll be able to perform the play for fellow prisoners if the Russians don't reach them first. *Playing Molière* is about survival.
Space Theatre, Adelaide Festival Centre.
(08) 223 6283. Opening Thursday 29 November.

Caravan
Smart, witty and cutting ever so gently into the meat of Australianism, Donald MacDonald's play examines the crises of middle age. Five best friends trying to forget they're near 40 take their first holiday together in a caravan. One of them brings along his new girlfriend. In the confined space of the caravan tempers rise and tension increases to breaking point.
Melbourne Comedy Theatre.
(03) 662 2644. Opening Wednesday 31 October.

Waiting for the Parade
Sounds as though it should star Judy Garland and other Hollywood greats. By Canadian John Murrell, this play is of a totally different mettle, revolving around the lives of five women in World War 2 and depicting the changes war brings. Set in Calgary, Canada. Stars Marie Armstrong, Sue Rigg and Margaret Higham.
New Theatre, Sydney.
(02) 519 3403. Closing Saturday 24 November.

Fool for Love
Sam Shepard's play has been called fiesty, muscular, sexually charged, violent and animalistic. It comes as a surprise then to discover that it is a love story. Set in a stark motel room on the edge of a desert, *Fool for Love* explores an obsessive love/hate relationship. Directed by Lindy Davies.
St Martins Theatre 1, St Martins Lane, South Yarra. (03) 63 4888. Opening Friday 23 November, closing Saturday 8 December.

Better Known As Bee
Bee Miles: brilliant student, daughter of a wealthy Sydney family, scourge of Sydney tram drivers and, later, well-known eccentric inhabitant of Sydney streets. Musical comedy based on David Mitchell's book. Jan Adele plays Bee.
Q Theatre, Penrith.
(047) 21 5735. Opening Wednesday 21 November, closing Sunday 16 December.

RECOMMENDATIONS

PLAYS

Il Magnifico
Fifty bawdy years of Italian history as seen by Robyn Archer. The star of the play is the magnificent Michelangelo. He is surrounded by a host of lesser lights including Lorenzo de Medici, Savonarola and Machiavelli. Through the use of these characters, Robyn Archer looks at the shady world of the arts and patronage. Artwork by Martin Sharp, set by Anthony Babici, costumes by Carel Needham (above).
Nimrod at the Seymour Centre, Sydney.
(02) 692 3511. Opening Wednesday 7 November, closing Saturday 15 December.

Pax Americana
MTC's latest play by Australian author Ron Elisha who describes the play in terms of the politics of power. "With the New Deal as its point of lift off, *Pax Americana* propels us through the atomic barrier, and on to the New Frontier. Its payload: John F. Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, Martin Luther King, Lee Harvey Oswald, Joe McCarthy and Lennie Bruce. Its crew: two generations of American dreamers . . ."
Playhouse, Victorian Arts Centre, Melbourne.
(03) 654 4000. Opening Saturday 3 November, closing Saturday 8 December.

MUSICALS

Side by Side by Sondheim
Includes hit songs by Leonard Bernstein, Mary Rodgers, Richard Rodgers and Julie Styne sung by two bright and breezy young women and one not so bright and breezy, but always good-looking, man.
Edward Street Theatre, Brisbane. (07) 221 3861. Closing Saturday 15 Dec.

Little Shop of Horrors
Imagine a love affair where Seymour Krelbourn — orphan and schlemiel — longs for a better life and the love of Audrey, a villainous, carnivorous potted predator who seems to grow bigger as the cast grows smaller.
Theatre Royal, Sydney.
(02) 231 6111. Opening Thursday 8 November.

BOOKS

The Man Who Stayed Below
By Alan Gould (Angus & Robertson, $14.95)
This first novel, awarded the Angus & Robertson Writers' Fellowship, tells the story of a 16-year-old boy's coming of age as he voyages on a wool clipper from Melbourne to London via Cape Horn in 1913. Gould is better known as a poet and his talent as such graces this adventure story cum psychological drama.

English Journey
By Beryl Bainbridge (Duckworth/BBC, $19.95)
Fifty years ago J. B. Priestley went on a ramble through England and published an account of it; Beryl Bainbridge retraces his steps in the eighties. Informative, with colourful anecdotes and characters; for instance a Bristol publican tells her about the famous suspension bridge: "In the 1890s a young woman with a broken heart threw herself off and lived to be 80. Her petticoats opened like a parachute and she landed safely in the mud." Send over the television series, please.

MUSIC

John Williams
Australia's premier classical guitarist in the midst of the sixth of his always vastly successful tours for the ABC.
Princes Theatre, Launceston. Thursday 1 November. Phone Fortune Booking Service.
ABC Odeon, Hobart.
(002) 34 5736. Friday 3 November.
Adelaide Festival Centre.
(08) 44 0673. Wednesday 7 November and Friday 9 November.

Michel Beroff
The young French pianist, who last toured Australia for the ABC as a new star some years ago, has since caused sensations in Europe, the UK and the USA. According to the *New York Times*, he is 'a poet of the piano'.
Adelaide Festival Centre, Adelaide. 8pm.
(08) 44 0673. Friday 2 November.
Sydney Opera House, (02) 339 0211. November 7, 8, 10, 12, 13. Solo recital on Wednesday 17 November, Sydney Town Hall, (02) 339 0211. Wednesday 14 November.

EVENTS

Phyllis Diller
Two hours of one-liners delivered as she strolls from one side of the stage to the other. From all reports, she is madder than ever.
Concert Hall, Perth.
(09) 325 3399. Sunday 18 November.

More Wildlife in the Suburbs
By Densey Clyne (Angus & Robertson, $9.95)
You don't need the mobility of a David Attenborough to be a naturalist, argues Densey Clyne. Nature is whatever animal and insect life you can find outside your back door. Overgrown gardens are best, but the inner-city dweller with a balcony, a pot plant and an eye for detail can take part. Clyne has a delightfully unpretentious style, and this book is another collection of the columns she used to write for the *Sydney Morning Herald*. With line drawings by Martyn Robinson.

P.O.S.H.
Trained in both classical and jazz, these four musicians present a fusion of classical chamber music with modern funk. Their repertoire extends from Hotteterre, Bach and Telemann, through Scott Joplin, Debussy and Jobim. When they first performed in 1982 they were described as "the guerrillas of chamber music", but since then have toured extensively with Musica Viva, made two overseas tours and performed on radio and television. Jane Rutter (flute), John Huie (guitar), Hugh Fraser (bass) and Graeme Leak (percussion). Pictured left.
Sydney Opera House.
(02) 2 0588, Saturday, November 10 and December 15.
In the gardens of Eryldine, 17 Macintosh Street, Gordon at 5pm, Sunday, November 25 followed by champagne and caviar. $15, proceeds to the Eryldine Trust.

OPERA

Il Trovatore
Verdi's great tragedy with soprano Margaret Haggart as Leonora, tenor Kenneth Collins as Manrico and Lauris Elms as the gypsy, Azucena (above).
Festival Centre Opera Theatre, Adelaide.
(08) 212 6080. Opening Thursday 25 October, closing Saturday 10 November.

Fidelio
Beethoven's opera stars soprano Marilyn Richardson as Leonore. Production by Elke Neidhardt. Last two performances.
Sydney Opera House.
(02) 2 0588. Wednesday 31 October, Saturday 3 November 1pm.

Aida
Fittingly the Australian Opera is ending the 1984 season with this new production of Verdi's work — one of the highlights of this year's Australian Opera season. Rita Hunter sings Aida and Horst Hoffman plays Radames. Choreography by Garth Welch with design by Kenneth Rowell.
Sydney Opera House.
(02) 2 0588. Monday 29 October, Thursday 1 November and Saturday 3 November.

The Magic Flute
Mozart's wonderful mixture of magic, spectacle and Oriental mystery with Robert Gard and Marilyn Richardson. John Stoddard is designing new scenery for this production.
State Theatre, Victorian Arts Centre, Melbourne.
(03) 617 8396. Opening Saturday 17 November, closing Friday 30 November.

Merry Widow
Franz Lehar's delight is the WA Opera Company's last major production for the year. Catherine Duval plays the widow, Ron Stevens is Danilo and Norman Yemm, Baron Zeta. Graham MacFarlane, who designed the opera, also sings the role of Camille.
His Majesty's Theatre, Perth. (09) 521 5869. Opening Friday 2 November, closing Saturday 24 November.

Dates and times given in LOOK & LISTEN are correct at going to press. Please check your local guides in case of late changes. For more information and air times for ABC-FM and other ABC radio programmes please see the latest issue of *24 Hours*.

EXHIBITIONS

Art and Social Commitment
Art with a conscience. This exhibition spans the last 50 years of Australian history, zooming in on the Depression and life during World War 2. Collections throughout Australia have contributed with works by Nolan, Tucker, Hicks, McClintock and Vic O'Connor.
Art Gallery of SA, Adelaide. (08) 223 7200. Opening Thursday 15 November, closing Tuesday 1 January 1985.

Love Stories
The opening of the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art has been eagerly awaited by artists and patrons in Victoria. True love gone wrong is the subject of the first exhibition in which Frank Bendinelli and Robert Randall use a combination of video and large photographs.
Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Dallas Brooks Drive, South Yarra. (03) 241 5263. Opening Wednesday 31 October, closing Tuesday 20 November.

Images of the West
Photographer Ronald Woolf presents a modern day portrait of the American West, extending to Hawaii. He says that all the photos in this exhibition were taken with no resort to "photographic gimmickry of any kind". The American West is rugged and inhospitable and the photographer has captured its unique beauty through its sand dunes, Navajo chiefs and stark Hispanic buildings.
Foyer of Watkins Place, Edward Street, Brisbane.
(07) 229 2661. Opening Wednesday 7 November, closing Friday 23 November.

Even the surgeons in Sydne would be jealous of this heart trasplant.

Celica has always been a trend-setter with its sleek, aggressive styling.

Now a transplant with Toyota's 2.4 litre Super Responsive engine, with Electronic Fuel Injection, has given the Celica new life.

Now Celica produces 87kW of power.

Now Celica will do the standing 400 metres in just 17.5 seconds. And goes from 0 to 100kph in just 11.0 seconds.

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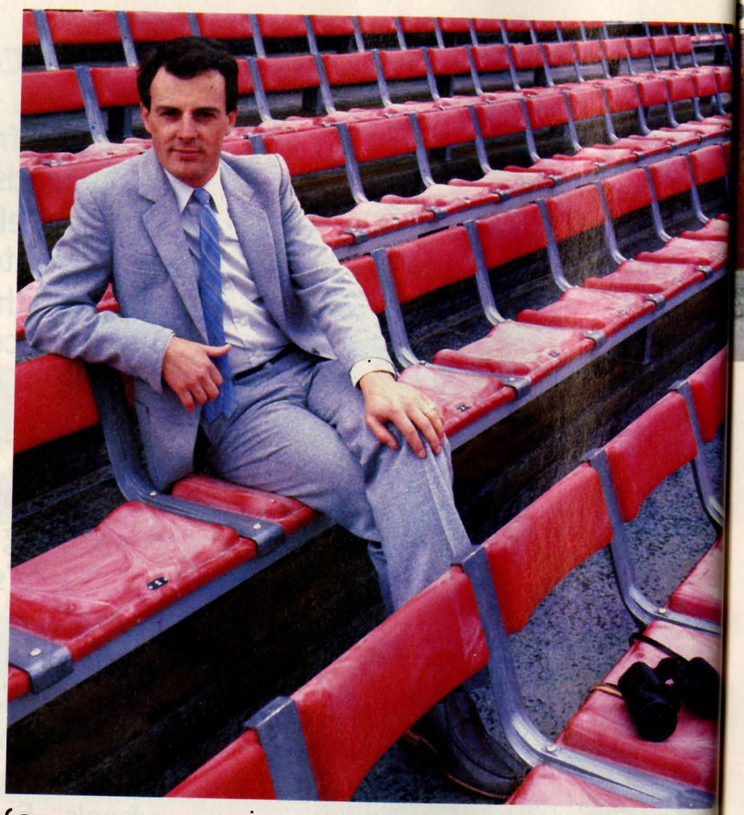
Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TPA852

As he prepares for the 124th Melbourne Cup, the ABC's Greg Miles talks about the particularly Australian art of race calling

And they're racing

by GARRIE HUTCHINSON



If there's been a quinella made in heaven it's the one forged between horse racing and radio. If you throw in the passion for gambling as well, you've got the dinkum Australian trifecta. Especially on the first Tuesday in November: Melbourne Cup day. It's a cliché that everything stops for the Cup, but no less true for that. And what everyone is listening to is the voice of a dozen race broadcasters as it calls the folk fortunes of the 124th running of that race.

Is there a more Australian sound than the race broadcaster singing the gallopers down the straight as accurately as a digital watch and as colourfully as a jockey's silk? Hear the voice flowing from an old wireless on a shelf in the local pub, next to a bottle of sarsparilla. The wireless has been there for 60 years, and has only been replaced by a television set in the most salubrious establishments. The voice is the same. It's sometimes nasal in timbre, sometimes basso, it starts with some sacred words spoken in a kind of hush . . . "The flashing light is on . . . they're racing . . . and it's . . ."

Some voices rattle along like a machine gun over the shorter distances, starting at a slow frenzy and building from there. Others have a more leisurely approach, time to fit in an anecdote or two. All are subject to the Australian code, which, unlike that of the unschooled callers of the Northern Hemisphere, demands that all runners be named, not just two or three, that there be drama and colour, pace and style.

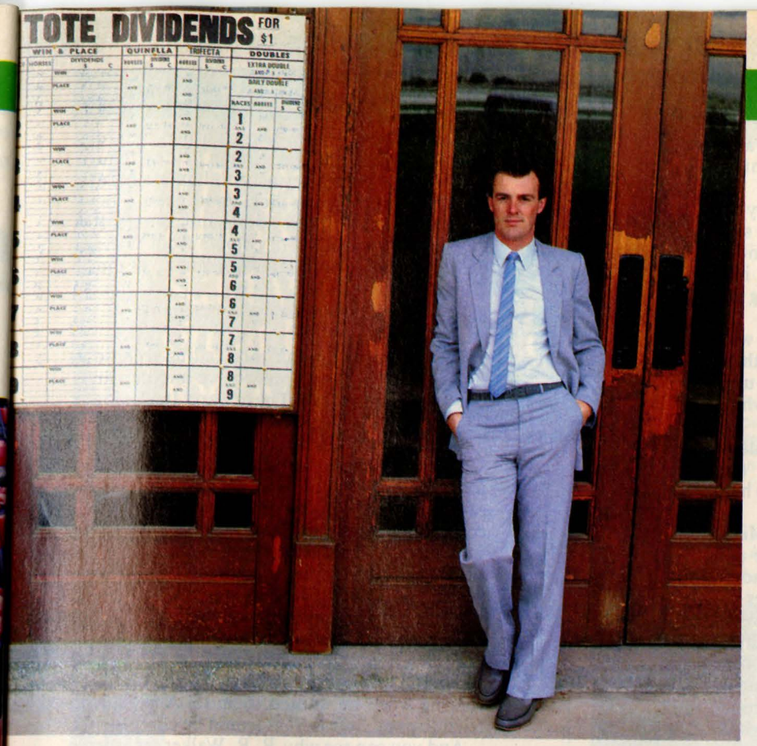
After all, this is radio, the information must be accurate and must be entertaining. And the punter, as part of the misery of that trade, is not going to always have his money on the leading couple of horses. He's going to have it on that thing in the red cap "looking at more tails than Hoffman," in Bert Bryant's immortal phrase. And the punter on the radio, or on-course listening to a master of the no-nonsense approach like Frank O'Brien (announcer at Flemington and Moonee Valley) wants to know where his money is.

Not so long ago, those in the know might have wagered with their pub's SP bookie, then listened to what happened on the radio. Nowadays the punter has a trannie and a phone account at the TAB, and can sit by the pool (punters win more than they lose, don't they?) and listen to his money going round. Attendances at race tracks are in decline, and have been for years, partly because the attraction of seeing horses in the flesh and wagering with an on-course bag-man hardly stacks up against the convenience of listening to the informative and entertaining calls and comments of the great horsecasters. Curiously, in Melbourne, even the radio presence has declined to a single commercial racing radio station, 3DB, subsidised by the golden egg, the TAB — that's if you consider track attendances and atmosphere to be the goose.

'Cup Day is a frightening experience . . . your stomach is in knots . . . I'm glad when it's over. It's a great relief'

Photograph: Brian Gilkes

Of course, the ABC is still present providing a national, and indeed an international (through



'It was all spontaneous and I never planned ahead' — Bert Bryant

Radio Australia) radio coverage for racing. That's as it should be. 3LO broadcast the first races, and the first Melbourne Cup in 1925.

The ABC's present Melbourne race broadcaster is Greg Miles, 21 when he took over from the great Joe Brown in 1981, perhaps the youngest top line caller there's ever been. Joe, at 65, still drops into the ABC sports department in the peculiar rabbit warren of Broadcast House to help out with the acceptances.

Brown is like everyone's favorite grandfather, with a calm, measured, deep, reassuring tone of voice, white-haired, a fresh, pink face, eyes with a twinkle. He's a friendly bloke who had such respect from his colleagues that all other radio and television stations took his last call. Listening to a Joe Brown call you were completely confident that he'd not only get it right, but that you would find some consolation in losing. Another measure of the esteem in which he is held is that the Hawthorn Football Club, which he follows with a passion, allowed the Brown family budgie to be stuffed and placed in the glass case with the club's mascot, a fierce looking hawk.

There had been three ABC race broadcasters before Brown took over in 1948, including the legendary Eric Welch (first Cup 1927, Trivalve, till 1934, which includes Phar Lap's Cup). Welch, at 3DB in 1948, was, with Fred Tupper, one of the commentators who invented Australian race broadcasting, and one of the old hands young Joe Brown beat in his first Cup call.

He'd deliberately missed the 1947 Cup, coming over after two seasons in Hobart. ("I didn't want to fall into Melbourne with all those new two-year-olds.") 1948 was the first year that photo-finish equipment had been in use at Flemington. It was almost a dead heat but "I was fortunate enough to say that Rimfire might have just won it."

That wasn't quite the experience of Greg Miles' first Cup, (1981, Just A Dash) after Brown had called a record 33. Miles got it wrong.

Miles has hard penetrating eyes and you believe him when he talks to you. As a young man, in a game in which, as recent events have shown, strong passions are aroused and violence can occur when money is concerned, he has a strong, confident, assured presence. He says Cup Day is "frightening". "I'm glad when Cup Day is over. It's the day every broadcaster looks forward to, but your stomach is in knots, and it is a frightening experience. It's just a matter of trying to overcome nerves and pressure, and when it's over and done it's a great relief."

Bert Bryant never forgot that he couldn't get the name of Medici out when it ran third in the 1975 Melbourne Cup. Des Hoysted, who started as assistant to Joe Brown in 1948, said: "If you're going to call wrong horses somewhere and they don't win, it doesn't matter that much; but when you call wrong winners, everybody knows about it . . . people will immediately recall your errors rather than the hundreds of times that you've been right."

Said Brown when Greg Miles first took over: "In race calling you have to see, recognise and say in a split second, using only a pair of binoculars, and your voice. You can teach a race caller the technique, but you can't teach him flair. Greg has the technique and he always had the flair. He has the binoculars, too, and he has a good natural voice. All I can teach him about is to talk up from the navel and make it gruff, gruff, gruff."

Greg Miles became interested in racing before he became interested in broadcasting and wanted to become a jockey, an occupation he grew out of. But as "radio had always been a great love, it seemed an ideal way to put the two interests together, and amazingly it all fell into place."

Good fortune seems to smile on all the top callers. Bill Collins, "the accurate one", was pencilling for his bookie father at a little track called Lidnegow in the forties when the course announcer didn't show up. Dad said Bill could probably do it, and one thing led to another and finally to 3DB just six months before Eric Welch retired. A similar fortuitous event happened to Frank O'Brien at the picnic races at Alexandra in Victoria. It was remembered he had done some phantom calls and got his chance when the local caller didn't turn up.

"I guess you can either do it or you can't," says Greg Miles, "and it's a matter of knocking off a few rough edges when you start. I went to a radio school to learn a bit about that side of it. Then I took a cassette recorder, binoculars and a microphone stand and stood up at the back of the grandstand for a couple of years calling into tapes. Eventually, when I thought they were reasonable, I sent a few round the racing sta-

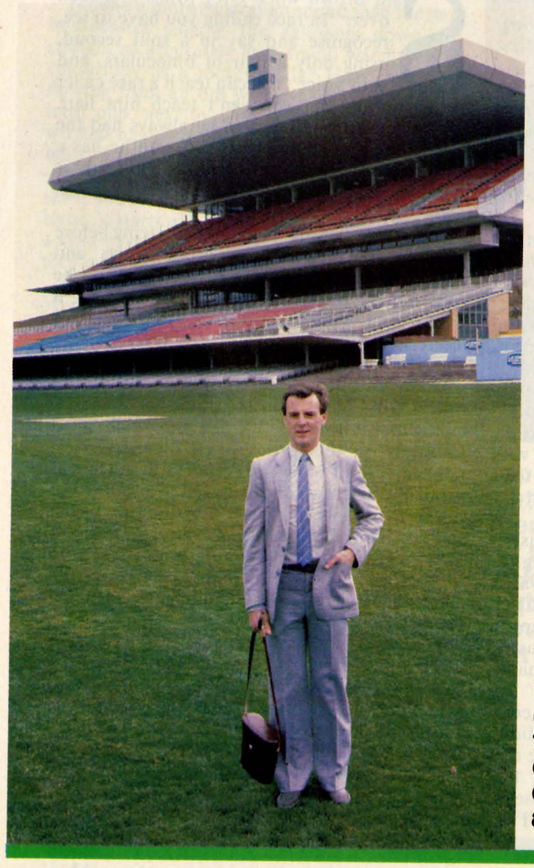
tions. The punters often wondered which radio station I was working for, seeing all these mikes and cords going into a school bag."

Then the ABC gave "the kid upstairs a try . . . I've come from nowhere, a real Kiwi," says Miles. He was in the personnel department of the ABC before he was given a go, going into radio full-time four years ago, and calling his first race in 1979.

Des Hoysted used to practice as a kid with icypole sticks, colouring them and floating them down gutters, calling their names. He also used bits of coloured paper pasted to pencils, which he would roll down a tilted table. The six-year-old Bill Collins used to call matchsticks going down the plughole in the trough, and marbles rolling down the table. That was no help in learning the colours of horses.

"It takes some homework" says Greg Miles. "It's not just a matter of getting out there and rattling off horses' names. Anyone can stand up and do a phantom call, just pluck the names out of their head, but when it's actuality, when you're seeing horses it's quite a different thing. Firstly you've got to see the horses, secondly you've got to recognise the colours, and thirdly put a name to those colours, all in a split second, and accurately, under circumstances which often aren't very easy. On a normal Saturday race day you know what's in the field on Thursday morning when they accept. I have a bit of a look through the form then, and I guess I know about 50 per cent of the horses and colours. Fridays you can get a set of colours from the race club, and it's just a matter of going over those, doing your homework."

'You can teach a race caller the technique, but you can't teach him flair' — Joe Brown



The Australian code . . . demands that there be drama and colour, pace and style

The Australian race calling technique is fast, comprehensive and demands accuracy. There are techniques passed down from father to son for use on different courses.

"I try to pick up the leaders as they've turned for home," says Miles. "Not actually on the point of the turn, but if you can be calling your last couple of horses as the leaders are coming to the turn then by the time you get to the end of the field, it's just about straightened up. That's where you pick the leaders up."

Miles has tried to combine something of Joe Brown and Bill Collins in his own style: "Joe's accuracy and cold collectedness at the end of races, Bill's dramatics — he could get the crowd roaring when he wanted them to. Anyone who tried to copy Bert Bryant would be crazy."

And you can see why. R. R. Walker recorded a Bert Bryant call of the Queen Elizabeth Stakes in 1970. It was a two horse war between Big Philou and Rain Lover. At ten furlongs: "There's not going to be any change in the order, I wouldn't think for at least five furlongs. So about the best we can tell you at this stage is that it's a glorious day in Melbourne . . . well, that's got rid of about two furlongs — let's go over to the mile . . . Rain Lover is still about two lengths in front and Roy Higgins is bowling along on Big Philou. Couldn't give a hang at this particular stage. I would think he would be thinking about his little daughter, only a week old . . . at the seven and a half furlong pole and Rain Lover is out in front. Hyland got Higgins' money, too, over the birth of that baby being a daughter and not a son. You can bet your sweet life that Higgins is after it back . . ."

But at the post: "They go to the line together . . . Big Philou has won it . . . by gee I hope so. You'd hate to be wrong in a two-horse race. You'd have to give it up forever and go back to work."

On his retirement in 1977, Bert Bryant said of his endearing and enduring language: "It was all spontaneous and I never planned ahead. But when a horse started to hang I came out with 'he's hanging like granny's tooth' or 'he'll need a lantern to see the way home.' You can't premeditate things like that . . ."

That's for certain. But in the phrase of Ken (the word factory) Howard, maybe the greatest of them all, the man who called races in the days when race clubs wanted radio banned, who called from a tree while an official tried to chop it down — "it's London to a brick on" we'll all be tuned in on Cup Day. L&L

• *Garrie Hutchinson is a Melbourne writer*

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1981
The Semillon is the traditional white grape variety of the Hunter Valley and is renowned for producing wines with unique characters of flavour and bouquet when given sufficient bottle maturity. This wine is typical of this traditional style and should continue to develop with further ageing.
McWILLIAM'S WINES PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
11% ALC/VOL. WINE OF AUSTRALIA. 750ml

MOUNT PLEASANT
Chardonnay
1980
Made from Chardonnay grapes. This wine was matured in oak puncheons prior to bottling, which has given it a nice balance of Chardonnay fruit and oak flavour on the palate.
Bronze 1980 Vintage, Chablis/White Burgundy Melb 1981
Bronze 1982 Vint & older, Dry White Chardonnay Grif 1983
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12% ALC/VOL. WINE OF AUSTRALIA. 750ml

MOUNT PLEASANT
Traminer Rhine Riesling
1977
Made from a blend of Traminer and Rhine Riesling grapes.
Gold Vintage 1977 Chablis/White Burgundy Brisbane 1977
Gold Vintage 1977 Chablis/White Burgundy Brisbane 1978
Silver Open Class White Burg 1981 & older Sydney 1983
Silver Vintage 1977 Dry White full bodied Perth 1977
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Made from a blend of Pinot Noir and Hermitage grapes, this wine shows the delicate fruit and softness of the Pinot which complements the firm finish of the Hermitage to give a wine of complexity and excellent balance.
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Sonia Humphrey reports on a three-part series, *Understanding Cancer*, beginning on ABC-TV this month, which attempts to make the problems of cancer palatable to non-sufferers

Presenting the unpresentable

If you want to say a really dirty word on television, try "cancer". Despite the expensive and widespread publicity of some years ago which told us that "cancer is a word, not a sentence" it is still perhaps the ultimate obscenity and public reaction is still somewhere between a shudder and protective deafness. Perhaps part of the blame can be traced to the way documentary film makers have, over the years, treated the disease and its victims. Cancer patients have often been the last resort of the desperate current affairs programme with 20 or 30 minutes to fill in a period devoid of political, financial or social scandal.

The Television Service of the University of Sydney has spent the last couple of years trying to provide an alternative to all this with three 50-minute programmes to be shown on ABC-TV this month. Despite some fairly obvious constraints of budget and pedigree they are the best attempt so far to put the disease and its patients into some sort of rational perspective. The first programme looks at the scientific basis of cancer, at what goes wrong in the body. The second is titled "The Patients' Story" and the third, perhaps a little optimistically "The Road to Recovery."

Initially funding was available only for the second programme and had Ampol not come to the party with $50,000 it's unlikely that even that would have been made. It's the most accessible of the three and is the film makers' attempt to redress what they see as the previous imbalance in presenting cancer patients to the world at large. Roger Hudson directed the series and collaborated on the script with Jonothan Clemens. Freelancers working for the university's unit, they were committed to a new approach and to a degree they've succeeded in giving a more sensible picture.

"I think we've avoided the stereotyping," says Hudson. "We've explained that there are different cancers and different outcomes, we've tried to give a more positive look at the disease. Cancer patients were sick to death of being portrayed as brave souls struggling against all the odds, while you knew that the last shot would inevitably be a funeral with someone throwing dirt on the grave. They didn't want that, they wanted something that would communicate their situation to a wider audience; the fact that they aren't contagious, not just in the sense of being infectious. There is a situation where people shun them, not because they think they'll catch it but because they don't want to be contaminated with the concept of death."

The idea that it's asking for trouble to talk, or even think, about cancer, let alone spend two years of your life making a film about it is surprisingly common. Hudson and Clemens have encountered it.

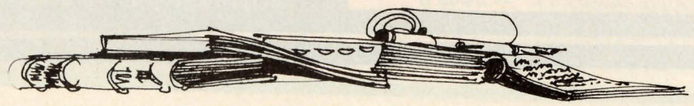
"We all die sooner or later," says Clemens, "and as medical science improves it seems more and more likely that cancer is going to be the thing that takes you out. It's like people who are afraid of spiders or snakes: if you ask them to talk about their fear you find they don't know very much about them at all, whereas if you're in contact with them and appreciate that here is another living creature, then the fear goes away. And I suppose the same is true of researching a subject like cancer. The biology is fascinating, you're down at the fundamentals of life. It never struck me as a gloomy subject at all."

Hudson says he's no more frightened of getting cancer than of anything else and, interestingly, although he's always been a vegetarian, careful of what he eats and particularly wary of food additives, since making the series he's become more aware of the relatively small risks in this area, compared with cigarettes or even sunshine.

Inevitably, in the making of any documentary, film makers and their subjects become close. This series was no exception with both groups getting what they wanted out of it. The patients had the pleasure of seeing themselves on the screen and a chance to put their point of view and the film makers, apart from the professional satisfaction of doing what they like best, found new personal insights.

"We had the opportunity to meet people faced with the possibility that they were going to die very shortly," says Clemens, "and their whole attitude to life had changed completely. You suddenly realised how important the time you have is and how important it is that you use that time. There were moments that were really inspirational. These people were living their lives to the full almost as though the diagnosis had opened a door. It was an attitude to life that was really refreshing."

Usually that attitude has been put down, with greater or lesser sentimentality, to their being particularly brave and stoical souls. According to Hudson, that's all wrong: "They believe that anybody else would cope in the same way. Cancer patients are no different from anyone else, no braver. They just have a disease."



The third programme, "The Road to Recovery" disappointingly omits to cover the search for a cure. Only part of the reason is financial, although the amazing low total cost of $210,000 would have precluded the kind of detailed international coverage which an examination of that aspect would have required. Two specific editorial considerations also played a part in the decision. One was the danger of getting taken for a ride on any one scientist's favourite hobbyhorse. Hudson quotes the rapture with which interferon was promoted as a cure as an example of the problem. Another, quite apart from the sheer technical complexity of the problem, was the danger of holding out false hope to desperate people.

The biggest problems in the *Understanding Cancer* series come, unfortunately, in the very first programme, and Hudson and Clemens are the first to admit that they're not entirely happy with it. The programme attempts a comprehensive explanation of the science of cancer at a molecular and cellular level. It's the kind of thing which is very heavy going for any lay audience, however intelligent, and finding the best way to present the information is a perennial bugbear for the makers of scientific and educational films. There are traditional ways to try to get the information across including the use of a scientist as presenter, a professional communicator (as in *Towards 2000*), multiples of either or, indeed, no presenter at all, where the programme relies on narration over animation, stills or film.

The Sydney University unit chose to use scientists as presenters and in the first programme there seem to be dozens of them, with white coats, without white coats, behind, in front of or simply draped over a bewildering array of expensive scientific equipment. Each, more or less haltingly, speaks his piece which is then sometimes restated in almost exactly the same words by the narrator. That the ultimate effect is to confuse rather than to elucidate is a criticism which has been made by several who've seen the programme.

Hudson maintains that the decision was mainly stylistic and believes that any non-scientist presenter, however credible in other fields, would not have been accepted as knowledgeable by the medical profession. But doctors and associated health care professionals will form only a tiny percentage of the viewing audience when the documentary is screened and for the public the result may be initially confusion and ultimately indifference.

Hudson, like all independent film makers a card carrying optimist, disagrees with this view. "You've got a choice of whether you have one head on the screen broken up with the odd shot of animation, which can tend to get somewhat dull, or you can structure it so one person gives part of the story and then someone else picks it up. Then, at least, the image changes and the audience gets carried along.

"It's a subtle stylistic debate about educational films which nobody much engages in. People say the talking head is a substandard form of documentary, but I don't agree. I think it depends whether the talking head is interesting.

> 'Cancer patients were sick of being portrayed as brave souls struggling against all the odds . . .'

I don't know how true the standard wisdom is, but it's said that television audiences can hold five facts in an hour. I suspect they're capable of considerably more than that."

The programmes have been well received by the groups of patients, doctors and nurses to whom they've already been shown. And they have been highly praised within the ABC. While not, perhaps, the most highly polished examples of the documentary maker's art, they clearly fill a specific need and have already given comfort and reassurance to many people who find themselves in a situation that would appal anyone. If the films do succeed in making the public at large take a less hysterical and dramatic attitude to the disease and to those who suffer from it, even if they only help to end the media exploitation of cancer patients, they will have more than justified the time and effort spent in making them. L&L

SAY SO

Snap sounds

Learning the English spelling system is something like a game of Snap, in which you match, not identical cards, but spellings to sounds.

There are a few words in English where many speakers have trouble recognising a match — where they yell "Snap!", figuratively speaking, by uttering a sound which corresponds not to the spelling in front of them but to another, similar word.

Think of restaurant menus. The symbol FILLET often produces from the potential diner (or even the waiter) the pronunciation fil-ay, which is a match for the spelling FILET, as in the French term *filet mignon*. FILLET should, rather, rhyme with *millet*. It's a well-established anglicisation of the French word, dating back to Middle English.

If the fillet seems like too much work, how about the more recently adopted WIENERSCHNITZEL? If the game's been learnt properly, our diner will Snap with *vee*-nershnitsel. If not, out comes vee-*enn*-a *shnit*-sel (or *snit*-sel). This would only be appropriate if the German word, which can be translated as "Viennese cut", had been anglicised to *Vienna schnitzel*.

It's not just foreign pronunciations which confuse us in our Snap game. Two earthy English words, distinct in spelling and pronunciation, are often mismatched. The pronunciation *soo*-ij pairs with the word SEWAGE. It refers to waste matter carried by a system of pipes and fittings known as SEWERAGE, and pronounced *soo*-erij. Although these are easy spelling-sound correspondences, the second pronunciation is frequently mismatched with the first spelling.

Unlike in mistaken "spelling pronunciations" (like rath for *wrath*, boatswain instead of *bosun*), in these three instances the speaker uses the sound of a perfectly acceptable word — it's just that it doesn't correspond to the written form. In the case of *fillet* and *Wienerschnitzel* the meaning will still be clear. In the third case, the listener may not know which concept the speaker means — but then the speaker may not either!

• *Angie Michaelis is the ABC's Pronunciation Researcher. She talks about language on the first Monday of the month on the* Bob Hudson Show *(2BL, 2NC at 8pm).*

With its emphasis on foreign news, the evening bulletin on Australia's ethnic television channel Network 0/28 has acquired a cult following. Jan Balodis here interviews its confident presenter

The unstoppable Donikian

A little late, George Donikian makes an entrance, hand outstretched, self-assured, groomed, radiating energy. Warm greeting over, he launches into an explanation for his lateness which encompasses his theories about the relationship between why people drive recklessly and stress in society, advertising, aggression on the roads and crowd violence at sporting fixtures. "We are asked to be competitive at home, at school, on the sporting field," he says. "We're bombarded with advertising urging us to be the best — man the hunter and all that . . . people build up energy which they don't know how to direct so it is channelled into gladiatorial sports and hooliganism among what are supposed to be sports fans . . . and into aggressive driving."

Donikian's flow of speech is unstoppable, surging over and engulfing questions. Could he possibly be nervous? It seems unlikely. Sport is his great love and his talk is sprinkled with its metaphors. He still seems mildly surprised to find himself presenting *World News* on the Special Broadcasting Service's television channel, Network 0/28, the admired frontman of an admired news. He had been set on a career as a professional soccer player.

"As a little boy I was very insecure. I didn't speak English well because, although I was born in Australia two years after my parents came here, they spoke Greek at home. I was anxious to fit in at school, I was conciliatory. Sport helped because I could belong to a team and use my aggression in a positive way on the soccer field. I loved playing soccer."

In his teens and on the verge of playing soccer internationally, Donikian found his dream run stopped midstride. He received a bad injury — a chronic shoulder dislocation. Specialists recommended exercises but sport had to stop. "I put it to you," he says characteristically, "that is very hard to accept when you have your heart set on success as a soccer player — and success is within reach."

Like many migrant parents the Donikians wanted the best for their son. They had been disappointed by his dedication to a career in sport. They wanted him to study medicine or law, preferably to be a barrister. He absolutely refused to consider university. "An operation on my shoulder was eventually suggested," he recalls, "but I said 'I'm not having anyone cutting into *my* body'. I didn't want to be disfigured." A surprising response from someone facing a career crisis. Is he vain about his body? "I suppose you could call me vain. I'd rather be called confident. You need confidence in this business."

So how did he eventually get into broadcasting, this thwarted professional soccer player, dropout student of mechanical engineering, bored manager of his father's motor mechanic business? "I was always striving for recognition. I couldn't accept the belief of many people that the eleventh commandment is 'thou shalt not succeed' — there's nothing wrong with aspiring."

He went the rounds of parties, met crowds of people. Impressed by his effortless, endless talking, many urged him to try radio but he didn't take the suggestion seriously, he says. Then just before he was due to go overseas to "grow up a bit" he met Bob Stewart of Sydney's pop music station 2SM — "the rock of the eighties". Stewart proposed an audition: "2SM thought they could do something with me so I took a 13-week course with them and got the first inkling of what radio is all about — the glamour of it really excited me."

Still feeling the need to grow up a bit, he decided to try a country radio station and sent out a batch of audition tapes — "it would be a lot like going overseas after all, being far away from everything I knew." 4AM in Mareeba, North Queensland, came good. Station manager Brian Healey contacted him. "Brian said 'we understand that you're a bit raw but we like your Sydney sound' and I thought 'if they're game then I'm game'."

Healey recalls Donikian's arrival: "He was driving a green Datsun 240Z loaded with his luggage including a bag of golf clubs, and although he was very young and a bit immature he turned out to be a real heart-throb! He had a great deal of ambition and tremendous drive." As Donikian recalls it: "I arrived on a Friday night to find that the studios were in a state of upheaval, being rebuilt so that the station could extend its transmission and broadcast to Cairns. On the Saturday night I was asked to sit in with the night announcer to get the feel of the studios. After he'd shown me how one or two things worked he went off to make us some tea and didn't come back! They just threw me in at the deep end to see if I could cope.

0/28's George Donikian: "You need confidence in this business"

"I got my first chance to report a story soon after joining 4AM when a plane went down at Cairns airport. Someone said 'take this recorder and do a piece at the scene.' My report was taken up by the Macquarie network and when I heard it I thought 'great, this is for me!' "

A city boy in a country town far from home, he devoted his nights and days to the station for two years: "It was like ten years of experience anywhere else."

"He had personality and enthusiasm and he took the opportunity to learn everything he could — eventually working every shift," according to Healey. "4AM has won three Goldies and a Highly Recommended for the standard of our work and a Wales Award for Community Service. The credit for these reflects back on the announcers. We expect a lot of them and therefore it's a good training ground."

After two years, a sudden rush of homesickness prompted Donikian to send audition tapes off to country stations in New South Wales. "I got a phone call while I was doing drive time . . . pip pip pip . . . then a voice said 'this is Sam Batros Junior from 2WL Wollongong. Liked your tape and want you to join us'."

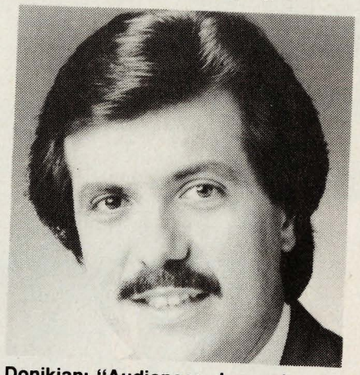
Healey says: "George got lonely for his family and wanted to be nearer to them. We were sorry to see him go but it was time for him to move on and we all wished him luck." The drive from Mareeba to Wollongong took a day and a half and Donikian was on air the following night. 2WL promotions manager Mark Spurway remembers that he was "very effective on air and off air he could talk anyone off their feet".

Soon afterwards he went overseas for the first time — to the United States on honeymoon. Sam Batros arranged for a few friends to show him around: "It all turned out to be wonderful — red carpet treatment that I couldn't believe! That's when I started to realise what being in communications was all about. I met Tom Rounds, then head of Watermark Productions — the people who package the American Top 40 syndication with Casey Kasem. I met Casey too. I put it to you: I was nobody, they didn't have to give me any time, yet they looked after me for two or three days."

Five weeks after returning to Australia, Donikian had joined the new radio station 2WS in Sydney's western suburbs, the first new commercial radio station in Sydney in 35 years. "It was all young people fighting a poor reception and a country hick image to make a name for ourselves. It was there that I really learned what team effort in radio was all about — there were no stars at 2WS."

Coming to Network 0/28 when the ethnic television channel opened was a new beginning of a different sort. He wanted to be a sports commentator but found himself presenting *World News* and helping to edit the Greek news which came in on the satellite feed. "Peter Hanrahan bound the news team together — we were fired with enthusiasm — didn't care when we got put down with the occasional greeting at a social function like 'here come the telewogs'."

Network 0/28's *World News* is considered by many critics and viewers to be the most comprehensive news service although its ratings remain low. Since it began the network's transmission has extended, from Sydney and Melbourne only to Canberra and the nearby towns of Goulburn and Cooma. By the end of June 1985 the network is expected to reach Brisbane, Adelaide, Newcastle and Wollongong.



Donikian: "Audiences demand more and more"

0/28's *World News* runs overseas items first in the lineup (unless a local item is of major significance) and aims at 20 minutes of overseas news in a 30-minute bulletin (against three to five minutes on commercial channels). Regular viewers — made up of a high percentage of professional people plus migrants seeking a longer look at world events than is available on other news services — approve the mix and style of presentation.

We go to lunch and Donikian is immediately greeted by three men eating at a nearby table. They talk briefly, enthusiastically about a recent important soccer match. Does he enjoy being recognised so often? "Yes, but there are other aspects of being in the media that I'd rather talk about." Nevertheless he copes with a steady stream of fan mail, opens functions and exhibitions, makes award presentations and judges competitions for wide-ranging areas of Australia's multi-cultural society. His station's publicity stresses that he is sought after and popular with all areas and organisations regardless of origins, backgrounds or beliefs. In these circumstances it's difficult to go unrecognised.

He selects his lunch with care, eschews wine, talks animatedly about his family. "My Dad speaks eight languages. I speak Greek as an Athenian would speak it and I have a smattering of Armenian. What I have is a *good ear* — you have to be able to *listen* to get the pronunciation right."

Lunch decided, he turns back to what he likes about being in the media. "I'm proud to have been invited to be a member of the Immigration Review Panel. I spend three or four days a week going over cases before coming in to 0/28 in the early afternoon. It's a responsibility I take very seriously. The panel has no decision-making power. It's our role to review and report." He believes that he was chosen to be a member because of his role at 0/28.

And now? "Audiences are demanding more and more of their information services. I would love to see a radio facility attached to our television facility. I don't think radio is dead or that print is dead.

"I'm fascinated by the prospect of being able to cross live to the ERT Greek television news desk where 0/28 will be able to give me, live, the latest development of the important story of the day. I would love 0/28 to have a 24-hour news service such as Channel 9 has introduced. I love the challenge of live television — the adrenalin really flows when you have to ad lib a sudden unexpected story. It's like performing on a highwire without a safety net."

His appetite whetted by his assignment to cover the crisis in Cyprus, Donikian wants more journalistic work, delights in the responsibility of working on an overseas story with a film crew. He says he's a perfectionist and speaks in terms of "my craft". Meanwhile he is presenting the news at weekends for his old radio station 2WS. Isn't all this too much? He is emphatic when he says "no", and insists that he "doesn't play life so hard that there's no time to stop and smell the roses". L&L

Higher sense

In praise of the preview over the review

In the *Sydney Morning Herald* the other month a guest television critic, doing a locum for the holidaying regular, devoted her entire column to a denunciation of the quality of daytime programmes with the air of original discovery. "Daytime is the dead zone of TV," she wrote. "The best offerings are mediocre and the worst execrable. Presumably station programmers think housewives and shift workers don't care or don't count."

At that point I was filled with a dread sense of *deja vu* and paused to study the small photograph of the writer which decorated the top of her column. She looked to be in her middle twenties. It figured. Suddenly I realised I couldn't have been much older when, a millenium ago, I first delivered a similar tirade against daytime programmes — and in those days they were really crook.

Because the professional life of most television critics is short, several generations of them have come and gone since the medium blinked its first signals in Australia in August 1956. All of us, at one time or another, have inveighed against the folderol of the daytime soap operas — which remain impervious and immovable. Yet nothing quite excites the young print journalist's desire to change the world, or at least the system, than to be granted a licence to let fire at television. Here is the whole world and its workings encapsulated in a small box. And here is the chance to pass judgment on human endeavour in all its forms under the protective cloak of the television review.

No other department of journalism offers the opportunity for such a random sweep of comment. Politics, religion, sociology, literature, natural history, dance, music, drama — any subject packaged and paraded by television is fair grist for the critic.

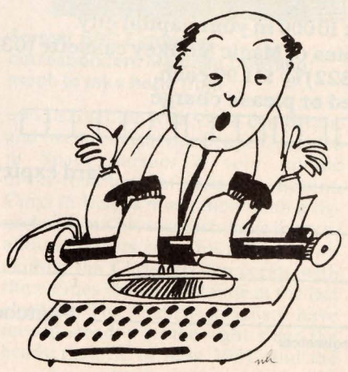
It never seems to have occurred to newspaper editors that no one journalist possibly could be expected to possess the range of expertise needed responsibly to evaluate every subject passing across the small screen. Up in the patrician reaches of print, television is regarded merely as showbiz and very low on the editorial totem. Of course, much of television *is* showbiz, and pretty tatty at that. But its prodigious output contains a lot that is worthy of more than the dismissive treatment it receives from the press.

Until comparatively recently Australian metropolitan newspapers had a weirdly dichotomous attitude toward television — fiercely protecting their substantial financial interest in it by insisting on favoured treatment of "house" stations by staff critics and reporters while otherwise maintaining an adversary relationship with the medium as if wishing it would go away. In such a confusion of hypocrisy and expediency it was little wonder that an intelligent appraisal of television by the press has been slow to flourish.

In the early days of the *Australian*, before Rupert Murdoch acquired television stations in Sydney and Melbourne, Kit Denton and Phillip Adams contributed sound judgments about television, while Harry Robinson steered many a worthy comment through the Fairfax thickets and into the Sydney *Herald*. Mostly, though, newspapers' television critics walked along the edge of a razor blade with one arm tied behind their back — except for the several pseudononymous Veritases who filled middle-page spreads in the old *Truth* and *Sunday Mirror* with wildly intemperate comments and a hobnailed contempt for everything on the box unless it had long legs and well-shaped boobs.

If television had depended for its survival upon the discerning comments of its press critics it would have died long ago, a fact which every new generation of critics seems to overlook when they discover the relentless mediocrity of the daytime soaps.

But there are signs of a lessening of the adversary relationship. The nation's two leading broadsheets — the *Herald* in Sydney and the *Age* in Melbourne — both publish weekly television supplements which are showing an increasing maturity in their coverage of the medium. It is perhaps significant to the new approach that neither supplement now regularly publishes retrospective television reviews — a function as useless and unproductive as spitting into a strong wind — preferring instead to run more helpful previews and thoughtful pieces on aspects of the medium by specialists.



The difference in the tenor of comment in the preview as opposed to the *re*view is marked. Critics seem to be motivated by a much higher sense of responsibility when expressing opinions about programmes yet to be telecast than they are when contemplating the same shows after they've disappeared into the air.

Not that either of the host newspapers have abandoned the conventional television critique. Alone among the Australian press, the *Age* carries short morning-after reviews of television in its metropolitan editions, while the *Herald* accommodates columns of television criticism in its Wednesday and Saturday news pages. Mike Carlton, the regular Wednesday critic, currently is probably the best qualified of anyone writing about television, for he toiled successfully in its vineyard before transferring his considerable talents to the conduct of a cultishly popular commercial radio breakfast programme in Sydney and has a weekly segment of satire on the Seven Network. Yet too often he spoils his pitch in print and denies the value of his experience by playing to the gallery in the old-style adversarial manner.

Should television in Australia ever decide to make a vigorous two-way traffic of the relationship and start to scrutinise, analyse and criticise print, I would think some of the panjandrums and Renaissance men and women of the press who have been dishing it out to television might well be advised to take cover.

After 28 years there is no evidence that a single television critique has ever changed anything about the medium.

I have the scars and grey flecks to prove it. L&L

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FESTIVAL
ABC RECORDS

Adjusting to crisis

Malcolm Downing, returning home after 16 years as an ABC correspondent in Europe, looks back on a period of seemingly permanent crisis but still finds prospects for the future healthy

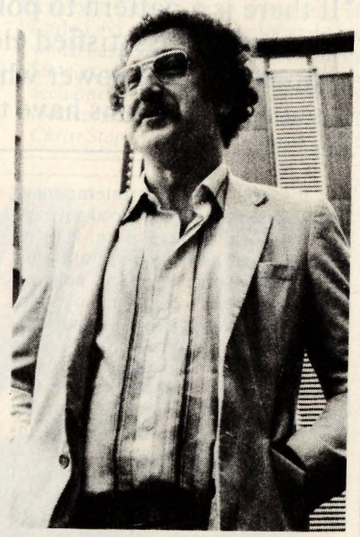
On December 12 1968, Mariano Rumor, an Italian Christian Democrat, formed the first of his five governments. It was Italy's 25th since the liberation — today we're on the 46th. But Italy's political scene has changed much less than most. In 1968, De Gaulle was President of France, and Tito of Yugoslavia. Headlines were dominated by events in Czechoslovakia, which its Warsaw Pact allies had just invaded to put an end to "socialism with a human face". A gang of colonels in Greece also thought *they* could save a country from itself, instituting a right-wing dictatorship to join those in Spain and Portugal. In Sweden, the Social Democrats had been in power for 36 years with only one short break, and they still had eight years to go. In 1968, Poland's leaders could use the word "solidarity" in all innocence to mean a socialist virtue. West Germany was run by something called a "grand coalition" under the now largely-forgotten Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger, and the price of oil was less than $2 a barrel, as if anyone noticed or cared at a time when "OPEC" sounded like an East European currency.

There is no snappy way of summing up what's happened in the last 15½ years in Europe. Issues have a way of flaring dramatically, then fading from the headlines. Personalities too are a perishable commodity. Harold Wilson, then Britain's Prime Minister and now Lord Wilson of Rievaulx, may be best remembered for the way he summed up the phenomenon: "a week is a long time in politics."

De Gaulle, Franco, and Caetano would have been astonished and horrified to know that in less than 15 years France, Spain and Portugal would have socialist governments. The Greek colonels are still alive and well, and behind bars, with plenty of time on their hands to contemplate the activities of Dr Andreas Papandreou.

But, although five countries in Southern Europe now have socialist prime ministers, it would be wrong to see political change Europe-wide as subject to swings to right or left. Much ink has been spilt on the irresistible topic of which way Europe's swinging. This sort of analysis owes more to a desire to find patterns in political behaviour, than to a realistic view of why electorates vote and for whom.

Political parties make deals, compromises and coalitions and frequently renege on their promises, so who's to say what's right or left at any given moment? Mario Soares in Portugal governs in coalition with social democrats, and like his neighbour Felipe Gonzalez in Spain pursues a very middle of-the-road form of socialism. Bettino Craxi in Italy is much more than a figurehead, but his socialists have four coalition partners, all to his right, and including the Christian democrats with three times the socialist vote at the last election. The French socialists have moved steadily to the right since the heady rhetoric of May 1981, and the new prime minister managed to move a vote of confidence at some length in the Chamber of Deputies recently, without the word "socialist" passing his lips. Even Dr Papandreou in Athens, who regularly annoys his NATO and EEC allies with displays of awkward independence, has had dust-ups with the left of his party.



Former ABC European correspondent Malcolm Downing: much to take hope from

If there *is* a pattern to political change, it is the rejection by dissatisfied electorates of whoever happens to hold power when the unpopular economic decisions have to be made. If Mrs Thatcher in Britain is a conspicuous exception, it's only because of the undemocratic British voting system and a sharply divided and weakened opposition. There's a lot of evidence to suggest that the recent recession was inevitable, even without the self-assertion of the 13 OPEC countries. But for millions the quadrupling of the price of oil in the mid-seventies was an easily identifiable cause of falling living standards, wild inflation and mass unemployment, all symptoms of the dominance of economic problems over simple ideological preference. To put it mildly, OPEC didn't help.

But Europe's ageing industries were already being challenged by Japan and the newly-industrialised countries of the Far East. In 1973, as the EEC was enlarged from the original six to include Britain, Denmark and Ireland, optimism was in the air. The talk was of new horizons, even the odd ideal crept back into the rhetoric, among the more calculating measurement of economic advantage. But, if the script was good, the timing was lousy.

Within two years OPEC had struck, and the EEC was rapidly exposed for the fair-weather organisation it is. Other abrasive factors were at work scouring away the last vestiges of Euro-idealism. The community was becoming self-sufficient in food, but the open-ended treaty commitment to support farmers through the price mechanism meant an unbalanced but ever-increasing budget, and a perennial, bitter and damaging row over who

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pays what.

In practical terms, it meant Mrs Thatcher's claim for a refund of what she saw as Britain's excess contributions. But the success at the Fontainebleau Summit in June was relative, and a Europe of hardened sceptics will take some convincing that this heralds the traditional "new era" for the community.

However, to take the long view, although that appears rather self-indulgent in 1984, the EEC has come a very long way. It might seem trite to talk about its contribution to 40 years of peace in Europe, but it wouldn't seem trite to almost any previous generation. Even in the depths of all-night EEC ministerial council meetings in Brussels, when harsh things are said which would appal Europe's founders, some things are never called into question.

The much-maligned European Parliament may as yet have little power, but it's still the only international assembly elected by universal suffrage that the world has ever seen, with its MPs as often as not co-operating on party lines rather than in national blocs. All this has to be seen in perspective, but, by any long-term standards, it's no small achievement.

The American view of Europe's groping towards union, or more frequent backsliding from it, has nearly always been one of impatience, not unconnected with the view that the European NATO partners don't do enough for their own defence. Europe's view of the United States has, in the last 15 years, been strongly coloured by the perception of successive American presidents as weak, bad or wicked, and marked by the slow but steady drift away from American tutelage.

With growing European self-confidence, and greater foreign policy co-operation in the EEC, an independent and frequently differing approach to world problems has made itself felt. It may be no more than an irritation to Washington when, for example, the French criticise American policy in Central America, but it has a serious East-West dimension when it comes to the defence relationship. There hasn't been a year when NATO, in the headlines at least, has not been in a state of crisis. But the last decade or so has been marked by increasing divergence over fundamental issues, like the value or otherwise of détente.

What has not been called seriously into question in the last 15 years in Western Europe is attachment to the sort of democracy associated with the right to change governments. Historically, the end of dictatorship on the Iberian peninsula will probably stand out, as will the return to democracy in Greece — the place which invented at least the word.

Democracy *has* come under threat from disaffected minorities in the form of terrorism — the Baader-Meinhof gang and their successors in West Germany, the Red Brigades and others in Italy, the IRA and the UVF in Northern Ireland, and ETA in the Basque country of Northern Spain. But, terrible though their crimes have been, the fact is that they have not succeeded. Perhaps more of a surprise is that Europe's economic decline hasn't precipitated more social unrest, although symptoms such as racial intolerance and worker militancy have been widespread. Europe has been threatened with a revolution of falling expectations but shows few signs of succumbing. Governments have come and gone, but that's been proof of democracy, not a threat to it.

The issues have changed, but there's no evidence that they're any more threatening than those facing previous generations, and there's a good case for saying that Europe's problems are those of difficult adjustment rather than historic crisis. To take refuge in a cliché, much of the daily round of incident — and crisis — that's reported, in short "news", leaves the reporter vulnerable to the charge of not seeing the wood for the trees. The trees may sometimes look a bit of a mess, but, to take a more wide-angled view, the European wood, even in the age of acid rain, is a more healthy prospect. **L&L**

'If there is a pattern to political change, it's the rejection by dissatisfied electorates of whoever happens to hold power when the unpopular economic decisions have to be made'

• *First broadcast in* Correspondents Report, *ABC Radio 2*

Worth noting this month

edited by Jan Balodis

Dear General My Dear Mr Prime Minister

On 28 February 1943 a convoy of 10 Japanese warships and 12 transports sailed from Rabaul headed for one of the most telling naval battles of the Pacific War. Australian historian Hank Nelson has re-created, in a radio feature, the confusing days of rhetoric and diplomatic interchanges that followed. With Richard Meikle as General Douglas MacArthur and Don Pascoe as John Curtin, John Clayton plays a journalist and Stuart Cranney is the narrator. Production by Ros Cheney. All the words attributed to MacArthur and Curtin were spoken or written by them, the words given to the journalist appeared in contemporary newspaper reports.

Radio Helicon: ABC Radio 2 and 3 on November 12.

Italian class

It is 1935, the Fascist regime in Italy is at the height of its power but for peasant communities life continues its cycle of poverty and ignorance. Sent as a political exile from Turin to an isolated village in the mountains in the far south, Carlo Levi — doctor, painter and observer of human nature — finds a society which has been entirely untouched by political change — indeed ignored by the State except for the collection of taxes. A deeply moving (and very long) film acclaimed by film festival goers in 1980 and now made into a four-part series for television. Directed by Francesco Rosi. Not to be missed.

Christ Stopped at Eboli, Network 0/28 Sundays from November 25 at 8.30 pm.

The whale savers

Stranded whales are not committing suicide and with proper care *can* be saved — over 70 stranded whales were rescued over a two and a half year period around the coast of Tasmania. This documentary describes how it should be done, how the techniques can fail tragically on occasion, and shows the unique relationship which exists between the ocean giants and caring people who befriend them.

The Australian Impact series, ABC-TV Tuesday, November 13 at 7.30 pm.

Horizons

Is total revolution the only solution to social ills, the only way to change a society based on a war economy? Five professional revolutionaries — members of the Weather Underground, fugitives living underground for the past five years — are filmed in a "safe house", back to camera or using voice over old photographs of themselves taken in the early years of their radicalisation. Telling use is made of archival footage of Vietnam, street and campus demonstrations, key figures such as Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh. The makers of *Underground* simply allow the five to present their arguments. Make up your own mind on Monday, November 5 at 10 pm. Followed by three programmes on India: *The Wiseman and the Wheel*, a controversial look at Gandhi (Monday, November 12), *700 Million Individualists*, about the innumerable communities we call India and the government which seeks to unite these disparate forces (Monday, November 19) and *The Other Indians*, looks at the success of the Sikhs, a religious minority of several millions. (Monday, November 26).

Network 0/28.

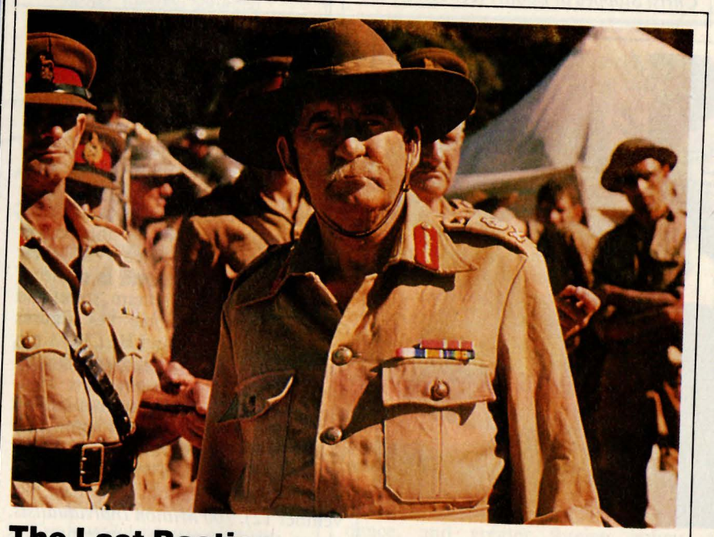
The Woman in White

Intrigue, passion and duplicity are compounded in *The Woman in White*, Wilkie Collins' classic suspense drama set in the Victorian era. The mystery unfolds through several of the principal characters in succession, beginning with an art master, Walter Hartright (Daniel Gerroll), who meets a ghost-like vision of a woman, dressed entirely in white, one moonlit night on Hampstead Heath. The cast includes Alan Badel as the villainous Count Fosco and Diana Quick (remembered from *Brideshead Revisited*) as Marian Halcombe.

ABC-TV from Sunday, October 21 at 7.30 pm.

Chilly and hard

A month for film buffs with four classics by Polish director Andrzej Wajda — *A Generation*, *The Canal*, *Ashes and Diamonds* and *Siberian Lady Macbeth* on Tuesdays, November 13 to December 4. On November 26 and December 3 his much-praised *Man of Marble* and its sequel *Man of Iron*, which give a realistic view of socialism in Poland from 1950 to the formation of the Solidarity movement and the events of 1980. Original news footage intercut with dramatic content. Network 0/28.



The Last Bastion

The long-awaited *Last Bastion* can be seen in three two-hour episodes of Australian history between 1939 and 1942: the culmination of 18 months of research by writers David Williamson and Denis Whitburn who unearthed more than a few surprises along the way, including how our allies considered Australia to be expendable. Star-studded cast. Ray Barrett (above) as General Thomas Blamey.

Network 10, end of October.

Double Mecca

From Christopher Isherwood to David Bowie, the 20th century's avant garde and artists in search of inspiration have headed towards a mecca — Berlin. *Berlin's Avant Gardes* looks at recent cultural activities in West and East Berlin and includes a sound portrait of an underground film festival in East Berlin.

The 10th International Radio Features Conference in Helsinki this year was a mecca of another sort. Some of the more fascinating programmes heard there are included in *Beyond Steam Radio* — from the simple but incisive field of investigative reporting to imaginative sound symphonies of village life.

Point Taken, ABC Radio 2 Saturday, November 3 and Saturday, November 10.

Jane Eyre

Charlotte Bronte's best-loved and most widely read novel, Jane Eyre, has been adapted for a new 11-part BBC classic series. Zelah Clarke (*The Duchess of Duke Street*, but known predominantly for her work in theatre) is Jane. Timothy Dalton (*The Lion in Winter*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Permission to Kill* and *Agatha* are among his film credits) is Rochester.

ABC-TV from Wednesday, November 7 at 7.30pm.

The Scarlet and the Black

Not to be confused with Stendahl's classic, this is a three-hour telemovie about the exploits of Monsignor Hugh O'Flaherty, sometimes known as The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican, who ran an escape network for Allied POWs in Italy during World War 2. Gregory Peck is the Monsignor (above, with Nazi bully boys), Christopher Plummer leads the Gestapo and the ubiquitous John Gielgud is the Pope. It was filmed in Rome, with special permission from the Vatican to shoot scenes in St Peter's Square, and received considerable critical acclaim in the US.

Network Seven, end of October.

Kissing cousins

Daphne du Maurier's story of a confrontation-cum-love affair between Ambrose Ashley's widow Rachel and his ward Philip. Bitter sweet agony of a forbidden infatuation, confusion over Ambrose's will and hints that Rachel may have poisoned her husband. In six episodes from the BBC.

My Cousin Rachel, ABC Radio 2 on Sundays at 3 pm from November 3.

In the Psychiatrist's Chair

Half-hour interviews which reveal the living person behind the famous face or the headline story. Patients include: Spike Milligan, Glenda Jackson, Malcolm Muggeridge and Chris Bonington. The *Observer* called the series "remarkable listening . . .", the *Sunday Times* "riveting radio . . ."

ABC Radio 2 on Thursdays from November 22 at 7.30 pm.

Dates and times given in LOOK & LISTEN are correct at going to press. Please check your local guides in case of late changes. For more information and air times for ABC-FM and other ABC radio programmes please see the latest issue of *24 Hours*.

Rubbish

Prize-winning children's entertainment — a boy and his friend Kettlebird find a secret forgotten place hidden down the alleyways and narrow lanes of the city. Here he creates other puppet friends — a dragon, a monster, a dancer and a bikie — from the odds and ends he collects in the streets, and the adventure begins. With Jude Kuring and Emil Minty and the puppets of the Marionette Theatre. *Rubbish* won the ATOM Award for 1983, the Bronze Award at the New York International Film and Television Festival and Mencion de Honore at the Gijon Festival in Spain.

ABC-TV Friday, November 9 at 5.15 pm.

The Rough and the Smooth

"Four fifths of these pictures are a pain to the eye . . ." cried an art critic on viewing an exhibition in the 1880s. The works of the artists known as the Heidelberg School of Australian Impressionism outraged a morally and artistically conventional society. This documentary follows the story of Tom Roberts, their leader and spokesman, and Charles Conder, their *enfant terrible* whose tempestuous love affairs were legend and whose paintings were sought by English high society. Roberts (the Rough) loved the bush, his family and the country folk, while Conder (the Smooth) 12 years younger, displayed a sophisticated and precocious talent. Today their works are treasured in private collections and displayed in galleries.

The Australian Impact series. ABC-TV Tuesday, November 20 at 7.30 pm.

The writing life

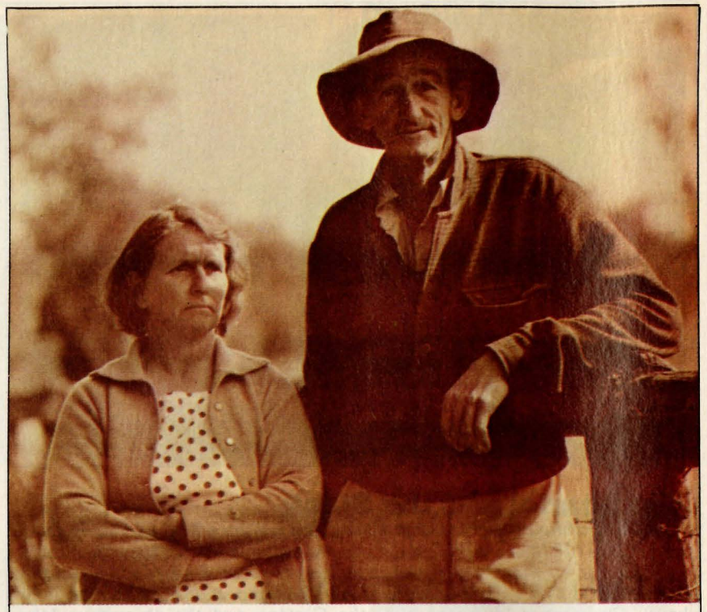
The life of Sylvia Townsend Warner produced novels, 150 short stories (in *The New Yorker*) and a fine biography of T. H. White. It also spanned a 40 year relationship with the poet Valentine Ackland which Jane Howard has turned into an intriguing radio feature. The title comes from the volume which the couple published together — *Whether a Dove or a Seagull*. Intelligent, pretty, nervous, Ackland was the dove. Warner, intelligent, quick and tougher, was the seagull.

Whether a Dove or a Seagull — Life with Sylvia Townsend Warner. Radio Helicon, ABC Radio 2 and 3 Monday, November 26.

Tourmaline

"I am the law of Tourmaline. There is much I must invent, much I have not seen. I write my testament for myself to read." With these words an old policeman, one of the remaining inhabitants of the derelict gold-rush town of Tourmaline, recalls the events following the arrival of Michael the diviner who, half dead from exposure and thirst, is picked up in the desert by the monthly supply truck. The people look to Michael to find gold and water and to restore their faith in God. On the surface Randolph Stow's award-winning novel is the story of a lost township hoping for rebirth, but it is also a spiritual fable about man's capacity for self-destruction. Adaptation by Michael le Moignan and Larry Lucas, production by Frank Zeppel. Cast includes Nigel Lovell, Richard Meikle, Stuart Finch and (above from left) Lilian Cromby, Justine Saunders and Athol Compton.

ABC Radio 2 and 3, November 7 at 8.30 pm.



Country pride

Women from outback sheep and cattle stations in Queensland, tree fellers from South Australia, an itinerant circus performer, an Anglican nun who builds mud-brick houses, the founder of one of the most successful Aboriginal alcohol rehabilitation centres — these and many more will be part of the ABC's *Coming Out Show* series on rural women. They talk about geographical isolation, different attitudes of huge landowners and the people they employ, black and white communities in small country towns and community-based programmes of social change. Over 40 women training with the ABC as broadcasters under a special scheme will contribute to the three-part series.

ABC Radio 2, Saturdays at 5.05 pm beginning November 10, and repeated Thursdays at 10.15 pm from November 15.

ABC Radio 3, Tuesdays at 7.40 pm beginning on November 13.

Latin rhythm

Julio Iglesias fans rejoice! The singer begins a concert tour at the Sydney Entertainment Centre on November 6, 7 and 8 then Melbourne's Sports and Entertainment Centre on November 10 to 13. Meanwhile, here's another television special to whet the appetite of Latin lovers.

Showcase, Network 0/28 on Saturday, November 10

City life

Old favourites are back on ABC-TV. Peter Yeldham's adaptation of Kylie Tennant's *Ride On Stranger*, about a country girl in the Depression-stricken thirties, who sets out for the big city and ends up in the new-fangled field of radio, begins this month. Alan Marshall's heart-warming story, *I Can Jump Puddles*, is already screening. Time to catch up, though.

Beyond the concrete jungle

Life in our cities and towns can be made pleasanter, but are we prepared to make the necessary changes in attitudes and planning to achieve it? Peter Fry talks to some Australian experts who discuss the possibilities in his six-part series *City Life, City Death* on ABC Radio 2

Maury Daly's office is large and untidy. Sitting on the sofa you look out through tall windows preserved by the National Trust to the park adjoining Sydney University. The professor of geography himself is sandy-haired, stocky, about 40, and his youthful enthusiasm is infectious. "There are all these Eurodollars sloshing around the world," he says, "and the big question is, as we deregulate, what's that going to do to Australian cities?"

If anybody knows the answer it ought to be Daly. It's only two years since *Sydney Boom Sydney Bust* was published, in which he analysed the succession of government blunders and corporate chicanery through the seventies which resulted in company crashes with losses totalling more than $500 million and left Sydney with real estate prices almost twice those of other cities.

Daly doesn't think there'll be another boom and bust of the same sort. Not that he believes the financiers have learnt anything from their mistakes. "They're still getting into joint ventures with high gearing, of the sort that caused the crash before. And with the foreign banks coming in wanting to establish themselves, it's a big attraction for them to place their money in property." On the other hand there are fewer local property companies around these days to overheat the market, and it's easier for them to place their money elsewhere.

New information technology, too, enables investors to assess the market more accurately, and this can flatten out surges in supply and demand. But Daly's fascination with the ebb and flow of money, and its effects on bricks, mortar and people remains undiminished. "We're going to see a very different sort of building in the central business districts from what we're used to — the buildings will be bigger and more capital-intensive. Information systems will be paramount and the offices very expensive. There's a literature emerging on what's come to be called the 'world city', with specialised functions, containing the head offices of big corporations."

He sees these functions coming to Sydney and Melbourne and sees all sorts of spin-off effects — the emergence of a glittering inner city with hotels and entertainment facilities, where residential property will be priced in the stratosphere. This will contrast vividly with resource-poor suburban areas where there is deepening unemployment through lagging industrial investment.

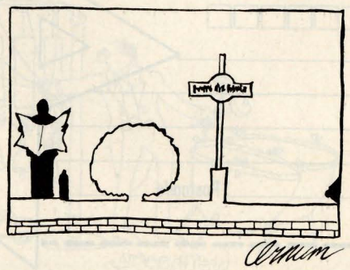
But while the city has the wealth, the suburbs will have the political power.

★ ★ ★

As we walk down Sydney's William Street, Richard Kirwan's voice is almost inaudible beneath the snarl of traffic and the rattle of construction and roadworks. "Japanese cities are in a terrible state," he shouts. "They simply subordinated any planning of the city environment to the need for industrial development. Now they have serious problems which are much more expensive to solve."

Kirwan, a lanky Cambridge lecturer in land economy, is part of an OECD team preparing a report on the state of Japanese cities. Urban studies have only existed in Australian universities for a decade. He has been in the game for twice as long as that.

One of his specialties is the question of what regional and national governments can do when companies begin closing plants and putting off workers, as part of the process of structural change. In the studio he speaks with the measured tones of one who is perhaps accustomed to being misunderstood. "There has been hardship in all western industrialised countries over the last decade, and we sometimes feel that the capitalist world is undergoing very severe contraction.



"The truth is that the capitalist world is alive and well. However we are expanding the frontiers of that world to include new points of production, places like Korea, Taiwan, Brazil. Places which were not large producers before, now have become very important. So while there is reasonable growth overall, restructuring is hitting particular industries, countries and cities."

Kirwan suggests that in the long run there is little that local governments or groups can or should do to control the location of private investment in their regions. Restructuring is necessary and it is essential that new industries appropriate to the town or region are chosen. However, the best role for the public sector to play in this is a facilitating one which looks after the welfare of the worst affected.

"The hardship suffered by workers and families as a consequence of restructuring is very real. It is the major shortcoming of our type of economy that we do not handle that problem or the problems of change very well. The United States is now going through a very rapid period of expansion and industrial growth, but it is quite clear that a relatively small number of people — the victims of restructuring — have borne the burden of that process of change."

★ ★ ★

Leonie Sandercock, professor of environmental studies at Macquarie University, last year co-authored a book on urban political economy in Australia which from a tough socialist perspective analysed the distribution of wealth and power in Australian cities. In between seminars (where she has a fear-

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Guns, Dollars or People. What is the meaning of zionism today for Israelis, the Diaspora and Palestinian Arabs? Should there be a more equal relationship between the Diaspora and Israel?

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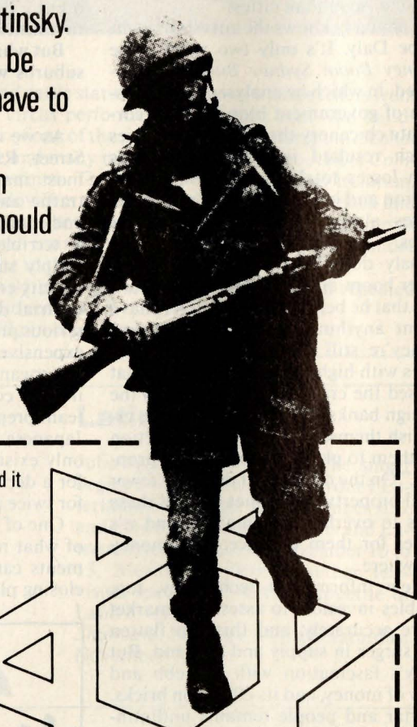

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some reputation), attending to professorial duties, and plunging into a new research project, Sandercock has found time to move from Balmain into a newly built expensive apartment with a balcony overhanging the rocks of Bondi Beach. While I am visiting to record the interview, a small refrigerator arrives. "What a terrible view!" says the deliveryman, and goes away. She smiles wryly. "I'm leading the gentrification of Bondi," she says.

A victim of stereotypes, I had half expected some verbal or intellectual aggression from one of the youngest professors in Australia. But she speaks thoughtfully, at times almost diffidently, about her new project concerning the restructuring of Wollongong's industries, whose population may face a grim future. She nails down the issues with blunt clarity: as the cleaning out and restructuring of inefficient industries in western countries continue, the private sector will increasingly expect the public sector to mop up the human and material damage that results. Yet there are limits to the tax revenue that can be raised for this purpose.

"If the Labor Party in Australia is going to continue its historic tradition as a party of reform, then where is the revenue going to come from, whether it's for Aboriginal issues, health issues or urban issues? The only answer is through public enterprise — through the public sector getting into productive enterprise in competition with the private sector. Not by nationalisation, but by competing in certain key areas of the economy. It has all sorts of potentials. It has the potential to raise revenue, it has the potential at least to radicalise conditions in the workplace and it will generate competition in the industry which will help to keep both sides honest."

★ ★ ★

Maury Daly, Richard Kirwan and Leonie Sandercock are three of more than two dozen people interviewed for *City Life City Death*. Many of them, concerned with environment, housing and transport questions, see the restructuring of industry and employment as the great question mark hanging over our towns and cities.

A city with its roads, buildings, facilities and skilled population is a very large fixed investment. If the private investment in productive industries to employ the population is not made or is withdrawn, the investment is wasted. And it is becoming clear to many concerned for the long-term viability of our cities that a new type of relationship is required between government and industry, between infrastructures and investment. Investment capital, of the sort needed for factories, homes and jobs, seems either to come in a flood or leave us drought-stricken. There ought, somehow, to be a way we can use it instead to irrigate our cities, to reduce misery amongst our population and make them prosperous and delightful places for all to live in.

> 'It's a great illusion to think that if you open your frontiers to the winds of international competition, new investors will . . . come to the right bits of your country, where the unemployment is'

But nobody believes there are simple answers.

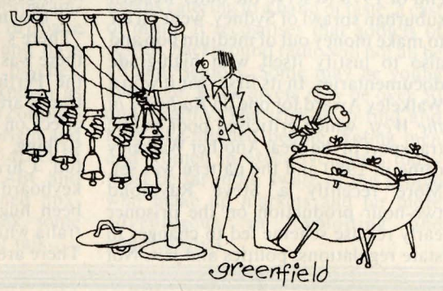
Those countries with mixed economies which have had some success in avoiding periodic urban crises have generally had the benefit of a long and deep history of co-operative planning and collaboration between the various levels of government and private enterprise. The Scandinavians have a long history of incorporating city planning into the national economic programme, but even they, in recent years, have found it difficult, both economically and politically to maintain welfare programmes.

New strategies at a local level emerge in unexpected places. Some Australians will be surprised to learn that many American cities, those citadels of free enterprise, have long since been using community development corporations to reduce the ravages of urban blight. These organisations take many forms. In some instances they use welfare funds to generate productive and profitable work for the unemployed on the fringes of the mainstream economy. In others they use public funds to initiate and develop new industries in partnership with the private sector. Often they operate with the financial and administrative freedom of private organisations.

These "CDCs" are valuable examples of how regional organisations can, to some extent, confront and reduce problems facing their communities.

Whether the relationship between public and private sector activities in our cities is to be competitive, co-operative or both, there is force in the argument of Hugh Stretton, whose book *Ideas for Australian Cities* virtually started the urban studies industry here 14 years ago. "It's a great illusion to think that if you open your frontiers to the winds of international competition, new investors will somehow come, and they'll come to the right bits of your country where the unemployment is. I don't think the history of the great growth successes of the 20th century lends any ground for that at all. Contrary to many peoples' beliefs, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, not to mention France, Germany and Scandinavia — all those countries whose rates of growth are impressive compared to us — have been strongly interventionist in one way or another."

Stretton agrees that restructuring of old industries is necessary: "But the public has to give an eye, not just to destroying old jobs, but to creating and locating new ones. There are good models for how to go about it in other parts of the world and beyond that we ought to be a bit inventive on our own account." **L&L**



• City Life, City Death *began on ABC Radio 2 on October 11 and continues throughout October and November. A cassette of this series is available in ABC Shops at $17.95*

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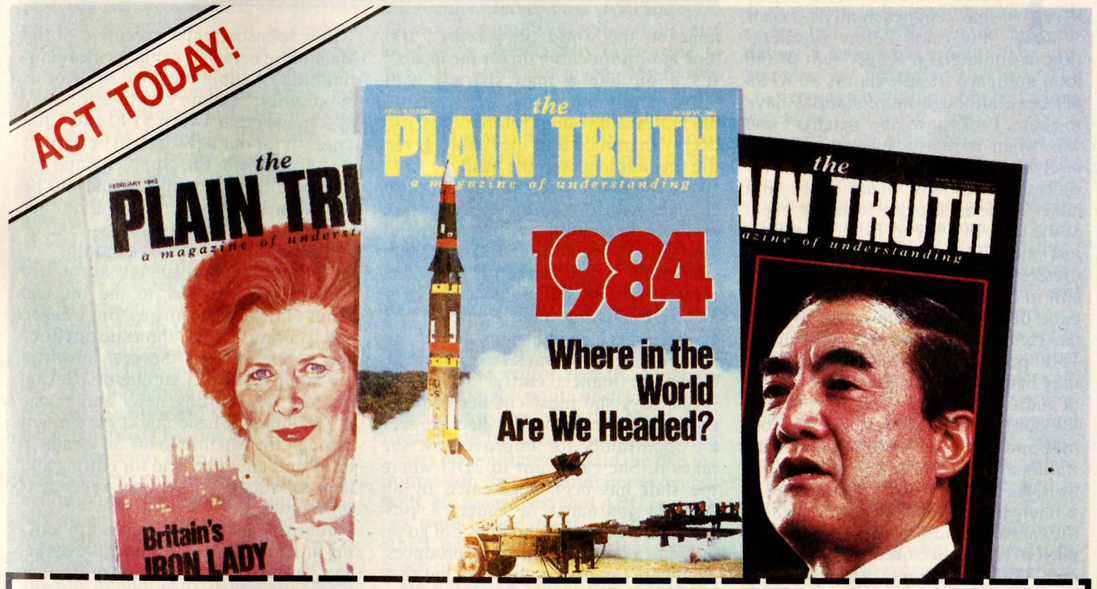

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of-the-road music and equally MOR chat. A conversion to a news/talk format brought success and listeners from 6am to midnight get either news or discussion of public affairs. The operation is expensive but it is paying and GB can reasonably claim to have poached some listeners from the ABC.

But specialisation need not mean conformity. GB's Melbourne sister 3AW is heavy on news and talk but the format is looser and the talkers vary wonderfully in character. Breakfast brings the whimsical chatterbox John Blackman, morning brings grouchy Derryn Hinch, drive-time has the no-frills journalist Mark Day and the night hours are held by the thoughtful, eccentric Ray Taylor. This, too, pays.

The curious thing is that, with all the crowding of frequencies, the commercial sector has kept nearly all its slice of the cake. Before proliferation, it could claim 85 per cent of the total audience. It still claims 80 to 85 per cent, although more stations have to share. Profits are now patchy. Time was when a metro station could be badly run and still turn a profit. Now successful stations make more and lesser stations struggle to break even. Some lose. In 1981 to 1982, 12 metros lost money. This was somewhat redressed in 1982 to 1983 but six were still in the red. In those years, the revenue of all commercials rose by 12.5 per cent but expenditures went up by 15.1 per cent. Specialisation meant they had to spend more for the benefit of audiences.

Country radio is so different from metropolitan that we could say Australia has two commercial radio industries. A city listener driving in the bush is likely to swear in frustration, turn off the car radio and slip a cassette into the player. The choice often boils down to one ABC programme which may or may not come in strongly, one fairly strong commercial with a Dad 'n' Dave sound and another weaker commercial with the same D and D style — and that's all.

Country people, it seems to city ears, are sentenced to Low 40 music, inept ads, funeral notices, river heights, local football, notices of meetings and gloopy chatter. News bulletins are short, discussion is at a discount. Yet country broadcasters are not Bowyangs. They are in the grip of The Great Australian Sparseness. People are spread mighty thin outside the wens, go where you will. Audiences and budgets are wafer thin.

The country manager does what he must: try to be all things to most people. He cannot cater for special tastes. The best he can do is vary the music with the hours: Top 40 or country and western by day, light rock or AC/DC for the young at night. As to the funeral and meeting notices and river heights, he says they are necessary and wholesome since they provide essential services and knit communities together. Country broadcasters stress "localism" as a virtue.

If you object that they are providing a mirror on the neighbourhood but none on the world, they reply, "But look at how much we do for the locals." It's a bit like a man charged with murder responding that he is nice to old ladies and young children. It is also deeply ingrained and inevitable, given the tiny audiences in the bush.

Whatever country radio is now, it will be different soon. The Federal Government wants country people to have commercial FM stereo and the initial step will be to issue existing AM stations with supplementary licences for FM. Ownership and management will be the same but programmes will be different. Applications for the supplementaries are in the works now. Nobody is fighting but practically everyone is agonising over splitting small audiences and finding the money for new programmes.

> The word now is psychographics, meaning catering to a band of taste, a cast of mind. It recognises that addicts of restful background radio will not all be affluent seniors

Yet even here one can find signs of change. Ask for the most progressive outfit in Australian country radio and you get one answer: "Talk to Janet Cameron." Mrs Cameron is managing director of 2PK Parkes, 2MG Mudgee and 2DU Dubbo which are tied financially. She is also managing director of 2ST Nowra with a translator at Bowral, a separate financial entity.

She says she must cut her coat according to her cloth but when she sees an opportunity for improvement she takes it. She can point to 2DU where the staff has been augmented by an A-grade journalist, a cadet, a programme manager "who does not go on air" and a producer who only produces. These are luxuries in the bush but they can pay. 2DU was a runner-up in a Pater award last year with a documentary on Anzac Day. The results on the four stations include talk-back shows on animal health, senior citizens' problems, Aboriginal land rights and hospital closures — local interests still, but with the bonus of far more listener participation than before. Even in thinly peopled areas she is finding ways to widen the scope. Parkes is a smaller market than Dubbo but surveys showed it "better than we thought" and moves are afoot to raise the level of programme. She has also moved to improve the quality of announcing although that means losing talent to larger markets.

Bob Johnson, chief executive of the Macquarie network, explains the financial bind of supplying new services to the country: "Country AM stations pay us somewhere between $140 and $200 a month for our news. It will be hard to get more from FM supplementaries. One country operator has told me he doesn't want to pay more than 20 per cent extra for his FM outlet — $40 or $50 a month for news — a month!"

The general approach is that country FM will try to cater to the musical tastes of the under thirties. But whence will it come? Via the domestic satellite? Via packaged tapes? Several consortia are doing feasibility studies on packaging and distributing news and music programmes. Music could go straight through the satellite to air on local stations or it could be held for editing and later broadcast. Either way, revenue is the bugbear.

Johnson again: "Packagers are looking at taking a share of the ad revenue. Say you had 20 or 30 country stations hooked up. You'd then have an audience attractive to national advertisers. The packager would put it to the operator this way: 'We'll give you the programme package and we'll take the money from a certain number of spots. You take the local revenue from the spots that are left.' "

Des Foster, director of FARB, takes a longer view. He sees packaging not only of music but also of analysis and discussion programmes from around the world. "Then the country AM station would continue to provide a window on the neighbourhood while the country FM station would provide a window on the world."

An encouraging vista. L&L

Leaving out the listener?

John O'Hara wonders if journalists assume too much when they talk to each other on air about journalism

Journalists spend a lot of time translating professional jargon. They mediate, for press, radio and television, the language of doctors, lawyers, administrators, politicians. But what of the language of the journalists themselves, when they talk about journalism? Is that as transparent as we might expect? Often the experience for the audience, on the outside of journalism, is of a kind of collusion. Journalists seem to speak their own language with each other. This language implies that there are networks of interest and daily practice that exclude outsiders. This sense of collusion and exclusion is expressed in what journalists say, and particularly in what they don't say, in what is taken for granted.

The ABC Board has recently approved a new charter of editorial practice for its journalists. It is the first time the Australian Journalists Association has submitted to the ABC a charter to cover its journalists, yet the occasion passed with little comment. Admirably, the ABC in Melbourne did broadcast a discussion on Radio 1 between the Sydney journalist David Solomon and 3LO presenter June Barton. In the process they provided an exemplary illustration of ways in which journalists talk about their practice, about guidelines, ethics and responsibilities. In examining this programme I am not in any way intending to suggest any shortcomings on the part of June Barton. I suspect that most journalists would have adopted the same approach. I am talking about an assumption, a habit, which needs to be reappraised.

Introducing the topic of new guidelines for ABC journalists, she mentioned that the AJA had drawn up the guidelines and that they had been accepted by the Board. She told listeners that under the guidelines, ABC journalists would not be influenced by pressure from political, commercial or other sectional interests, or their own personal views. She then introduced "media commentator" David Solomon.

The guidelines themselves were not described. Listeners were not told what differences they make in practice. They were not told either why new guidelines were thought to be needed, nor why they should have come from the AJA. David Solomon's qualifications and experience, particularly in relation to the ABC, were not given. Ms Barton did not say what interested her about the guidelines, but simply presented the issue as yet another topic for discussion. How far they might apply to her, in her presentation of this programme was unclear.

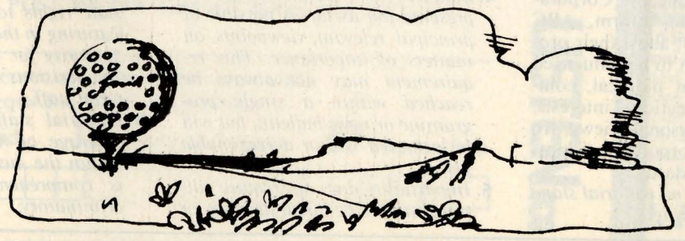
David Solomon began by asserting that the charter didn't go far enough. The ABC, he said, should set high standards and this needed to be spelt out. References to impartiality and balance were very good, but he disagreed that authority for editorial decisions should be vested in editorial staff. Final responsibility for political decisions, he insisted, must rest with the Board. Distinguishing between news and current affairs programmes, he said, he had the impression that the guidelines covered both. He recognised that ABC journalists were bound by the AJA code of ethics, but in daily practice that was not much of a guide.

He reiterated several times that the guidelines did not go far enough, that the problem was the terms "impartiality" and "balance": "You can interpret these in many ways". He was pleased that whatever balance is, it was not expected in one bulletin; but he believed it important that balance be achieved over time. When asked how this could happen, he admitted it was very difficult in a pluralist society. Who, for example, replies to the new anti-nuclear party? He argued that we require "far more flexibility than those very old-fashioned words 'balance' and 'impartiality'."

Solomon repeated that editorial decisions need to be made by the Board, saying that the ABC should be competing in news and current affairs programmes by providing the best. The charter was a beginning, but had a long way to go.

The structure of this interview is one of a certain redundancy, tension and even contradiction in what is said, which seems to flow from a lack of definition, a real unease, about key terms such as "balance" and "impartiality". Another unresolved ambiguity exists in the use of the words "guidelines" and "charter". A charter usually refers to a set of aims, and guidelines to a set of practices, yet here we have a document titled "Charter of Editorial Practice". And what force do guidelines have anyway? And how are we to understand those recurrent terms "quality", "standards", and "the best"? Expectations of high standards are often applied to the ABC, less often defined.

June Barton's role as interviewer consisted in asking what appeared to be a more or less prepared set of questions about what David Solomon thought was wrong with the new guidelines. She appeared to agree with his remarks about the absurdity of trying for balance by counting seconds of airtime allocated to oppositional political views. The deeper problem of what constitutes balance, of the relevance of a journalistic code centred on notions of objectivity, balance and impartiality, was not put into question. Yet it is the real, underlying question. The word "objectivity" has dropped from discussion



since the news guidelines of the seventies. Instead, what is now sought "are the highest professional standards of accuracy, impartiality and fairness".

real, underlying question. The word "objectivity" has dropped from discussion since the news guidelines of the seventies. Instead, what is now sought "are the highest professional standards of accuracy, impartiality and fairness".

But the same framework of giving the single, truthful account of events is sustained. This, despite David Solomon's recognition that there may be several accurate accounts of the same event. One had the sense, listening to this discussion, of journalists caught between two different ways of talking about journalism, of clutching at spars and hoping for lifeboats. This stalemate produced a flatness for the listeners, and a sense of collusion which is expressed most clearly in what was avoided during the interview. These "silences" included description of the guidelines themselves; an account of what is seen to be problematic about them; how they have come to be drawn up and accepted; how they relate to debates about journalistic notions of balance and impartiality; and whether they cover, and by implication inhibit, the present discussion.

It's not so long since Dame Leonie Kramer was insisting that interviewers on the ABC were not to express any personal opinion on air. This is clearly impossible; personal choice is registered, as Solomon recognised, in the decision to broadcast about one issue rather than another, in the choice of commentator, in the decisions about what to say, what line of questioning to pursue. Good interviewing requires exchanges in which opinions are probed and tested. This process is at its best in the case of an intelligent, tenacious, well prepared interviewer such as Terry Lane. To insist that the interviewers are not to express personal opinions is to leave the field clear for those who barely read dust jackets before interviewing authors.

So a major "silence" in this interview concerns the development of the guidelines themselves, the pressures that lead to their introduction, their likely political consequences. As the British literary critic Catherine Belsey remarks in *Critical Practice*, ideology consists not so much in what is said, but in "silences, gaps, omissions". The

> '. . . the introduction of new guidelines at this point clearly serves political purposes'

"silences" in the interview indicate the problems of journalists in coming to terms with an official code of practice that does not seem to cover the possibilities.

And the introduction of new guidelines at this point clearly serves political purposes. Many ABC journalists believe they are designed to prevent future incidents in which a chairman can overrule editorial staff and prevent interviews going to air such as the *Four Corners* interview with the rebel leader in Papua New Guinea.

But the federal president of the AJA, John Lawrence, says the guidelines were drawn up as part of the present restructuring of the ABC, in order to protect journalists from possible interference by media managers with new powers in each of the states. "We wanted a clear decision," he says, "that editorial decisions would be made by editorial executives." As part of the re-organisation within the ABC, managers in each state for radio and television will have increased powers to co-ordinate news and information services. "In this situation," says Lawrence, "journalists might find it difficult to resist interference." So a charter was drawn up in general terms because "we thought we had more chance of success with a general charter of independence for the ABC".

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• *John O'Hara teaches media studies at Swinburne Institute of Technology, Melbourne.*

THE CHARTER

The nine-point charter of editorial practice approved by the ABC Board is prefaced as follows:

The ABC has a statutory duty to inform its Australian and overseas audience of important news and relevant issues around the world. This obligation requires of its staff journalists the highest professional standards of accuracy, impartiality and fairness. In pursuing the Corporation's objective to inform, ABC journalists will not allow their professional judgment to be influenced by pressures from political, commercial or other sectional interests, or their own personal views. To these ends, the Corporation adopts the following standards:

1. *The ABC takes no editorial stand in its programming.*
2. *Editorial staff will avoid any conflict of interest in performance of their duties.*
3. *Every effort must be made to ensure that the content of news and information programmes is accurate and in context. Demonstrable errors will be corrected with minimum delay and in a form most suited to the circumstances.*
4. *Balance will be sought through the presentation as far as possible of principal relevant viewpoints on matters of importance. This requirement may not always be reached within a single programme or news bulletin, but will be achieved within a reasonable period.*
5. *Impartiality does not require editorial staff to be unquestioning, or the Corporation to give all sides of an issue the same amount of time. News values and news judgments will prevail in reaching decisions, consistent with these standards.*
6. *In serving the public's right to know, editorial staff will be enterprising in perceiving, pursuing and presenting the issues which affect society and the individual.*
7. *Editorial staff will respect legitimate rights to privacy of people featuring in the news.*
8. *Authority for editorial directions and decisions will be vested in editorial staff.*
9. *Editorial staff will ensure that coverage of newsworthy activity within the Australian community is comprehensive and non-discriminatory.*

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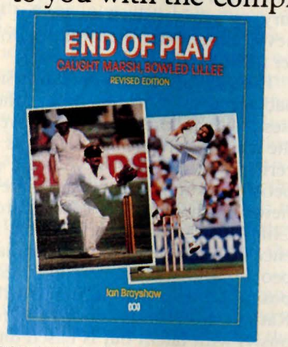

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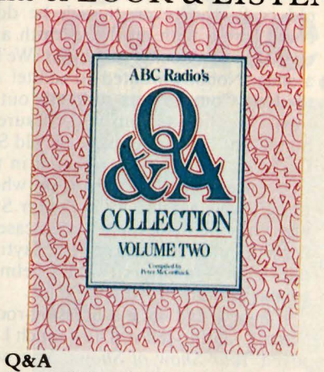

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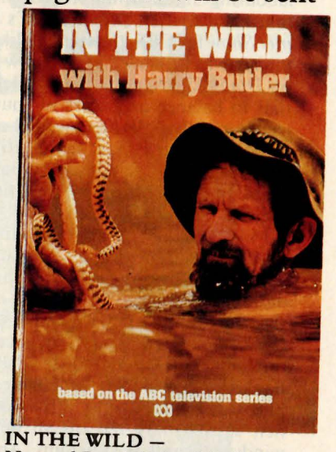

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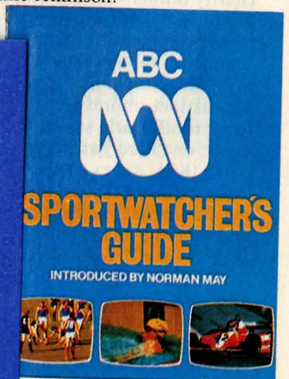

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since the news guidelines of the seventies. Instead, what is now sought "are the highest professional standards of accuracy, impartiality and fairness".

real, underlying question. The word "objectivity" has dropped from discussion since the news guidelines of the seventies. Instead, what is now sought "are the highest professional standards of accuracy, impartiality and fairness".

But the same framework of giving the single, truthful account of events is sustained. This, despite David Solomon's recognition that there may be several accurate accounts of the same event. One had the sense, listening to this discussion, of journalists caught between two different ways of talking about journalism, of clutching at spars and hoping for lifeboats. This stalemate produced a flatness for the listeners, and a sense of collusion which is expressed most clearly in what was avoided during the interview. These "silences" included description of the guidelines themselves; an account of what is seen to be problematic about them; how they have come to be drawn up and accepted; how they relate to debates about journalistic notions of balance and impartiality; and whether they cover, and by implication inhibit, the present discussion.

It's not so long since Dame Leonie Kramer was insisting that interviewers on the ABC were not to express any personal opinion on air. This is clearly impossible; personal choice is registered, as Solomon recognised, in the decision to broadcast about one issue rather than another, in the choice of commentator, in the decisions about what to say, what line of q

pursue. Good interviewing requires exchanges in which opinions are probed and tested. This process is at its best in the case of an intelligent, tenacious, well prepared interviewer such as Terry Lane. To insist that the interviewers are not to express personal opinions is to leave the field clear for those who barely read dust jackets before interviewing authors.

So a major "silence" in this interview concerns the development of the guidelines themselves, the pressures that lead to their introduction, their likely political consequences. As the British literary critic Catherine Belsey remarks in *Critical Practice*, ideology consists not so much in what is said, but in "silences, gaps, omissions". The

> '. . . the introduction of new guidelines at this point clearly serves political purposes'

"silences" in the interview indicate the problems of journalists in coming to terms with an official code of practice that does not seem to cover the possibilities.

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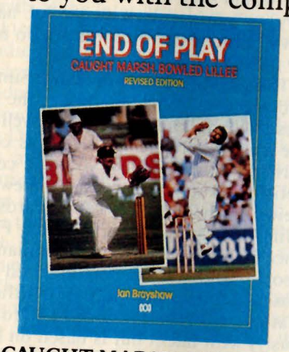

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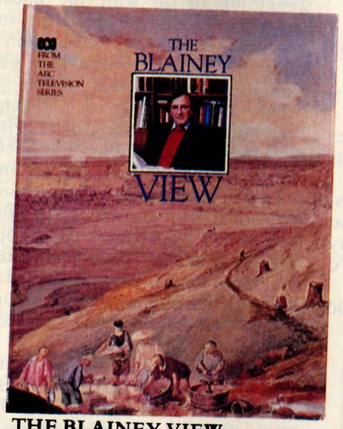

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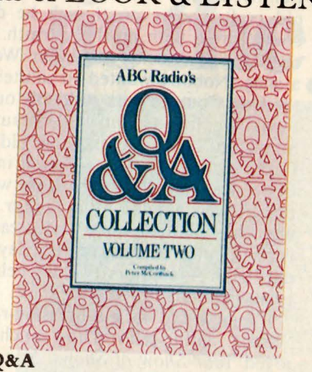

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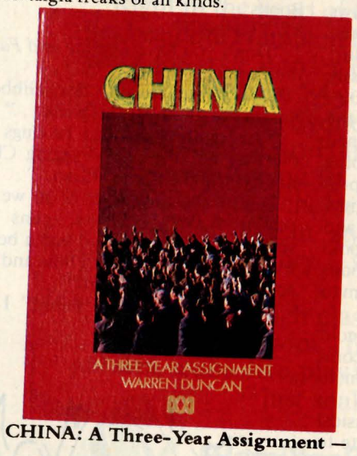

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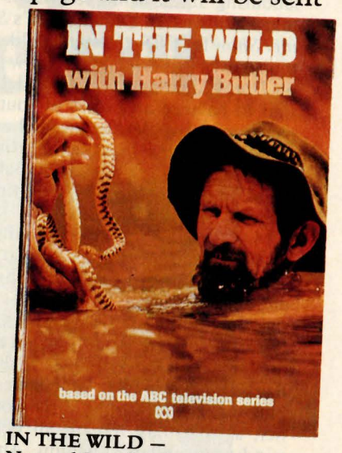

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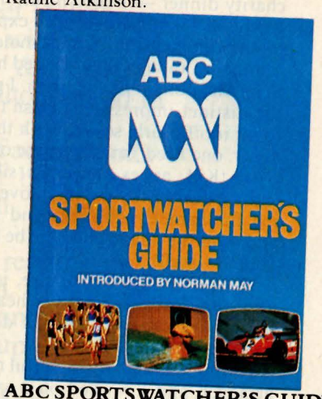

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Shore thing, sometimes

We used to tape two 90-minute *Dinah!* shows a day. Sometimes three. And invariably at meal times. Panic attended these tapings but somehow they got done. Hollywood is good at logistics and getting things together: except when it came to Me and Work; there they fell down rather badly.

The reason I was to be found labouring in daytime television was that I had written Dinah Shore's *Summer Show* for CBS, the star had liked it, money was discussed and so now I was on *Dinah!* The producers had decided that to balance an excess of southern charm and bubble they needed an injection of comedy, sauce and satire, so I was contracted to create Special Material, meaning Money and the time to write my screenplay.

I like Dinah Shore, have admiration for her. True, she doesn't sing so good any more but she's a lady, which is more than you can say of most showfolk. She can afford to be. Queen Dinah operated from a palace, her mirror'd dressing room, where she was flanked by a bunch of heavies and plug-uglies who do the dirty work for her, so she may remain all delicate, windswept and post-bellum. And she needed all the help she could get: remember this lady, after a couple of games of tennis, was doing three shows a day and then going on to host some charity dinner — not to mention Burt Reynolds — and I had been expressly told not to mention Burt Reynolds.

So, even though they dubbed her the Steel Magnolia, I liked Dinah. I gained the distinct impression I wasn't going to hit it off nearly so well with the producer, one Fred Tatashore, the original Disco Kid, an ex-dancer in silk and leather, constantly on the move, looking for names, gimmicks and scoops and — as the hours tended to be 8am to 10pm — staff!

I settled in my CBS office, ice-cold after the sickening waves of heat coming off the carpark, and got down to specialising some material.

Norman, Dinah's wonderful musical arranger, and I worked on a salute to Paul Anka with Dinah and Art Buchwald. It was Anka's birthday and the significant thing about him was that he seemed to have turned out almost as many kids as bad songs. So we evolved a running gag wherein Buchwald, at his most rabbinical, would constantly interrupt the Anka biography with: "And then it was that your lovely wife would present you with another beautiful child . . ." The repetition became hilarious and even won plaudits from Dinah's sister, who looks Dinah's *real* age and was the social conscience of the programme, ever after a Peabody Award.

The next project was a salute to Neil Simon (this show had more salutes than a West Point march-past!) and this I enjoyed, for I've always admired the old craftsman, even though he does come across with all the warmth and charisma of a pocket calculator. We hit a snag. Nobody wanted to salute! All the Odd Couples were suddenly out of town. We finished up with Maureen Stapleton, Lee Grant and dear old Syd Caesar, whom Neil didn't want in the first place. As well as drafting the whole thing I was detailed to look after Syd, who, they claimed, was a basket-case. It is maddening to observe how daytime television — mediocrity at the helm — treats great talent.

I joined Syd in his dressing-room. "Syd, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed *Your Show of Shows*. You were absolutely . . ."

"Got any books?" Syd enquired.

"What? Well, I've got the *Collected Plays* of Neil Simon . . ."

"No" he said "Books. I'm talking Books . . ."

"*TV Week*?"

"Don't you have *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*?"

" 'Fraid not," I said. "See, Gibbon's not on our guest list this week . . ."

"Or Toynbee. Though he bugs me, the way he keeps on dragging Christianity into the Punic Wars . . ."

During the next hour or so we discussed history, politics, guns and spiders — it seemed Syd had a beauty living near his swimming hole and he'd spend hours observing it.

"You ought to read Fabre," I told him. "*Social life in the Insect World*. It's . . ."

"What the hell's going on in here?" It was Tatashore, beside himself. Apparently the show was due to roll, Neil was white-lipped and Dinah trembling.

"Thank you for joining us, Ray," she said, in a way that made Lee Grant raise her eyebrows in envy. I handled it diplomatically: "Syd's fault," I told her, "he would keep rabbiting on about history — guy's a basket-case." I have never understood why I didn't do better in Hollywood.

The show got there somehow. Simon had brought in his new bride, the actress Marsha Mason, a woman well up the Dull Charts so far as I was concerned. Though, mark you, the competition around here was somewhat fierce: such all-time-great dullards as Cliff Robertson, Robert Goulet, Florence Henderson and Jack Klugman — people who owe their continued exposure on television to the frightful Q Rating, which has nothing to do (obviously) with talent but is based on how much people *like* you. Syd sang "A Real Live Girl" and broke the audience up with scenes from *The Odd Couple* done in broken German and French. At the end Neil was toasted. He did not thank me upon leaving. I suspect it had something to do with the opening sketch I had written, wherein the worst actress in the hall wins the audition because she catches the playwright's eye. No sense of humour, that Simon.

Now I really began to understand Fred Allan's description of television as "a treadmill to oblivion". The shows came with the regularity of mealtimes. Indeed they came *instead* of mealtimes. No sooner had you rolled the closing credits then it was time to roll the opening credits again. The special material held up so long as it was Gore Vidal or Robert Klein or Vinnie Price or Orson Welles (who dubbed me "the token intelligence").

From the studio audience's point of view *Dinah* looked like a small Central American war. There were the chatelaine, the guests and the cameras and behind them the guys turning out the cue-cards (idiot-sheets), Graham Kerr cooking up a pot roast, Stan Cann, the Gadget Man, with his props, and the producer and the writers crawling about on all-fours telegraphing instructions to Dinah. Though an extremely intelligent woman she did have about 18 guests to interview every day and she relied upon questions on the cue-cards. These were of necessity done in shorthand and so what Dinah would see would be something like:

"How doin'?
What doin'?
Tell — last rec'd/m'vie/b'k?
Tell — next rec'd/m'vie/b'k?
what th'k tele?
Sex?
Dr'gs?
Relig'n?
V'sctomy?
Any tr'th u and F.F.-Majors?"

The cue-cards had to be constantly revised, depending on the course and length of the interview. I am much too tall to spend any time bent double on a studio floor and on more than one occasion I believe the Taylor bum was introduced between Dinah and her favourite camera. And then came Muppet Day. Jim Henson and I had worked out a couple of reasonably effective routines and then of course came the time when, puppets or no, they had to take their place on the couch and chat with Dinah: to show they were all the best of buddies.

The topic was, I think, something about blind dates and Dinah got a question out of place and asked Kermit the Frog about his first blind date. Now this had not been cleared with Jim Henson, who was none too happy about working out in the open like this anyway. So, for a moment, he just sat there staring at Dinah, his hands immobile. I'm on my knees behind camera three when I hear Tatashore hissing in my ear the now classic phrase: "The puppet's not reacting. Jesus Christ, do something! THE GODAMN PUPPET'S NOT REACTING . . .!"

That day Dinah sang four songs.

After that I never worked the floor again. I took to hanging around Farmer's Market or dropping by the Carol Burnett office for a laugh or two. And I got back to writing my screenplay. As it happened not a moment too soon: they had now started taping on Saturdays, too!

Shortly afterwards I collapsed and was hospitalised with diabetes. They may claim it is hereditary but I still blame it on all that Southern sugar and molasses.

The first thing I saw from my hospital bed was *Dinah!* on television interviewing a male sex symbol, high on the Dull Charts: "Well, hi — and how are you? Gee, that's wonderful. Mighty glad to have you with us today because I believe we're going to show some shots from your recent vasectomy . . ."

Somebody had screwed up the cue-cards again. L&L

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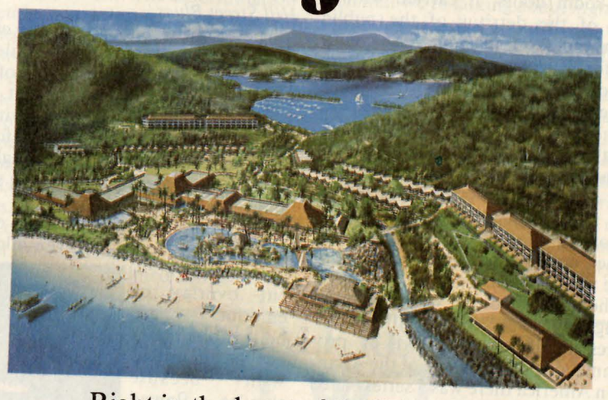

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Hill Street blooms

A cop series without pap and prettiness

The Morality Play is still with us. Out of the Miracles and Mysteries, the Morality Play in the younger days of humankind provided a simple system for showing the common man immediate differences between what was recognised as Good and what was seen as Evil. As with the Greek masks of drama the contrast was marked and plain and unmistakable. The cinema picked up these easy markers and, when the rising flood of television began to seep inexorably under our living-room doors, it carried with it much of the detritus of the public screen, including the much-used symbols for Right and Wrong. In those early days the black and white stetsons of sheriff and outlaw, the sable and silver armour of villainy and knight-errantry gave way to the well-pressed suit and decent grey hat on the one hand and the snap-brim black fedora and black-coat-slung-over-the-shoulders on the other.

The cops-and-robbers show had come to television.

When the medium was still quite young there were two significant advances made to that sort of programme, one on each side of the Atlantic. In America there was a series called *The Naked City*; in Britain, a series called *Z Cars*. They were as different in style as Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and the Military Tattoo, the one concerned more with emotion, the other more with some degree of reality, but they were as one in breaking new ground. They each showed that the line between cop and crim is fine, breakable and can be easily crossed and so, I think for the first time on television, made conscious attempts to look at morality as a flexible thing, as capable of change as is almost anything in this world of difference. Rather than considering only the positive Good of one side versus the active Bad of the other, both series were concerned with examining human foibles and fallibility within the structured framework of the cops-and-robbers story.

They spawned descendants — near-clones, recognisable children and sports and mutants of various kinds. In America they ran the gamut from *The Untouchables* through *The F.B.I.* and *Hawaii Five-O* to *Police Story*. In Britain they moved through *Softly Softly* and *Task Force* to *Callan* and *The Sweeney*. Both streams produced deviants like *The Avengers* and *Danger Man*, *The A-Team* and *Magnum*, but the mainstreams continued to show the essential differences — the American belief that Right must triumph, the British that the Best People aren't necessarily the most proper. In terms of the flexing and changing of public morals, of the publicising of brutal aspects among senior people, the British certainly came closer to the mark in this area of television.

But then the two streams suddenly drew close together in a series called *Hill Street Blues*.

There's little enough to say about Australian programmers who failed to recognise the quality and value of this series and who, having bought it, buried it away late at night and without publicity. There's much to say for an audience discriminating enough to force the re-programming of the series in prime time.

The characters who work out of the Hill Street Precinct — even allowing for that still-present overlay of emotion — are believable and can be identified with because they're flawed and so as human as we all are. To add to the stresses of their work they're subject to racial, religious and personal biases and prejudices; the physically strong cop is likely to be a social weakling, just as his upright superior is an alcoholic. The disgusting and dangerous people among whom they work are the way they are because of intolerable living conditions, inadequate schooling and corrupt politics. Certainly it's all heightened by the demands of drama-in-a-fixed-time-span but it must be remembered that the material is written by people living where they work, familiar with the scene and its inhabitants and therefore, we must presume, writing and acting out of a degree of both knowledge and conviction. We are being told something about the way things happen in a small part of another place and what we see is recognisable.

Hill Street Blues: the script is the secret

And we watch and listen! Intrigued, involved, informed and entertained, we watch a series which, in some ways, proves we're heading out of the pap and pretty presents which so much of our television still thinks we want. Morality Plays presented religious dogma as show-biz; television can present social interplay in the same fashion. But not often by us, and not in this old, well-established, near-basic area of the struggle between Good and Evil.

Bruce Weitz — Detective Belker of Hill Street — said in an interview earlier this year when he was asked why the series was so successful: "It's the writing. The scripts are just so good all the time." It's surprising that it needs to be said, that it's so little recognised that the best cast and director *must* have something with which to work. Yet between the earliest *Homicide* and the recent *Special Squad* I can remember only one short series which came close to achieving the entertainment-reality of *Hill Street Blues* or *The Sweeney*, which offered scripts strong enough that the actors became *people*, known to us all. That was Robert Caswell's award-winning *Scales of Justice*. Nothing else.

Perhaps our producers and programmers are content simply to go on buying the good stuff from overseas rather than encouraging and paying for that level of quality here. If so, it's worth mentioning that in the old Morality Plays the mummers wore masks depicting not only Good and Evil but Vice, Bad Habits, Greed and Sloth. If the mask fits . . .

* * *

The ABC's recent policy statement has raised some quite interesting questions, the first of which is whether the Corporation has now realised which way is Up. It has to be said that there's just a touch of Alice in the idea of re-establishing a business by appointing senior executives *before* deciding what they're to do; at least the newly-stated initiatives seem to recognise that there is, indeed, life on this side of the Looking-Glass.

Mark you, some of what's been announced is as waffly as ever, as diffuse and imprecise as — sadly — we've come to expect. Phrases like "seeking to develop a clearer and more consistent identity" I take to mean "becoming recognisable *as* something" and preferably as something desirable and "building on existing loyal audiences" is surely euphemistic and really means "looking for higher ratings without appearing to do so", a supposition enhanced by the further statement about seeking to develop a radio service for young adults on a separate FM network.

But there are areas in which the Corporation appears to have made specific commitments of importance, and without being publicly prodded by a flood of letters to the editor. Of these, three are of major significance and two are closely linked. The decision to increase Australian content from 53 per cent to 65 per cent during the next three or four years might well mean the gradual disappearance of some well-loved British programmes; the decision to work more closely with independent Australian film producers could mean their replacement with material of quality, interest and solid entertainment-value from our own neck of the woods. For long enough this singularly national organisation has managed to ignore the gut-wrenching efforts of local independents at the dramatic and documentary levels and a sincere desire to make screen-time available to them, however belatedly, can only be welcomed. Not that the Corporation is saying anything more than that it will "work more closely" with these people. It would be less of a Clayton's deal if a fast follow-up statement was to be made in monetary terms; the independent film-makers have spent long enough starving on unfulfilled promises and an announced budgetary programme of real substance together with some detailed terms of co-operation would be a welcome commitment.

The decision which deeply interests me because of my very recent writing about just such a thing is that which declares the intention of producing, more or less nationally, a one-hour combination programme of news *and* current affairs. In the strangely fragmented world of the ABC it has often seemed that inter- and intra-departmental power-plays were at least as important as programmes and of all the bitter little internecine wars which have raged none has ever been more savage than that between News and the various bastard offspring of what used to be Talks Department. The determination to retain a gnarled grasp on the ill-defined areas between hard news, follow-ups and in-depth material has often enough resulted in duplication of effort, multiplication of cost and subtraction of value and any attempt to rationalise that situation has to be commended.

Interior politics aside, the end result for us, the viewers, should be something closer to what we have a right to expect from this national service — the events of the day related immediately to their causes, to their equally immediate implications and to the spectrum of deeper and wider possibilities arising from them. If the new programme, to be called, I understand, *The National* can so integrate these almost-traditionally separate ABC areas of operation it will be no less remarkable than re-joining severed Siamese twins.

A final and admonitory word. In the released statements outlining the Corporation's philosophy and goals I find a remarkable omission. There appears to be no mention of that critical intangible — quality. When we use that word it's with the understood implication that we're talking about *high* quality and, while that's as difficult to define objectively as is beauty, I find it odd that we should be told of major changes in our national communicator's approach to us without the subject of their quality being once brought up. We must, I suppose, assume that the ABC Board takes it for granted that it will be at a high level; past experience has disabused us often enough to make us cagey about such a proposition and I, for one, choose to reserve my decision.

L&L

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The network rethink

Signs of changes of quality in the ABC

For a while there it was Apocalypse Now for music buffs. ABC-FM, that haven of classical restraint and venue for many a cultivated performance, was going under to Rock! Worse. It was to be handed over to Youth — forces of disorder, unreason, cultural waste. And all this in the name of ratings, of the ABC being popular in some commercial stakes. Doom. Doom. Doom.

Well, that's how it might have looked, given the ire of the classical music lobby. That the wrath was roused so quickly and expressed so pointedly in the daily press and the inner citadels of the ABC, was of course good, and rather interesting: it showed that a minority audience does count, and can make itself heard. So if the ABC ever does sell its soul it is nice to know that some noise from some quarters might help stop the rot.

But the rot, as it turned out, had not started. The whole potentially barbaric idea of scrapping the FM and turning it over to a youth station turned out to be kite-flying by those who were really manoeuvering for something else: the creation of a new and fourth network altogether, one that would aim at listeners under 30, which is to say 50 percent of our population, the great majority of whom hardly listen to the ABC. And now that the ABC *has* opted for the new network, the classical buffs can return to Bach, while the rest of us (the majority, perhaps, who have always been vaguely confused about these different ABC networks anyway) to consider what it all means.

It means, first of all, that for the first time in many years the ABC is having a big open go at defining what it is about. The new management likes to quote its central objectives ("strive to be a valued and vital part of Australian life" etc) and is bold enough to look declining audience figures in the face. Even more boldly, and admirably, it is doing so without necessarily using those figures to make crass comparisons between itself and commercial radio, and thus falling for the harlotry of the ratings chase. There are signs that the current rethink, along with the distinct promise of the new network, will produce changes of quality.

The three networks today are: Radio 1, Radio 2, and the regional network (Radio 3), along with the FM band. Radio 1 (or 3LO in Melbourne, 2BL in Sydney and so on) is the light station, the one with local news, sport, talkback, popular music and comperes increasingly featured as comperes are on commercial stations. Radio 1 mainly competes for its audience with the commercial stations, and recently the Melbourne and Sydney teams have tried to cope by strengthening what is called their local identity. Since the early sixties, however, Radio 1 has been losing its audience.

> '. . . how much will a politician spend to secure the sound of his or her voice across the nation?'

In Sydney, its 11 percent of the total weekday audience in 1963 dropped to seven per cent during the seventies, rose to nine per cent in 1980, and fell to eight per cent this year. The decline in Melbourne over the same period was from 13 per cent to a lame five percent. The drop in other capitals has not been so sharp but it has been similar, and one reason why the decline dates from the early sixties (quite apart from the increased number of commercial stations bidding for the audience, and the arrival of FM) is the reorganisation of the networks back in 1964.

For, prior to that it was Radio 1 that had fine music, along with Parliamentary broadcasts, and Radio 2 had the light music — and the larger audience. When this was changed about, that audience seems to have fallen off, or got lost. What was then a victory for the classical music lobby, who got their air time unhindered by the statutory broadcast of Parliament, shackled the network briefed to seek popular appeal. Now, with the rethink, much of this might change again, which could be a good thing.

Radio 2 is, of course, the serious station still, the one that is, by virtue of its talk and fine music, synonymous with the ABC's highest aspirations. Radio 2 is the national station that seeks not to strive for that wider and wider audience as defined by "ratings" because what it does can only be done by caring mostly about the intrinsic standards of its own productions. Naturally, Radio 2 people would like to have more rather than fewer listeners, but in a real sense the quality of Radio 2 is inseparable from the quality of Australian life itself. Since the early sixties the radio 2 audience has declined from about four to two percent of all listeners.

The regional network mainly send into the more remote country areas a mix from Radio 1 and 2, a local announcer with some local news sometimes linking the two. By contrast, it is ABC-FM which is a self-contained unit; centred in Adelaide, committed to fine music because of the quality of the FM transmission, with a dash of drama and good talk. Astonishingly, the ABC has no clear figures for the FM audience, and other surveys lump its minority group with other FM stations. Roughly, though, about 600,000 Australians listen to ABC-FM, about 102,000 in Melbourne and 106,000 in Sydney.

And this is where the youth station comes in as a way of tackling head on, the general decline (as with Radio 1) or the tendency of the ABC to cater, as it must, for minorities, and even minorities within minorities. For the assumption is that if the ABC can cater for youth (quaintly defined as those under thirty, but still) it will secure those people as ABC-ites for the future, while at the same time currently increasing the ABC's overall audience. Youth network as Social Gift, *and* Insurance Policy. Thank you, Ken Myer.

The youth turn off from the ABC is, in fact, striking, as is the success of Sydney's ABC-FM station, 2JJJ, which does pitch at young people. So it is that 2BL gets a mean four percent of 18 to 24 year olds compared to 2JJJ's 15 per cent. (About eight per cent of that group listen to 3LO in Melbourne). And furthermore (the argument for the youth station went) 2JJJ does that not by playing the Top 40, but by a programme mix that includes comedy, drama, documentaries and news. Its news service is so good that it outrates the top ranking Radio 2 program, PM.

With the youth network a decision will have to be made as to whether each capital city can have its own station, as Sydney has its own already; or whether costs will make it necessary to use Sydney as the base station, and network it nationally, with the other capitals adding a certain proportion of local content.

With Radio 1 the pressure will be on to keep polishing their local identity, the better to head off those of us over 30 who might be tempted to tune into the commercials. Maybe, also, Radio 1 will go to air for 24 hours; maybe it might go stereo. More significantly, it might get rid of the Parliamentary broadcasts — depending on the findings of the Parliamentary committee now considering what to do with themselves on air. A new network then, for Parliament? The politicians know that a big push is on within the ABC to free the Radio 1 network. Question is: how much will a politician spend to secure the sound of his or her voice across the nation? We wait, breaths bated.

With Radio 2, and ABC-FM, the current top level thinking is as follows: that Radio 2 should give increasing emphasis to quality talk, that it should gradually pass over the fine music to the superior reproduction available on FM. That way, Radio 2 will be able to programme its spoken word (along with some music, of course) in a way that does not estrange the talks fan while pleasing the music fan, and vice versa. Simultaneously, ABC-FM will be able to go all out with — not only recorded music — but with live performances as well, those marvellous broadcasts from the Opera House or the concert halls of each capital.

How promising the whole new show seems. Is it possible that an organisation renowned for the kind of interdepartmental backbiting that checks progress is about to move forward and outward harmoniously? Can some reforms make everyone happy? It seems hard to believe. Time will tell. L&L

◀ From page 12

There's more dance on *Countdown* than there used to be, with tie-ins to films like *Flashdance* and *Beat Street*. Meldrum does many disco personal appearances. Is disco the next wave? Well, it's at least crucially important. "Going back four years," says Meldrum, "Duran Duran had what they called 'night versions' of 'Planet Earth' and 'Girls on Film'. A lot of their sales could be attributed to the fact that they had these long mixes that were great for DJs in a disco. Now the 12-inch mix has become a very important part of the market.

"I think whether or not you can do splits and tumbles like they did in *Flashdance*, whether you can do some fancy footwork as they did in *Footloose* or whether you can rap, breakdance or hip hop like your breakdance films, everyone these days has not got that introverted fear of going out onto a dance floor or a disco and having a good time, whether you can dance or not. I see dance floors packed in Sydney and Melbourne with people who aren't ashamed of enjoying that. Everyone has thrown off that fear of looking like an idiot."

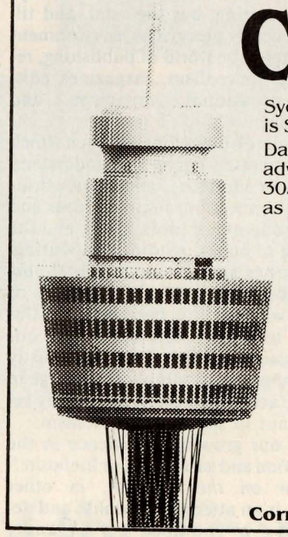
In half an hour of conversation, Meldrum's alleged Higher Inarticulacy has not surfaced. His tongue-tied stand-ups with pop stars read to me like a calculated strategy, part of a persona with which his fans can identify. If there is a *Countdown* rule of behaviour it is surely this: never talk down to the audience.

I never do ask about Meldrum's nickname or the hat. It would be like enquiring of Geoffrey Whitehead who makes his suits.

If I was looking for *Countdown*, I didn't find it, because it does not really exist except, like certain subatomic particles, as a vibration or a zone of probability. Rock video offers the ultimate in evanescence. The video clips themselves, all on tape, will decay in a few years. The performers will fade, or change image so radically neither they nor their fans will care to be reminded of earlier incarnations.

At the time of writing, the clip-makers are briefly preoccupied with the fragility of the video image as, six months ago, it was smoke, dust and flare. Slatted light and crimson lips of the type complained of by Frank Zappa have gone the way of last week's Kleenex. The clip for "Two Tribes" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood teases us with the language of video breakdown.

You can be lofty about it, or you can let it happen. But whether you like it or not, the future is here and it's on *Countdown* every Sunday at six o'clock. L&L



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BOOKS/Martin Harrison

Present with a past

Just City and the Mirrors by Lynne Strahan (Oxford University Press, $25.00)

Snow on the Saltbush by Geoffrey Dutton (The Viking Press, $24.95)

Milk and Honey by Elizabeth Jolley (Fremantle Arts Centre Press, $12.00)

"Defining Australianism, countering provincialism, exploring the role of the artist and investigating changes in the meaning of creativity" — this is how Lynne Strahan sums up the achievements and aims of the magazine *Meanjin* and its profoundly committed, not to say indomitable founding editor Clem Christesen. Indeed, *Meanjin* and Christesen are so inextricably linked with the writing, the literary and political debate of the post-war period, that a book about what *Meanjin* did and how it survived (and against what opposition) invariably becomes a book with a very important subject.

Just City and the Mirrors is so rich (Strahan's writing style, be warned, is far too rich in a less satisfactory sense) that it's hard to know what to start with. For contemporary Australians are still the heirs (consciously or not) of the particular circumstances for the flourishing of arts in this country during the war and of the great distortion which occurred later during the Cold War fifties. Vital information tumbles off every page.

For me, Strahan's middle chapters on the Petrov Commission — before which Christesen and his wife appeared — is at the heart of the matter. But the account of Christesen's repeated resistance to charges that he was pursuing diehard leftist positions and publishing narrowly, his deft steering of the magazine through the thorny thicket of how politics and writing connect, the fate of the forties and fifties peace movement, the original Australian work it published and the wealth of detail about what *Meanjin* contributors were writing, reading and, most importantly, thinking about — all these make the book invaluable.

To take a slightly different instance: what other magazine has been so central to a local literature in Australia and yet has also been a place where 25 years ago a reader might find new writing by foreigners as diverse as Dylan Thomas, Anaïs Nin, Anton Zweig, E. P. Thompson, Alex Comfort or James Baxter? In other words, some of our contemporary magazine editors' aspirations — to be so confidently local that one can be in touch with the rest of the world — are not new. Neither is the timidity and relative neglect towards local writers by, say, literary academia.

But the main thing in *Just City* is the account of Christesen as editor. The book is no sense a biography — I must say I would now love to read one, or an autobiography. Shining throughout, tested most of all in the gloomy era of McCarthyism, is Christesen's critical and literary independence. For *Meanjin*'s independence has been just that — critical, originating, insistent that literature must not avoid politics, but equally cannot be subsumed in political ideologies, even of the best kind. On Strahan's evidence (including readers' polls) it seems it was not only *Meanjin*'s opponents who failed truly to support what Christesen was on about.

Geoffrey Dutton covers some of the same ground in his rather more anecdotal account of Australian literary experience, *Snow on the Saltbush*. Poet, novelist, critic, publisher and editor, Dutton has what he calls "a wary eye on the academy". In fact, the literary experience he wants us to understand is precisely not the academic consumption of writing, but the vital, and till quite recently precarious, environment for writers, the world of publishing, reviewing, journalism, magazines editing, occasional criticism and patronage.

Yet apart from telling us much which we desperately need to understand about our literature, and demonstrating the connections between ideas and the production of ideas, books and the making of books, reading and writing, Dutton has another fundamental purpose. Referring to the last 20 years or so, he writes: "It is basic to what I'm trying to say in this book that our 'renaissance', which I think is justly called that, is not 'simply an upsurge in artistic activity'. I think it is vitally related, not to specious nationalism . . . but to our growing confidence in the reputation and success of our literature."

Snow on the Saltbush, in other words, is an attempt to localise and demystify a number of grandly propandistic notions about ourselves, because Dutton sees them as signs of unconfidence, poor publishing opportunities and under-recognition. His contention is that Australian literature has, definitely, "arrived" — and that nationally we value it not through academicism or through propaganda, but by knowing something about the implications of its practice. By knowing our literary past, by good reading and by good publishing.

Both Lynne Strahan's and Geoffrey Dutton's books strike me as signs of a changing climate, since both assume that though Australians may not have Kants and Schopenhauers there is a cultural and intellectual history also essential to know about. Though one of them is likely to have a fairly limited readership, both carry strong implications about the availability and importance of contemporary Australian literature.

A case in point, though a quite different kind of reading, is Elizabeth Jolley's marvellous new novel, *Milk and Honey*. It is her best, most adventurous book yet. Of course, behind their deceptively everyday settings, her novels have recently been getting odder and odder and more blackly humorous. *Milk and Honey* reads at moments like Jolley's version of the movie *Céline and Julie Go Boating*. It's as if we're stuck in a family nightmare, in which friends and relatives crop up in the strangest places, saying the craziest things. Most of it takes place in a large old house of emigré Viennese musicians who have an idiot son and spend their time singing Brahms' songs and setting Rilke's poetry to music.

From out of town, Jacob comes to lodge with them and take cello lessons. He kills the idiot son, becomes a virtuoso cellist, never leaves the house, marries the daughter. The idiot son turns out to be still alive and the father of his child. Really, Jacob is one of Elizabeth Jolley's chosen people: another of her failed travelling salesmen, a widower with an idiot daughter. Halfway through, you start to see that the dreams of *Milk and Honey* are, among other things, about the dilemmas of sexuality, particularly male sexuality. It is also about how ordinary people search for a work which allows them to praise God's love. It all happens, here, in Australia. L&L

• *Martin Harrison can be heard on* (Books and Writing), *Wednesdays, 10.15 pm, Radio 2*

Which of the French masters has most influenced Pro Hart?

AB 3243/84 Y&RC ALM 2003

Changing chains

The Weaker Vessel by Antonia Fraser
(Hodder and Stoughton, $29.95)

An army of remarkable women fill the pages of Antonia Fraser's remarkable book, each one of them testimony to the gentle irony contained in the author's choice of title for her study of 17th-century women. Conventional history has accorded few of these "weaker vessels" the place they so richly deserve, nor acknowledged the most remarkable feature of their lives: that they did what they did against all the social and religious taboos of their time, while enduring an endless cycle of pregnancy, parturition and parting, as death took their offspring by the thousands.

Seventeenth-century men met premature death occasionally on the battlefields. Many 17th-century women faced it annually in the guise of the twin companions of their childbearing — puerperal fever and terrible infant mortality. As the century drew to a close the maternal risk from childbirth actually grew. The science of gynaecology developed but in ignorance of infection and the power of "the examining hand" of doctor or midwife to transmit bacteria from one patient to another. The first lying-in hospitals, established in the middle of the century, saw the first epidemics of puerperal fever and the maternal death toll soared. Horror stories abounded of women and their babies being literally pulled apart, with fearful damage to both.

Our more merciful age has spared us this torment of repeated birth and repeated death. The 17th century did not spare these women. Yet against all odds their voices can be heard down the centuries, railing against the limitations of their lives, pleading for knowledge and education, petitioning parliament for peace, soliciting the release of their husbands from jail, speaking themselves from jail, demanding the right to be heard which their sex and the age's interpretation of God's will denied them.

Their supposed weakness spared them little. For a great deal of the century they risked death as witches if they did not conform to the approved pattern. Midwife Elizabeth Cellier was put in the pillory for libel when she attacked conditions in a jail to which she had been confined for her outspokenness. Quaker Margaret Fell was jailed for her heretical beliefs. The astonishing Elizabeth Hooton, a grandmother of 60 when she began proselytising the Quaker cause, was flogged and jailed repeatedly for her beliefs. The weak vessels simply refused to admit their weakness.

Some took to successful lives of crime. Moll Cutpurse could not endure the sedentary life of sewing and stitching, dressed as a man and became what we would now call, says Fraser, a highway person. She ran a gang of thieves from London.

Many parts of this scholarly but highly readable and sometimes very moving book, have a strong contemporary ring. Hannah Wolley, wife of a schoolmaster, wrote with modern bitterness about the preference given to boys in education. Parents cared for "the barren Noddles of their sons, sending them to University, while the fertile ground of their daughters' brains was allowed to go fallow". And "most in this depraved age think a woman learned and wife enough if she can distinguish her husband's bed from another's," she charged. Basua Makin, a rector's daughter born in 1612, had taught herself some Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and Italian by the age of nine. In vain she protested against the contemporary belief that no-one would marry an educated woman.

> 'The weak vessels simply refused to admit their weakness'

To 17th-century male minds, as in some religious minds today, there was no spiritual equality for women, just as there was no temporal equality. The Quakers, led by George Fox, provided a notable exception, but in general, on the direct authority of the mighty St Paul himself, still studiously invoked in the same cause, women were forbidden to preach in church. Some took to "prophesying", one way to make their voices heard. By claiming direct inspiration from God they were hard to extinguish, though the dreaded implication of witchcraft could always be invoked to silence them eventually. Jane Hawkins, "a witty, crafty baggage", spoke in prophetic rhyming for three days and nights to an admiring audience, including her local rector. His bishop soon enforced retraction, especially when Jane foretold the downfall of the bishops.

The Civil War, like all wars, gave women the opportunities denied them in peacetime. In 1643 several thousand women descended on Parliament to petition for peace. Reports dubbed them "dirty and tattered sluts". One MP referred to them as "whores, bawds, oyster women, kitchen stuffe women, beggars and the very scum of the scum of the suburbs, besides an abundance of Irish women". Several prejudices neatly combined, remarks Fraser. In 1649 more brave viragos petitioned Parliament for the release of political prisoners. Another unwise MP said they should stay at home and wash the dishes, only to be told smartly, "Sir, we have scarce any dishes left to wash, and those we have are not sure to keep". Seventeenth-century women accompanied their husbands to the battlefields, defended their homes and castles and solicited their husbands' causes at the court of the King.

"It is an almost universal fact," says Fraser, "that women have done well in wartime when they have been able or compelled to act as substitutes for men, showing themselves as resourceful, courageous and strong in every sense; in short displaying all those qualities generally ascribed to men. It is another fact that the postwar period has generally seen a masculine retreat from this view of the female sex when the vacuum no longer needed to be filled. Post-Restoration England was no exception."

Midway through the century, halfway between two Queens, Elizabeth and Anne, women's lot improved with war. But the graph of progress and change did not continue upward. In real terms there was very little improvement. "This cyclical pattern, whatever the special factors that brought it about in the 17th century, is perhaps worth bearing in mind; as with all forms of liberation, of which the liberation of women is only one example, it is easy to suppose in times of freedom that the darker days of repression can never come again."

— Yvonne Preston

Royal nobodies

The Men who would be King by
Nicholas Shakespeare
(Sidgwick & Jackson, $26.95)

Displaced persons, of the royal continental ilk, displaying a remarkable lack of sour grapes considering their reduced circumstances, give the British monarch ten out of ten for performance. But much of her success must be attributed, they say, to her subjects' affection for things regal, an affection their lost subjects did not share, according to this lively report — the by-product of a BBC-TV documentary of the same name. Shakespeare, once research assistant to well-known royal biographer Anthony Holden, is evidently an utter charmer, winning his way into the homes of even the most elusive ex- and would be kings, as well as sundry pretenders, royal chroniclers and hangers on. One such was King Umberto, the fourth and last King of Italy, who hadn't seen his country since May 1946, when he ruled for the grand total of 34 days. A referendum was held to decide whether Italians favoured a republic above a monarchy; they did. Pledging that "Italians will always choose the right way. I don't want to buy my throne with money or with blood", Umberto took off for Portugal. Banishment was "very, very frustrating, a very sad feeling" and every year he listened on the telephone to the cheers which sent the horses racing round the town square of Sienna for the Palio. He died in 1983 murmuring "Italia".

Ninety-three-year-old Mrs Habsburg Windsor claims to be the Queen's great-aunt and daughter to George V and Queen Maria Cristina Habsburg of Spain. Her room, in a Lisbon old people's home, is littered with back numbers of the *Spectator* and empty cigarette packets which she has built into a replica of Windsor Castle. Intermittently deaf, when Shakespeare asks her if she has a birth certificate or proof on paper, she nods her head and produces a blank sheet. Noticing his puzzled expression she adds, "Do you want a pen as well?"

Exiled royals are a funny lot. Some succeed in adapting to their new circumstances and do quite unexotic jobs, ranging from petrol pump attendants and chimney sweeps to insurance executives and MPs. Others feel they are good for nothing but sitting on a throne and spend their days in exile plotting a come-back. King Peter I of Yugoslavia would lament "I want to be a king . . . I'm not fit for anything else". He took his wife and family to America and invested all their money in two ventures that went broke. He sold wedding presents and his Yugoslav Order to pay their way; his wife, Alexandra, contemplated working as a swimsuit salesgirl. Back in Europe, hotels refused them and bailiffs impounded Alexandra's clothes. They resorted to selling the story of their demise. Alexandra wrote tellingly, "All my life, I have seen the neurotic results that exile has brought to political leaders. I know that facts cease to have a meaning for them and there comes instead a political mania which makes them talk and think only of their return." Their son Alexander was born in a royal suite of Claridges Hotel, London; the suite was declared Yugoslav territory for the occasion and proved to be Alexander's only experience of his national soil. He describes his father's life as "pathetic, a disaster". King Peter died of alcohol poisoning in Denver.

Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern had a passion for this Hollywood Queen, Lili Damita, but she ditched him for Errol Flynn

The author has a good nose for sniffing out rare anecdotes and this engaging book is stuffed with them, ranging from the whimsical to the gory. Many of the majesties appear to develop a passion for growing roses once in exile; a more robust Kaiser spent his days felling trees. On Louis XVIII's death in 1824, he was so decayed that a valet found a loose toe when pulling off his socks; Orélie-Antoine de Tounens of Araucania and Patagonia was fitted with a silver anus for his chronic dysentry; Princess Olga of Yugoslavia came out with the classic remark, "So boring not to reign"; the founder of the Yugoslav royal family, Black George, killed his mother by bonneting her with a hive of bees; the Chancellor of the Monarchist league, the Marquess of Bath, ends editorials in his journal with such phrases, GOD BE WITH YOU — I CAN'T ALWAYS; the number of men who claimed to be the son of Louis XVI exceeded 30; the Duke of Windsor, once in exile, argued over tips in restaurants and Louis Phillipe, the Bourgeois King, driven from France in 1848, the Year of the Revolutions, had a dry wit. Approached in England by a retired inn keeper saying, "Surely you remember me, Your Majesty, I kept the Crown," he replied, "That's more than I did."

Says Princess Teresa of Orléans and Braganca: "You know, I go to bed each night thanking God there are so many snobs in the world to keep us around." With lines like this, Shakespeare's book is a good read even for those who find Princess Diana and the royal sprogs utterly resistable.

— Ginny Dougary

BOOKS/John Merson

Moby nix

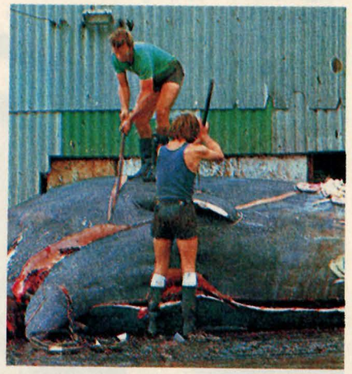
When European merchant-explorers first ventured into these southern waters looking for the economic main chance, they saw little to get excited about, except perhaps for the unselfconscious promiscuity of South Sea Islanders. Their long-term interests were in finding some economic resources which could be flogged for profit back in the homeland and after despairing at the lack of natural resources on the land, they turned to the large herds of whales which browsed up and down the coast. Logically enough, therefore, as soon as European settlement was established in Sydney Cove, whaling provided the colony with its major export. Whale blubber was boiled down in Mosman Bay to provide fine oil for the lamps of Europe and baleen provided the framework for umbrellas and those asphyxiating ladies' corsets.

The early whaling around Australia and the New Zealand coast was concerned primarily with species such as the right whale commonly found in large numbers close to the shore. The toll on this species was such that by 1850 it had almost become extinct (to this day the right whale remains one of the world's rarest mammals), and whalers were forced to go out to hunt the larger deep-sea species such as the sperm, the humpback and the blue whale. In 1847 there were 760 boats of the United States whaling fleet working in these waters; another 200 boats from Britain and France called at Australian ports for provisions that same year. Until the formation of the International Whaling Commission in 1946, the uncontrolled killing of whales had driven many more species close to extinction. However, due to the efforts of international environmental groups over the past 20 years, the International Whaling Commission in 1982 finally voted to end commercial whaling by 1985. The only countries still engaged in whaling, Japan and the USSR, are under pressure to stop.

The effect of the gradual reduction of the industry is that along the Australian and New Zealand coasts, we are now beginning to see increasing numbers of these graceful animals as they migrate from their summer feeding grounds around the Antarctic to the warmer waters of the equator during the winter. The pocket-size guide by Dr Alan Baker, curator of marine mammals at New Zealand's National Museum, provides clear drawings and photographs of the distinguishing features of each of the 45 species of whales, dolphins and porpoises that you are likely to see around our coast. The book, the first of its kind to be published in 45 years, also gives basic information on the natural history and behaviour of the species as well as some useful hints about what to do when whales beach themselves. This odd occurrence can be attributed to the social nature of whales who either follow a leader into shallow waters or hang around trying to help their stranded members until they in turn are caught in the outgoing tide.

Whales and Dolphins of Australia and New Zealand by Alan Baker (Victoria University Press, $12.95)

The Atlas of Australian Birds by Margaret Blakers, Stephen Davies and Pauline Reilly (Melbourne University Press, $49.00)



Flensing sperm whale at Frenchman Bay, WA, in 1975

We have 13 species of dolphins and one porpoise. Much has been made of their tendency to come to the aid of drowning humans, a form of behaviour which has, naturally enough, led to the belief that dolphins are endowed with almost super-human intelligence and altruism. In fact, as Baker points out, dolphins must come to the surface to breathe, and have evolved the habit of helping to the surface any of their group who may be injured or sinking. As we are of a similar size to many dolphins our floundering about in the water elicits this same response, much to the amazement of seamen throughout history who owe their lives to an obliging school of dolphins.

Baker's book, a classic of its kind, should be considered essential gear for all yachts and fishing boats. In New Zealand, the Department of Fisheries has begun to monitor all sightings in the hope of finding out if the numbers of rare and endangered species are increasing or declining. The blue whale, one of the largest mammals on earth, is down to perilously low numbers and could well be facing extinction. Let's hope that Dr Baker's book may prompt fishermen, yachtsmen and those who live along our coast to begin a similar monitoring programme here.

An excellent example of what can be done by amateur naturalists is the Royal Australasian Ornithological Union's *Atlas of Australian Birds*, the first complete records of the distribution, breeding habits and natural history of all our major species. Put together from the patient and dedicated observations of amateur bird watchers throughout the country, the project lasted five years and the three editors are to be commended for the book's clarity and thoroughness.

There are distribution maps on each page showing at a glance the rarity of a species or the precariousness of its adaptions to some limited geographical areas. Albert's lyrebird, for instance, is restricted to a small area of south-eastern Queensland and because its usual habitat is rain forest it is extremely vulnerable.

As well as native species, the book provides a brief natural history of imported birds.

What can't fail to impress anyone who picks up this large and extremely well-produced book is the phenomenal diversity of birds we have in this country and the very reasonable price being asked for the volume. My only complaint is the black and white drawings used to identify each species. It is a shame that the publishers could not have come up with some colour which would have made the book a more useful identification guide. Perhaps that would have also made the price prohibitive. That said, this too is an essential reference work for anyone who has even the remotest interest in the creatures with whom we share this strange southern continent. L&L

• *John Merson can be heard on* The Science Bookshop, *Sundays, 1pm, Radio 2*

FILMS/John Hinde

The Great Leone

An epic movie in time and scope

It's a fable. Three hours and 47 minutes of it. Wandering and almost lost sometimes. Bloodshed, violence and rape unbearably visual and unrepentant, and carelessly public. Laced together with a grand passion. A rise to power and wealth through sentiment, buddyism and the brittle solidarity born of the ghetto. Even a *Kabuki* Cleopatra. All of it wrapped inside an opium dream. And only one star, Robert De Niro.

Three hours and 47 minutes of this? — Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in America.* Who wants it? But in fact what could be better? Except perhaps the four-hour, 10 minute version that hardly anyone has been allowed to see; probably *not* the two-hour, 25 minute re-edited film being circulated in the Americas, to small audiences.

For the American market, the US distributors slashed more than a third out of Leone's European version and changed the entire flow of its sometimes grand and sometimes clumsy spiral through time. Worse still, in any film buff's view, they did it without consulting Leone, the maker. So critics and film buffs at least can count themselves lucky that the Australian distributors, Roadshow, decided to try the European version here.

Nobody has much illusion about *Once Upon a Time in America* turning out to be everyone's movie. But it will be for every old-time gang-buff and most film buffs. And it will be a legend in its own time.

It's a film in the great tradition, where the story is almost nothing in itself, and the structure everything. In the story it's 1921 at first. Four Jewish kids from the New York ghetto drift into a gang with Max, a boy from the Bronx. Just as they're celebrating their first big success, the baby of the gang is killed and one of the others, Noodles, is sent to jail for killing the killer. A dozen years later, Noodles (now De Niro) comes out into the last, great days of Prohibition to find himself and the rest of the gang rich in the speakeasy business.

De Niro and McGovern: the great tradition

But his boyhood love, Deborah, has become an actress of some fame, and still spurns Noodles because, as she said when they were kids, he'll never, at heart, be more than a small-time hood. Rejected, Noodles informs on Max's plan for the gang to rob the Federal Reserve Bank, and goes into hiding for 35 years. When he's flushed out, can it be that one of the old gang survived a shoot-out with the cops?

Clearly, all this could have been the script for any old B-grade movie. But Leone and his four writers (all Italian) have wrapped it into one of the most intricate time-structures of modern narrative film, flashing backward and forward, into and out of real time. It is all magnificently complex.

Better still, Leone for once has no heroes. His kids are punks at best, and always will be; likeable enough sometimes, if you're on the safe side of the screen, but without love for anyone, except themselves. But among them Leone does unveil a love passage of strange tenderness and passion, when the young Noodles peers through a peephole in a washroom wall to watch the young Deborah dance, for the pleasure of herself and her own body, in the storeroom next door. The young Deborah is played so beautifully by Jennifer Connelly that it seems almost beyond belief when, grown up, she becomes Elizabeth McGovern, the one disaster in a splendid cast. Passionless and dull as always (apart from her success in *Ordinary People*) McGovern makes it impossible to believe in Noodles' life-long love.

Otherwise, this big, fascinating movie is crowded with great character performances. James Wood is the saturnine gang leader, Max. Tuesday Weld is his girlfriend who, out of love for him, organises his betrayal. Treat Williams is Jimmy O'Donnell the straight and passionately socialist truckers' leader who nevertheless provides the entry for the gang into more organised crime among the labour unions. Burt Young does an irresistibly repulsive cameo bit as Joe.

If you recoil from violence — even Elizabethan violence — you won't want to see *Once Upon a Time in America*. But you will be missing an unforgettable movie, flawed, but with more than a touch of greatness.

Our own Fred Schepisi's *Iceman* is about rather more noble savages than Leone's. One of them is a "primitive man" dug out of the polar ice and restored to life, the rest people mostly as well meaning as you and me. Between them they cause something of the same degree of suffering and death.

You can come to love *Iceman*, though, if you survive a very slow beginning. The moderns house the Iceman (played with great Neanderthal charm by John Lone) in a fantasy of technology: a small temperate forest landscaped into a man-made cavern under a dome in the perpetual ice. Some of the moderns want to vivisect him. Dr Timothy Hutton protects him, until culture-shock tragically upsets everyone's plans. *Iceman* is a visually excellent film that becomes emotionally fascinating and then actually moving, after that slow first 20 minutes.

Paul Mazursky's *Moscow on the Hudson* is about the prettier culture shocks in store for a Soviet musician who defects from the shopping queues and the short supplies of Moscow for the glittering shop windows of New York. It's as predictable as this sounds. Like all Mazursky films it has moments of charm and perception. But basically it seems designed to reassure Americans that New York really still is God's own concrete jungle, and that Moscow belongs more than ever to the other side . . . although the people are nice, once they can get away. L&L

Supreme test

New attempts on Schubert's peak

One of the greatest song-cycles ever written, *Winterreise* is also one of the most challenging, as the composer wrote comparatively few dynamic markings providing opportunities for a singer to interpret the music in his own way.

The song-cycle consists of 24 songs, and it has been said that never before had a composer set verses to music with such psychological insight. It deals with the despair of a love-sick man who is driven away from his lover out into inhospitable wintry nature. In the final song Schubert's Wanderer comes face to face with a hurdy-gurdy man who grinds his instrument across monotonous bass fifths. In many ways this song is the key to the whole cycle.

Gerald Moore, the famous accompanist, felt the cycle should end with a strong defiant cry from the singer; however, the critic Alec Robertson disagreed with Moore, saying that Schubert had a quiet ending in mind, as the Wanderer is going off into death, leaving the listener drained of emotion. Other questions are raised in this cycle: does the wanderer lose his sanity, or is he on a journey from which he cannot return with both feet firmly planted on the ground?; is he greatly affected by the ringing of the post horn ("Die Post") and the illusion that he sees ("Tauschung"), or does he really shrug these things off, realising they provide no good news for him?

The listener's conception of the Wanderer's attitudes will assist in the choosing of a recording of this epic work, for there is no solitary version of *Winterreise* in the catalogue that stands out as the only one to buy. If there were only one way of performing the work why would Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau have recorded it five times in 30 years with four different pianists? It's important also to realise that the piano is an equal partner with the singer in *Winterreise*, and that is why the pianist's performance has to be considered almost as much as the singer's before a decision is made by the record buyer.

The two new versions released this month are competing against very formidable competition. Fischer-Dieskau's four available versions are all important and there's a new one with Alfred Brendel as a partner due for release shortly on Philips. Hans Hotter and Gerald Moore combined in 1955 and this performance has recently been reissued on an EMI Electrola recording. Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten received critical acclaim for their interpretation on Decca in 1965, while earlier this year bass Kurt Moll and Cord Garben on Orfeo and Haken Hagegard and Thomas Schuback on RCA recorded their versions to a chorus of praise from many critics.

Hermann Prey, who first sang *Winterreise* in 1952, has recorded the work on two previous occasions for EMI and Philips, and this new Denon version is the first available *Winterreise* on compact disc. The pressings on the vinyl LP's are splendid and it is a pleasure hearing the work without surface noise and crackle. My only reservation about the Denon recording is the hardness and brightness of sound at the top of the range. The balance between singer and piano is good and I was very impressed with the warm full-bodied sound of pianist Philippe Bianconi's Bösendorfer Imperial. On the other hand the BIS recording is quite muddy, and Ralf Gothóni's Bösendorfer sounds a different instrument to Bianconi's — much thinner in texture altogether.

Prey's performance is sensitive and free from the mannerisms that have spoilt Fishcer-Dieskau's thoughtful and detailed interpretations. This Wanderer sets out from his lover's house with a purpose. His "Gute Nacht" is free of the rubato that is particularly evident in Kurt Moll's performance of the song on the Orfeo recording. Prey's pianissimo singing in the final verse of "Gute Nacht" is well controlled and matched by Bianconi's measured accompaniment. Prey and Bianconi agree with Gerald Moore's philosophy that the singer and the pianist should not slow down in the second section of "Die Post" but should keep the song moving at the same speed throughout, even though there is a very noticeable change of mood. The absence of the energetic dotted quavers in the second section gives the impression that the pace has slowed down anyway, and Prey's lovely covered tone and sensitive phrasing are more effective than the dramatic variation in tempo provided by Marti Talvela and Ralf Gothóni.

Prey interprets the cycle in a similar way to Hans Hotter in his EMI recording with Gerald Moore, reissued and available now in Australia. Prey does not get too distracted by the crow, the vision he sees or the sound of the post horn. His Wanderer knows full well there will be no returning from this winter's journey. At the end of the cycle he achieves some of Hotter's extraordinary bleakness but spoils the ending of "Der Leierman" for me by increasing his volume along with the pianist in those final notes that bring this work to a shattering conclusion. Lotte Lehmann said that at the end of the cycle one is "lost in emptiness and submerged in nothingness and the greatest lack of expression at this point is the acme of expression". Only Hans Hotter with Gerald Moore achieves this mood which makes his recording an essential one for lovers of *Winterreise*. Prey's reading, however, contains many perceptive insights, and his accompanist supports him admirably.

On the other hand Talvela's interpretation barely skims the surface. His magnificent bass voice makes some exciting sounds but there is insufficient tonal variety to sustain interest for the whole cycle. The other full-blooded bass who has recorded the cycle, Kurt Moll, obtains far more variety and a greater tonal colour in his performance, and also has the services of an astute pianist in Cord Garben.

Winterreise is a unique work. Never before or since has a song-cycle been so full of despair, anguish and hopelessness. No light, no warmth, penetrates its dark, cold world. It is the supreme test for any singer or pianist. Prey's Wanderer moves us more than most by its direct approach and understatement, and the new Denon recording invites comparison with the finest *Winterreise*'s on record. In my opinion, they are Hotter with Gerald Moore on EMI (1C 147 01274 and 5), Fischer-Dieskau with Daniel Barenboim on Deutsche Gramophon (2707 118) and Kurt Moll with Cord Garben on Orfeo (S 042832H). L&L

Schubert: *Winterreise* Op 89 D 911 *(A Winter's Journey)*
Hermann Prey, baritone; Philippe Gianconi, piano.
Also on Compact Disc 038377240
DENON Digital OB 7400 ND

Marti Talvela, bass; Ralf Gothóni, piano.
BIS Digital LP 253/254

Young Blue Eyes is back

In late 1939, Tommy Dorsey, the trombonist/bandleader known as The Sentimental Gentleman of Swing, heard a skinny kid from Hoboken, New Jersey, singing with the Harry James Orchestra. Not averse to stealing talent from other bands, he went after the young man for his own band. And at that time, what Dorsey wanted, Dorsey got. So in January 1940, "Frankie" Sinatra, 24, joined the Dorsey Orchestra, and musical history was about to be made.

The entire Dorsey/Sinatra sessions 1940 to 1942 can now be heard in all their glory beginning with the two starry ballads, "The Sky Fell Down" and "Too Romantic". The band at that time included the swinging clarinetist John Muenzenberger, commonly known as Johnny Mince, and a powerhouse of a drummer, Buddy Rich. Rich, incidentally, plays on all tracks, yet it is no secret that he and Sinatra were not exactly buddy-buddies in the early days. Their feuding during the Dorsey years is legendary, as is their continuing friendship today.

Those 1940 sides contain 42 tunes which fill volume one and one record of volume two. The band swings solidly and often as not purrs behind Sinatra, The Sultan of Swoon, as he handles what was called the vocal refrain, sounding as smoochy as all-get-out. He also shows a sensitive feeling for a lyric and exquisite enunciation — as he still does today — but in those salad days his voice was lighter and, let's face it, younger.

His bewitching style illumines "Polka Dots and Moonbeams", "I'll be Seeing You" and "Fools Rush In", while "East of the Sun", played by a splinter group from the Orchestra called the Dorsey Sentimentalists, showcases Frank and some zippy vocalising by the band, before the late, great trumpeter, Bunny Berigan — who is heard on 14 cuts all told — explodes into an unforgettable, if too short, solo. When Frank sings "I'll Never Smile Again", accompanied by the well-tuned vocal group, the Pied Pipers, one sadly feels he really never will. Happily, though, this recording was a big, big hit and sold millions.

The 1941 sessions begin with the bouncy "Oh Look At Me Now" with Connie Haines and the Pied Pipers sharing the vocal chores. By this time, Berigan was out of the trumpet section and another famous Swing Era trumpetman, Ziggy Elman, was in. Later that January, "Dolores" and "Without a Song" were recorded, and the February dates brought forth the poignant pair, "Do I Worry?" and, complete with verse, "Everything Happens To Me". "Let's Get Away From It All" is bright and breezy, and in there swinging is one of the most gifted of all the female popular singers, Jo Stafford.

Frank Sinatra in 1943

1942 was another very good year, with Sinatra, backed by the Pied Pipers, tenderly singing "Just As Though You Were Here" and "Street Of Dreams" in May, and June came bustin' out all over with "Be Careful, It's My Heart" and "In The Blue Of Evening". If the final session of July 2nd 1942 produced only the low wattage of "Light A Candle In The Chapel", we can nonetheless be thankful that all the Dorsey/Sinatra collaborations are preserved within these three volumes. There are some dog tunes among the collection, but there are also popular songs that have become jazz classics, sung by perhaps the finest interpreter of the great American popular song. There is also a swing band led by a star trombonist whose distinctive warm, silken playing is luxuriously easy on the ears.

* * *

ABC-FM's two series of *Jazz Classics In Stereo* will by now have rendered Robert Parker's remarkable feats of disc reclamation almost commonplace, yet all the more enjoyable for their extension to the two albums of selections from the radio programmes.

There is much to enjoy in this second volume, from a 1926 Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers outing on "Sidewalk Blues" to the 1933 Eddie South Orchestra with their interpretation of "My! Oh, My!" South's singing may be that of your run-of-the-mill vocalist of the early thirties, but his violin-playing more than makes up for any inadequacies. He was one of the true jazz violinists and a vastly underrated one at that. The slaphappy bassist in the group, Milt Hinton, is still going strong and only last year in New York recorded with Bob and Len Barnard.

The Morton contribution is an intriguing mixture of street sound effects and good hot jazz, even if Jelly is no great shakes with his comedy patter at the beginning and end. The first of the classic blues singers, Ma Rainey, shows her simple, direct style on "Hear Me Talking To You", accompanied by her musical director, pianist Thomas A. (Georgia Tom) Dorsey — no connection with the aforementioned Tommy.

Benny Goodman's clarinet proficiency, even as a 19-year-old, can be heard on "That's Aplenty"; the Austin High Gang and friends deliver a punchy "Nobody's Sweetheart", even if the "out" chorus is not too well wrapped up; there's a spirited Louis Armstrong solo and a striding Earl Hines on the 1928 "Savoyagers Stomp"; and what was considered pretty darned hot in 1927 — Red McKenzie playing his comb (in tissue paper) and singing "What do I Care what Somebody Said".

Although it is arguable whether all selections are strictly jazz "classics", nobody can dispute that "Singin' the Blues" by the Frankie Trumbauer Orchestra is the genuine article. The masterful soloing by the legendary young man with a horn, Bix Beiderbecke, on cornet and Tram (Trumbauer) on C melody saxophone is an important milestone in the annals of this art form. Bix, the idol of the Jazz Age, is at his lyrical best. L&L

RCA CPL2-4334/5/6
The Tommy Dorsey/Frank Sinatra Sessions
(3-vol. 2-record sets)

ABC RECORDS L-38212 — EMI
Jazz Classics in Digital Stereo Vol. 2 — Chicago

◀ From Page 39

my mind, which is very important — I've never known a writer who didn't feel that the title was something important; it's very often a show of your confidence in what you're doing. I don't know why that should be so, but an inspired title usually means a book which the author has felt strongly towards and believes in.

"And so I had all that in my mind. Then of course it's very hard to come anywhere near the standard one has set because one has the standard of the best writers and one isn't going to be of that magnitude very generally. I began to write it and I threw a lot away and it took me in the end about seven years. In the end I was glad I had thrown stuff away and begun all over again. Though it was very discouraging at the time, I think it got better. Of course it's never what one wants, but some lines of it might be what one wants. That's about as much as one can expect."

Well, it's enough to say that I think every paragraph is packed with marvellous and delicate observations about the way people live their lives. But there's been a lot of discussion — and I know you don't like literary analysis — about what's being symbolised by the idea of Venus briefly obscuring the sun.

"I think it's the sense of all of life and the universe, and that we are, our passions are, very transient things. But the whole of passion of course goes on, it's transmitted to the level of the human race. It was this sense of our little existence in this universe and also the sense of the preordained astronomical event. I wanted to give a sense of events coming round. I've seen a very very great deal of that in my life. It's a thing that nobody could convince me is otherwise. I know that there is destiny and I've seen how events in an extraordinary way come round and how people, by what they put into life, very often generate the things that are to come. They certainly create their own personality and therefore their role in events. Of course there are many accidents, there are many terrible things that can happen just fortuitously, but there is also this very strong sense of things fulfilling themselves. I don't just mean retribution, but a cyclical effect of fulfilment, a sort of wholeness really. And I wanted that to be very strong in the book."

And it seems as though sometimes the characters in the book are able to understand this underlying structure and take advantage of it, but in many cases they're unable to.

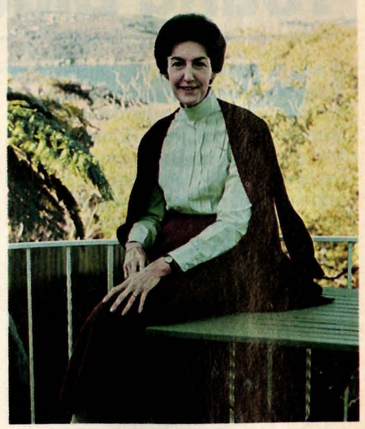
"Yes, but life's like that, and you know that even things you're aware of you can't change sometimes. You can be conscious and being conscious of course does alter things somewhat. But there are things of passion that you may know are not going to be good for you or for anybody, and yet you can't change them. That's what I mean about destiny."

I suppose if there's one thread in your life and the novels it is that much of your writing seems to come directly from the European humanist tradition, of a belief in rationality, a belief in a structured world, in human volition. Given that that's failed to some extent in the United Nations, which could have been almost a monument to that sort of rationality, do you have any doubts about the universe from which you are writing?

> '. . . we see the rise of technology, which has no ethical content except what we would give it'

"It's not so much that humanism failed or the United Nations failed. The concepts are sometimes valid and could even be fulfilled completely in some moments of enlightened human existence. But to allow a thing like the United Nations to *continue* is our failure. We should be asking something better. The countries we're talking about — Europe, Australia, the United States — are still living with humanism. But it's in decline. I think, alas, we see the death of humanism. That's not a very optimistic thing to say, but it's in evidence. I can hardly deny myself this observation. And something that's very troubling to me is to see the intelligentsia, who should be defending it, cheering on the death of humanism. An element at any rate of the intelligentsia have a kind of macho thing of talking about realism and modernism as if these were ideologies to which we have to cling. Whereas humanism gave universal meaning to our existence and our existence within nature.

"It's now I think in a very accelerated decline and we see the rise of technology, which has become a law unto itself, which has no ethical content except what we would give it. Instead, we



are submissive to it and worship it and think of the future as if we were helpless to create any different kind of future. We're accepting the future as if this were something ordained, over which we have no control whatever. But it's not. This isn't the only future we might have. So that to me a world without humanism isn't a world I would want to live in. And I think in my most melancholy moments I am glad not to be born now, because I think even the people who are rather cheering on all these accelerated changes haven't yet taken the reckoning of what a world, a society without humanism, is going to be. I have no idea what it will be, but I also don't particularly want to find out."

And will you be tackling the breakdown, or the partial breakdown, of humanism in your next novel?

"I don't know that it will come out that way. Of course I will be conscious of it and it probably will seep in here and there. But it won't be a matter of tackling it. I wouldn't go head on at it. I'm also interested in what enables people to go on and fulfil themselves, what enables people to mature, to bring their talents forward and to enlarge their lives; and why some people who have many things going for them, who have a lot of possibilities, opportunities — this is very much a dilemma of our society — don't go ahead and enlarge their lives. I don't know why that is. We've all seen it and we all experience it in some way too, and that's really one of the themes of this next novel of mine." L&L

• *This is an edited version of an interview broadcast in* Radio Helicon *on ABC Radio 2*

ABC RADIO 2
NOVEMBER PROGRAMMES

Sydney 2FC 576 Canberra 2CY 846
Newcastle 2NA 1512 Melbourne 3AR 621
Brisbane 4QG 792 Adelaide 5CL 729
Perth 6WN 810 Hobart 7ZL 603
Times are 30 minutes earlier in Adelaide

Times and details of programmes were correct at the time of going to press.

SATURDAY

6.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

6.10 . . . . . **MORNING MUSIC**
(SA News 6.30)

7.15 . . . . . **NEWS**

7.30 . . . . . **WORLD ROUNDUP**

7.40 . . . . . **INDIAN-PACIFIC**
News and comment on events in our region.

8.15 . . . . . **THE WEEK IN BUSINESS**

8.30 . . . . . **BILL BELCHER'S BAND BAZAAR**
(WA 9.00, SA 9.32, Tas, Qld 11.30)

9.00 . . . . . **PRACTICALITIES**
Life skills with Stephen Rapley.
(WA 9.30)
(SA programmes half hour earlier from 9.00)

9.45 . . . . . **INSIGHT**
Series about personal belief.
(WA 10.15)

10.00 . . . . . **NEWS IN BRIEF**

10.02 . . . . . **MUSIC/TALK**
(WA 10.30 News)

12.00 . . . . . **THE GOON SHOW**

12.30 . . . . . **NEWS**

12.40 . . . . . **THE SCIENCE SHOW**
With Robyn Williams

1.30 . . . . . **NEWS**

1.40 . . . . . **MY MUSIC**
(WA 1.30)

2.10 . . . . . **THE SHOWMAN**
With John West
(WA 2.00)

3.00 . . . . . **NEWS IN BRIEF**

3.02 . . . . . **SERIAL**
MY COUSIN RACHEL, six-part dramatisation of Daphne du Maurier's novel of love and suspicion with Jennie Linden as Rachel.

3.30 . . . . . **POINT TAKEN**
Features on cultural affairs.
(WA 3.20)
3rd: Berlin's Avant Gardes; *10th*: Beyond Steam Radio (see Worth Noting)

4.00 . . . . . **TALES FROM THE SOUTH CHINA SEAS**
17th at 4.00 pm: WHO WAS THAT PIANIST 1/4 — a further series of the popular programmes on piano competitions, devised and presented by Rex Hobcroft. (WA 3.50)

5.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

5.05 . . . . . **THE COMING OUT SHOW**
10th — three part series on rural women (see Worth Noting)
(WA 5.10)

5.50 . . . . . **MUSIC**
(SA: Arts Forum)
(WA 6.00)

6.15 . . . . . **SINGERS OF RENOWN**
With John Cargher

7.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

7.15 . . . . . **CANDID CAMERON**
(3rd Saturday Guest)

7.30 . . . . . **MUSIC**
3rd at 7.30pm — ABELARD AND HELOISE — a programme inspired by a well-known 12th century love affair.
At 8.30pm — FROM THE 1984 SCHWETZINGEN FESTIVAL — Four programmes from this popular European Festival. Programme 1: The Philip Jones Brass Ensemble.
At 10.15pm — TRADITIONAL MUSIC FROM GREECE 4/4 — Peter Parkhill presents music of Crete and its on-going tradition in Australia.
10th at 7.30pm— NED'S PROGRESS — a musical chronology of the legend of Ned Kelly.
At 8.30pm — FROM THE 1984 SCHWETZINGEN FESTIVAL 2/4 Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, music by Bach, Mozart.
17th at 7.30pm — FROM THE 1984 SCHWETZINGEN FESTIVAL 3/4 — Vienna Quartet, music by Mozart, Janáček; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra and the Munich Bach soloists, music by Monteverdi and Scarlatti.
At 10.15pm — TRADITIONAL MUSIC FROM THE ASIAN MUSIC ROSTRUM OF 1983 1/3.
24th at 7.30pm — FROM THE 1984 SCHWETZINGEN FESTIVAL 4/4 — music performed by Nuovo Compagnia di Canto Popolare Napoli, and the Philharmonic Cellists of Cologne.

10.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

10.15 . . . . . **MUSIC**

11.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

11.10 . . . . . **MEDITATION**

11.15 . . . . . **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 . . . . . **CLOSE**

SUNDAY

6.00 . . . . . **MORNING MUSIC**
Including News 7.15.
(SA News 6.15 and 7.15) (WA 6.30 and 7.15)
(SA half hour earlier, except Sacred Music at 11.00)

8.00 . . . . . **FROM THE BRITISH WEEKLIES**

8.15 . . . . . **CORRESPONDENTS REPORT**
Reports from Around the World.

8.45 . . . . . **OCKHAM'S RAZOR (Science)**

9.00 . . . . . **SUNDAY MORNING CONCERT**
With Ralph Collins

10.00 . . . . . **NEWS**

10.10 . . . . . **BACKGROUND BRIEFING**
Looking behind contemporary issues and events. 4th: New Caledonia — Stephen Rapley reports on tensions between the independence front and the French colonists.
(WA 10.36) (WA 10.30 News)

11.00 . . . . . **SACRED MUSIC**
With Kay McLennan
(WA 11.30)

12.00 . . . . . **MUSIC**
(Vic: Arts View. Qld: Focus) (SA 10.30)

12.30 . . . . . **NEWS**

12.40 . . . . . **REPORT FROM ASIA**

1.00 . . . . . **SCIENCE BOOKSHOP**
With John Merson

1.30 . . . . . **NEWS**

1.40 . . . **The 1984 Boyer Lectures:** Shirley Hazzard on coming of age in Australia.

2.10 . . . . . **MUSIC FOR PLEASURE**
With John Cargher

4.10 . . . . . **THE POET'S TONGUE**
Nov 4: SYLVIA PLATH, arranged and presented by Jennifer Compton. Reader: Gillian Jones.
Nov 11: New Zealand poet Loris Edmond reads a selection of her work.
Nov 18: NATALYA GORBANEVSKAYA, presented by Rosemary Dobson. Readers: Helen Morse and Judy Morris.
Nov 25: JENNIFER RANKIN, presented by Martin Harrison. Reader: Judy Davis.

4.30 . . . . . **SUNDAY PLAY**
Nov 4: THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY. Episode 5. Continuing the new adaptation in six one-hour episodes by Michael Le Moignan and Larry Lucas of the classic Australian trilogy by Henry Handel Richardson. Production by Robert Cubbage and David Chandler with John Derum and Gennie Nevinson as Richard and Mary Mahony.
Nov 11: THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY Episode 6 (Final).

Nov 18: ACCESS TO THE CHILDREN. A BBC adaptation of William Trevor's novel with George Cole of *Minder* fame.
Nov 25: THE PARADISE PARROT by Donald Hutley. A comedy set in a Queensland coastal town. The reappearance of an exotic bird extinct since 1922 has profound effects on the locals.

5.30 ..... **SUNDAY SERVICE**

6.15 ..... **INDIAN-PACIFIC**
(Repeat-broadcast Saturday 7.40am)

6.45 ..... **SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT**
Current affairs.

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

7.15 ..... **LETTER FROM AMERICA**
Alistair Cooke

7.30 ..... **THE AUSTRALIAN OPERA ON ABC RADIO.**
4th: Fidelio; 11th: Das Rheingold; 18th: The Marriage of Figaro; 25th: Tales of Hoffman.
(4th 10.00 News, 10.15 Sunday Recital)

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **EPILOGUE**

11.20 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

MONDAY

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.10 ..... **WORLD ROUNDUP**
(Not 2NA, Q'ld, WA)

6.20 ..... **BREAKFAST**
(Including News at 7.15 and 8.00; World Roundup at 7.30; Morning Book Reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume: Melbourne murder mystery first published in 1887.)
(SA News 6.30 and 7.15.)

9.00 ..... **FOR THE MUSIC LOVER**
10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.02 ..... **SPEAKING PERSONALLY**
SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD — REFLECTIONS OF A MALTREATED CHILD by Ray Willich. 20 episodes. (SA 11.10)

10.20 ..... **BY THE WAY**
Religious and ethical issues
(SA, WA 11.25) (WA: 10.30 News)
Nov 5-9: UGANDAN ADVENTURE. Madge Prentice tells of work with the Church Missionary Society.
Nov 12-16: HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD, (Dr Beryl Bowring). A medical worker with the London Missionary society describes life in a village hospital in Bengal from 1935 to 1948.
Nov 19-23: QUESTIONS ABOUT JESUS. The Reverend Dudley Hyde with some controversial answers to the questions — Who was Jesus? Why was he killed? What did he teach? What does he mean today?
Nov 26-30: OUR ONLY WAY. The work of the Dominican Order founded in Australia 100 years ago. Sister Gillian Havey describes the education emphasis of the Order's founder, Mother Rose Columba Adams O.P.

10.32 ..... **MUSIC**

11.00 ..... **KINDERGARTEN**
(SA, WA 11.35)

11.15 ..... **ABOUT CHILDREN**
(SA, WA 11.50)

11.25 ..... **EDUCATION**
(Not SA, WA)

12.00 ..... **COUNTRY HOUR**
Including News 12.30, National Farm Report 12.50.
(SA, WA News 12.00 and 1.00)

1.00 ..... **TALK**
Letter from America (B'cast Sunday 7.15 pm)

1.15 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS**
(SA 12.55, WA 1.18)

1.23 ..... **NOTES ON THE NEWS**
(SA 1.30)

1.30 ..... **NEWS, WEATHER, MUSIC**

2.00 ..... **EDUCATION**
(SA 1.40, WA 1.45)

3.00 ..... **MUSIC**
(WA 3.15, SA 3.30)
(SA programme half hour earlier from 3.30)

5.00 ..... **NEWSVOICE**
(WA 3.00, 5.00 News)

5.15 ..... **TALK**
Roundabout

5.58 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT**
(Qld 5.57, SA 6.53)

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.05 ..... **PM**
(WA 6.00)

6.30 ..... **TALK**
Monitor with Eva Cox and Kate Miller.

6.55 ..... **NEWS COMMENTARY**

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

MONDAY NIGHT

(SA half hour earlier all evenings)

7.15 ..... **THE WEEK IN FILM**
With John Hinde

7.30 ..... **MUSICIANS OF AUSTRALIA**
Nov 5: Robert Curry (piano) playing works by Szymanowski and Bartok.
Nov 12: Catherine Hewgill (cello) and Michael Cole (piano) playing works by Valenti, Debussy and Ravel.
Nov 19: Kenneth Weir (organ) playing works by Bach.
Nov 26: Diana Weekes (piano) playing works by Clementi and Beethoven.

8.00 ..... **RADIO HELICON**
Features and documentaries on literature, history, music, art and people from Australia and overseas.
Nov 5: ROBERT LOWELL: written and narrated by Ian Hamilton, author of a recent biography of the noted American poet; with Ron Haddrick reading the poems.
Nov 12: DEAR GENERAL, MY DEAR MR PRIME MINISTER by Hank Nelson. Wartime correspondence between John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia, and General Douglas Macarthur, Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in the South-West Pacific.
THE BRENDAN VOYAGE. The *Brendan Suite* is a series of pieces for uilleann pipe and orchestra and is based on *The Brendan Voyage* — Tim Severin's account of his attempt to recreate the 6th century voyage of St Brendan. Includes an interview with composer, Shaun Davey, and readings from the book.
Nov 19: A YEAR SPENT AT CAHORS by Michael Alexander. Michael Alexander recalls some awkward and amusing experiences during a year spent teaching in a French school.
CLAUDE OLLIER. Kaye Mortley's feature including an interview with this noted French writer and excerpts from some of his plays.
Nov 26: WHETHER A DOVE OR A SEAGULL — LIFE WITH SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. A radio feature by James Waites about English author and poet Sylvia Townsend Warner and her relationship with Valentine Ackland. Includes interviews with friends and letters from a recently published volume.

10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.15 ..... **BACKGROUND BRIEFING**
(Repeat-broadcast Sunday 10.10am)
A weekly documentary looking behind contemporary issues and events.

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **MEDITATION**
Extracts from great writings, including poetry, exploring the experience of meditation.

11.15 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

TUESDAY

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.10 ..... **WORLD ROUNDUP**
(Not 2NA, Q'ld, WA)

6.20 ..... **BREAKFAST**
(Including News at 7.15 and 8.00; World Roundup at 7.30; Morning Book Reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume at 8.30.)
(SA News 6.30 and 7.15)

9.00 ..... **FOR THE MUSIC LOVER**
10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.02 ..... **SPEAKING PERSONALLY**
SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD — REFLECTIONS OF A MALTREATED CHILD by Ray Willich.
(SA 11.10)

10.20 ..... **BY THE WAY**
Religious and ethical issues. See Monday.
(SA, WA 11.25) (WA: 10.30 News)

10.32 ..... **MUSIC**

11.00 ..... **KINDERGARTEN**
(SA, WA 11.35)

11.15 ..... **ABOUT CHILDREN**
(SA, WA 11.50)

11.25 ..... **EDUCATION**
(Not SA, WA)

12.00 ..... **COUNTRY HOUR**
Including News 12.30, National Farm Report 12.50.
(SA, WA News 12.00 and 1.00)

1.00 ..... **TALK**
RESOURCES '84.
(SA 1.15, WA 1.05)

1.15 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS**
(SA 12.55, WA 1.18)

1.23 ..... **NOTES ON THE NEWS**
(SA 1.30)

1.30 ..... **NEWS, WEATHER, MUSIC**

2.00 ..... **EDUCATION**
(SA 1.40, WA 1.45)

3.00 ..... **MUSIC**
(WA 3.15, SA 3.30)
(SA programme half hour earlier from 3.30)

5.00 ..... **NEWSVOICE**
(WA 3.00, 5.00 News)

5.15 ..... **TALK**
Profile.
5.30 Warmboot — the lighter side of the computer world.

5.58 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT**
(Qld 5.57, SA 6.53)

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.05 ..... **PM**
(WA 6.00)

6.30 ..... **TALK**
The Law Report with Michael Cosby.

6.55 ..... **NEWS COMMENTARY**

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

TUESDAY NIGHT

7.15 ..... **TUESDAY DESPATCH**
Discussion on social and political issues.

8.00 ..... **MUSIC**
PIANO MUSIC OF YORK BOWEN
Nov 6 at 8.45pm — NUREMBERG 1984 — First of four programmes of highlights from this year's Nuremberg Organ Week Festival, music for organ, harpsichord, chamber orchestra,
Nov 13 at 8.00pm — NUREMBERG 1984 Music for harpsichord and choir.
Nov 20 at 8.00pm — NUREMBERG 1984 Music for organ and chamber orchestra.
Nov 27 at 8.00pm — NUREMBERG 1984 Music for harpsichord and a performance of the Monteverdi Vespers.

10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.15 ..... **THE SCIENCE SHOW**
(Repeat-broadcast Saturday 12.40pm)

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **MEDITATION**

11.15 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

WEDNESDAY

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.10 ..... **WORLD ROUNDUP**
(Not 2NA, Q'ld, WA)

6.20 ..... **BREAKFAST**
(Including News at 7.15 and 8.00; World Roundup at 7.30; Morning Book Reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume at 8.30.)
(SA News 6.30 and 7.15)

9.00 ..... **FOR THE MUSIC LOVER**
10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.02 ..... **SPEAKING PERSONALLY**
SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD — REFLECTIONS OF A MALTREATED CHILD by Ray Willich.
(SA 11.10)

10.20 ..... **BY THE WAY**
Religious and ethical issues. See Monday.
(SA, WA 11.25) (WA: 10.30 News)

10.32 ..... **MUSIC**

11.00 ..... **KINDERGARTEN**
(SA, WA 11.35)

11.15 ..... **ABOUT CHILDREN**
(SA, WA 11.50)

11.25 ..... **EDUCATION**
(Not SA, WA)

12.00 ..... **COUNTRY HOUR**
Including News 12.30, National Farm Report 12.50.
(SA, WA News 12.00 and 1.00)

1.00 ..... **TALK**
World Wednesday.

1.15 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS**
(SA 12.55, WA 1.18)

1.23 ..... **NOTES ON THE NEWS**
(SA 1.30)

1.30 ..... **NEWS, WEATHER, MUSIC**

2.00 ..... **EDUCATION**
(SA 1.40, WA 1.45)

3.00 ..... **MUSIC**
(WA 3.15, SA 3.30)
(SA programme half hour earlier from 3.30)

5.00 ..... **NEWSVOICE**
(WA 3.00, 5.00 News)

5.15 ..... **TALK**
World Wednesday (B'cast 1.00pm). 5.30 Roundabout
(From 21st *The Watermen* — 5-part series on boats, boatbuilding and sailing.

5.58 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT**
(Qld 5.57, SA 6.53)

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.05 ..... **PM**
(WA 6.00)

6.30 ..... **TALK**
Technology Report with Peter Hunt.

6.55 ..... **NEWS COMMENTARY**

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7.15 ..... **JOURNAL OF RELIGION**
Nov 7: Patrick Kirkwood presents a review of recent magazines and periodicals.
Nov 14: Discussion by Tasmanian environmentalists.
Nov 21: Rev Dr John Williams of Melbourne asks "Is the Grim Reaper really Grim?"
Nov 28: Religion and politics.

7.30 ..... **EARLY MUSIC**
Nov 7: THE SYBIL OF THE RHINE — HILDEGARD OF BINGEN: a programme looking at the life and music of this remarkable 12th century nun.
Nov 14: LA ROMANESCA: a concert from the opening season of the Araluen Arts Centre, Alice Springs, music of the court of love.
Nov 21: GATHER YE ROSEBUDS — music of the Stuart and Commonwealth courts.
Nov 28: THE THRESHING FLOOR: the first of three programmes exploring dance music from medieval times to the 18th century. The first programme encompasses music from the medieval times to the Renaissance.

8.30/9.00 ..... **DRAMA WEDNESDAY**
Nov 7, 8.30pm: TOURMALINE. An adaptation of the novel by Randolph Stow. The remaining inhabitants of a derelict gold-rush town place their faith in a diviner to find them gold and water.
Nov 14, 9.00pm: A BLOKE LIKE AMY by Bruce Stewart. After repeated failures as a con-woman, Amy Bock decides on a new approach — with startling results. Starring Judy Nunn as Amy.
Nov 21, 9.00pm: MARSHMALLOWS by Max Richards. The grotesquely boring lives of Jack, Mary, and their daughter Jill are disturbed by gifts of marshmallows from Mary's mysterious brother Teddy, and then changed when he arranges for a freezer to be delivered by Clive the Bandit.
Nov 28, 9.00 pm: CRAZY OLD QUEEN by Mike Kelly. "If I had nothing else I would have been remembered — for a time at least — as the teacher of that boy." Theatrical Peter Player upstages his priestly opponent; a young man's future is at stake.

10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.15 ..... **BOOKS AND WRITING**
With Martin Harrison.

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **MEDITATION**

11.15 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

THURSDAY

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.10 ..... **WORLD ROUNDUP**
(Not 2NA, Q'ld, WA)

6.20 ..... **BREAKFAST**
(Including News at 7.15 and 8.00; World Roundup at 7.30; Morning Book Reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume at 8.30.)
(SA News 6.30 and 7.15)

9.00 ..... **FOR THE MUSIC LOVER**
10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.02 ..... **SPEAKING PERSONALLY**
SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD — REFLECTIONS OF A MALTREATED CHILD by Ray Willich. (SA 11.10)

10.20 ..... **BY THE WAY**
Religious and ethical issues. See Monday.
(SA, WA 11.25) (WA: 10.30 News)

10.32 ..... **MUSIC**

11.00 ..... **KINDERGARTEN**
(SA, WA 11.35)

11.15 ..... **ABOUT CHILDREN**
(SA, WA 11.50)

11.25 ..... **EDUCATION**
(Not SA, WA)

12.00 ..... **COUNTRY HOUR**
Including News 12.30, National Farm Report 12.50.
(SA, WA News 12.00 and 1.00)

1.00 ..... **TALK**
Education Now.

1.15 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS**
(SA 12.55, WA 1.18)

1.23 ..... **NOTES ON THE NEWS**
(SA 1.30)

1.30 ..... **NEWS, WEATHER, MUSIC**

2.00 ..... **EDUCATION**
(SA 1.40, WA 1.45)

3.00 ..... **MUSIC**
(WA 3.15, SA 3.30)
(SA programme half hour earlier from 3.30)

5.00 ..... **NEWSVOICE**
(WA 3.00, 5.00 News)

5.15 ..... **TALK**
Ockham's Razor-science talk (B'cast Sunday 8.45am).
5.30 Money Talk.

5.58 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT**
(Qld 5.57, SA 6.53)

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.05 ..... **PM**
(WA 6.00)

6.30 ..... **TALK**
First Edition with Julie Copeland.

6.55 ..... **NEWS COMMENTARY**

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

THURSDAY NIGHT

7.15 ..... **EDUCATION NOW**
Developments and issues in education. (Repeat)

7.30 ..... **CITY LIFE: CITY DEATH**
Series on urban planning in Australia.
From 22nd *In the Psychiatrist's Chair.*
Nov 22: Spike Milligan.
Nov 29: Glenda Jackson.

8.00 ..... **MUSIC**
Nov 1: CHORAL MUSIC FROM THE SCHOOL OF NOTRE DAME performed by the Sydney University Chamber Choir. Directed by Neil McEwan, music by Fauré, Perotin, Debussy, Messiaen and Langlais.
Nov 8: ORCHESTRAL CONCERT WITH MICHEL BÉROFF, Piano, direct from Sydney.
Nov 15: A BROKEN SONG — Musician and writer Graham Seal portrays the Australian people's experience of war through folk and popular songs and through poetry, extracts from diaries, letters, contemporary accounts and reminiscences. Programme 1: SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN. At 8.30pm. FROM THE ARALUEN ARTS CENTRE — piano recital by David Bollard, recorded in Alice Springs in July.
Nov 22: A BROKEN SONG 2/5 — AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE; at 8.30pm. SALVATORE ACCARDO WITH THE SSO, music by Mendelssohn, Tartini, Paganini, Respighi.
Nov 29: A BROKEN SONG 3/5 — THE HOME FRONT 1915-1939. At 8.30pm THE REGER TRIO — concert from Perth.

10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.15 ..... **THE COMING OUT SHOW**
(Repeat — broadcast Saturday 5.05pm.) See Worth Noting.

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **MEDITATION**

11.15 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

FRIDAY

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.10 ..... **WORLD ROUNDUP**
(Not 2NA, Q'ld, WA)

6.20 ..... **BREAKFAST**
(Including News at 7.15 and 8.00; World Roundup at 7.30; Morning Book Reading *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* by Fergus Hume at 8.30.)
(SA News 6.30 and 7.15)

9.00 ..... **FOR THE MUSIC LOVER**
10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.02 ..... **SPEAKING PERSONALLY**
SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD — REFLECTIONS OF A MALTREATED CHILD by Ray Willich.
(SA 11.10)

10.20 ..... **BY THE WAY**
Religious and ethical issues. See Monday.
(SA, WA 11.25) (WA: 10.30 News)

10.32 ..... **MUSIC**

11.00 ..... **KINDERGARTEN**
(SA, WA 11.35)

11.15 ..... **ABOUT CHILDREN**
(SA, WA 11.50)

11.25 ..... **EDUCATION**
(Not SA, WA)

12.00 ..... **COUNTRY HOUR**
Including News 12.30, National Farm Report 12.50.
(SA, WA News 12.00 and 1.00)

1.00 ..... **TALK**
Rural information or music.
(SA 1.15, WA 1.05)

1.15 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS**
(SA 12.55, WA 1.18)

1.23 ..... **NOTES ON THE NEWS**
(SA 1.30)

1.30 ..... **NEWS, WEATHER, MUSIC**

2.00 ..... **EDUCATION**
(SA 1.40, WA 1.45)

3.00 ..... **MUSIC**
(WA 3.15, SA 3.30)
(SA programme half hour earlier from 3.30)

5.00 ..... **NEWSVOICE**
(WA 3.00, 5.00 News)

5.15 ..... **TALK**
The Week in State Parliament or Roundabout.
5.30 Roundabout.

5.58 ..... **STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT**
(Qld 5.57, SA 6.53)

6.00 ..... **NEWS**

6.05 ..... **PM**
(WA 6.00)

6.30 ..... **TALK**
The Artful Dodger — news and issues in arts and culture.
(WA: 6.25)

6.55 ..... **NEWS COMMENTARY**

7.00 ..... **NEWS**

FRIDAY NIGHT

7.15 ..... **MUSIC MAGAZINE**
The classical music scene — information and interviews with Glen Menzies.

8.00/8.30 ..... **MUSIC**

At 8.30pm
Nov 2: FLEDERMAN IN CONCERT 1/2 — concert given by one of Australia's premier contemporary music groups, works by Wesley-Smith, Vine, Sitsky, Banks, Wuorinen.
Nov 9: FLEDERMAN IN CONCERT 2/2 — works by Reich, Carter, Smalley, Whiffin, Boyd, Cage.

At 8.00pm
Nov 16: PORTRAIT OF A COMPOSER — DON KAY — This month's portrait features the Tasmanian composer Don Kay.
Nov 23: THE MASK OF TIME — Sir Michael Tippett's most recent choral work, which was given its first performance in Boston this year. A recording of this performance will be presented by Anthony Fogg.

10.00 ..... **NEWS**

10.15 ..... **FORUM**
Topical religion and theology magazine.

10.40 ..... **INQUIRES AND PLACES**
(Not Nov 2)

11.00 ..... **NEWS**

11.10 ..... **MEDITATION**

11.15 ..... **NIGHT MUSIC**

1.02 ..... **CLOSE**

◀ From page 33

pitches in, "Oh yes, your tame journalists"; Schlesinger retorts: "I prefer to call them patriotic." I could hardly believe my ears and Luck, despite having seen all the tapes on numerous occasions, is on the edge of his seat chortling with excitement.

Robertson, the only moderator who has worked in all three countries, particularly enjoys the American *Hypotheticals*: "The Americans are highly articulate and much more forthcoming; it's tied up with their background of the First Amendment and the Freedom of Information Act. The British are especially reticent."

He is in Australia to act as consultant

'Congratulations,' said Ken Myer. 'Such a programme would merit consideration for prime time on Channel 2'

to the Attorney-General's Department on the projected Australian Bill of Rights — one of his many areas of expertise. He has also worked on some of the most celebrated obscenity trials: *Oz* magazine, *Gay News*, *The Romans in Britain* and has been an international legal observer on behalf of Amnesty International. He left Sydney for England in 1970, having studied arts and law at Sydney University, but has returned regularly, doing the odd teaching stint at the University of New South Wales and a number of broadcasts for the ABC law programme.

When we met, Robertson was running two hours late for the next *Hypotheticals* planning meeting. Luck says, with a look of amused disbelief: "Typical Geoff . . . he phoned this morning to say that he'd just *dash off* a few hours at the Royal Commission." Along with his Canberra commitments, he has been in Sydney to represent the British veterans of the Maralinga nuclear tests. He eventually turned up, impeccably dressed, not a hair out of place and keen to get the meeting going as soon as possible. What you see on the set is what you get in the flesh: it is clear that he doesn't suffer fools gladly and that he has a built-in bullshit detector. It is also clear that his time is precious; people may have to wait for him but he wouldn't be happy to reciprocate. During filming, he prowls up and down the set like a lion primed to pounce; part of the effectiveness of a *Hypothetical* is that all the participants have to be on the ball all the time.

In his presence, you can almost hear the grey matter fizzing. He *dashes off* a few likely scenarios: the subject is Defence. Marion Bennett and Andrew Olle from the *Sunday* team nod their heads and come up with some other suggestions. Robertson makes everyone laugh with scurrilous remarks about seedy friends of his in high places who he thinks should be invited to participate.

A *Hypothetical* usually takes three weeks to plan. Robertson will spend several weekends reading up the subject so he can feel comfortable with the scenarios. It takes a long time to line up the participants: "They've got to be people of future, present or past importance; people who make vital decisions." There's rarely a problem in convincing them they should appear. Says Robertson: "*Hypotheticals* are seen as respectable television. People who wouldn't normally appear on a one-to-one interview will take part because they are given the chance to answer real questions and there's no doubt about the plausibility of the situations they're dealing with."

The programmes are filmed over three hours and edited down to an hour or so. Most attractive and entertaining to him are the dilemmas which make the participants really sweat; he also enjoys the spontaneity: "One of the chief delights for me is when something quite unanticipated just takes off. There's always this element of surprise because you never know who's going to be outspoken or a shrinking violet." He finds it extremely embarrassing to be labelled a television personality. "I'm not. I'm an author and a barrister." When asked whether his many commitments compromise his personal life, he replies, of course: "That's hypothetical."

The Defence *Hypothetical* should go to air this month. At the planning meeting names like Jeane Kirkpatrick, Bill Hayden, Andrew Peacock ("the public would like to see him playing Prime Minister"), Geoffrey Blainey and David Lange are contemplated; ANZUS, New Zealand, a mythical island called Malaria, coups and World War 3 are touched upon. I begin to feel distinctly uneasy, recalling the fate of Grenada. Perhaps, if the world's decision makers restricted themselves to playing *Hypotheticals*, we would all feel safer. L&L

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REPORT ON LOOK & LISTEN COMPETITION No 2

SORRY about the time-warp, microchip malfunction or whatever it was that gave the closing date as the end of the month, instead of the middle. Never mind, our breezy solution is to award two lots of prizes. Late entries will be judged separately, after the printing deadline, and winners notified promptly. This gives the early birds an unfair advantage, which is exactly as it should be.

The idea was to invent games that would appeal only to masochists, if even that. Three gruesome suggestions earn a liquid tribute for L. Freeman of NSW. More results when we can print them.

Reader Freeman's entries:

* * *

Here is an amusing variation of the Serial Dinner Party (in which the guests eat each course at a different address).

In this version the guests stay at home and the various courses are delivered to them by courier. Between courses, they can telephone each other to exchange gossip, anecdotes and chit-chat. Meanwhile they can drink without worrying about the drive home, and don't have to miss any favourite television programs.

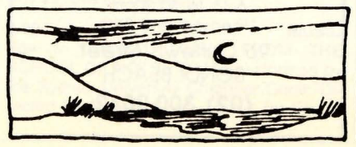
* * *

You can play Lotto at home! Prepare a number of envelopes, containing sums of up to $100, and mark the outside of each one with a random six-digit number (with an optional seventh one). Entry fee is $1.

Each player chooses an envelope, signs it, and pins it to the wall. The draw consists of having a blindfolded person open the telephone directory at random and stab a number with a pin. Anyone with the matching number on their envelope can claim the contents. Otherwise the organiser keeps the stakes.

* * *

Make yourself popular with your drinking mates by challenging them to spell tricky words like "desiccate". Carry a pocket dictionary to prove them wrong, and make it more interesting by betting a few dollars on each attempt.



LOOK & LISTEN COMPETITION No 4
by DOROTHY BARKER

"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." Or to put it another way, "In the beginning, the heavens and the earth were created by God." Or to put it *another* way, "Under a previous administration, certain arrangements were undertaken."

There's no end to what you can achieve by a creative use of the passive voice and a bit of circumlocution. So why don't you just get on with rewriting any well known passage of prose or verse in the manner of a public servant, politician or leader-writer? The more obscure and bumptious you manage to be, the more likely we are to set you awash in a sea of delicious McWilliams. Keep it reasonably brief, use a pseudonym if you like, and direct it to Competition No 4, Look & Listen, PO Box 164, Artarmon NSW 2064, by November 14

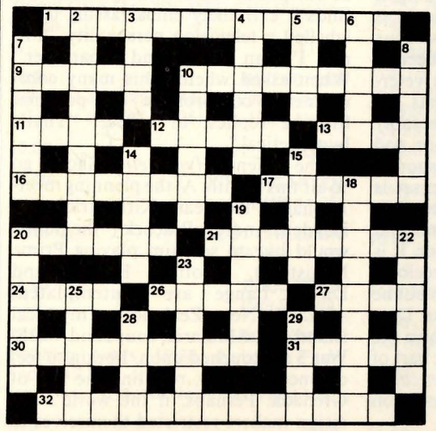
LOOK & LISTEN CROSSWORD No 4
by NESTOR

ACROSS

1. Touchy ABC-TV series. (8,5)
9. Cauliflower head, nuts in scene. (5)
10. Music heard on the low-frequency band. (4,5)
11. Herb was source of the blues. (4)
12. Hot spot for a long-time reporter. (5)
13. Hide Grassby in ABC Radio show. (4)
16. Early baby that is about to have its first viewing. (8)
17. Coach's affirmative statement has some emphasis. (6)
20. Look, a leg can produce such a flash stroke, etc. (6)
21. Thespian Man of Letters. (8)
24. PM's girl. (4)
26. Marsh, not out, figured in bronze. (5)
27. Live golden honey. (4)
30. Assist the beat generation and drop out! (9)
31. Famed fossil area found with short ropes between the posts. (5)
32. Tragic composer. (5,8)

DOWN

2. Colosseum on ABC-TV. (4,5)
3. Playboy followed Great Britain's leaders. (4)
4. Mass migration movie. (6)
5. Resistance units have foremost role for loyalists. (4)
6. Operatic heroine had fickle Roman. (5)
7. Dynamite product of Antonioni. (4-2)
8. Television channel. (6)
10. Heads for the slaughterhouse (not Gore Hill!) (6)
14. Cause of a sticky wicket? (5)
15. Steps taken when caned badly. (5)
18. Selective man of letters. (9)
19. Discover something about TV service. (6)
20. Slick film. (6)
22. Los Angeles grunts like a Pig in the Middle response. (6)
23. See salvo devastate part of the track. (6)
25. The Fforbes-Hamilton birthright. (5)
28. (He doesn't have a clue — there's nothing to go on!) (4)
29. Dick chaser finds, surprisingly, one for 18. (4)



SOLUTION TO LOOK & LISTEN CROSSWORD No 3

W	E	E	K	E	N	D	M	A	G	A	Z	I	N	E
A	■	A	■	L	■	■	N	■	L	■	R	■	N	■
G	I	S	E	L	L	E	■	T	E	E	T	E	R	S
N	■	T	■	A	■	T	■	O	■	C	■	L	■	E
E	M	M	Y	■	Q	U	I	N	N	■	F	A	R	M
R	■	A	■	G	■	D	Y	■	C	■	N	■	B	■
■	E	N	C	O	R	E	S	■	H	A	N	D	E	L
S	■	U	■	E	■	■	N	■	E	■	■	■	E	■
C	A	S	A	L	S	■	T	H	E	A	T	R	E	■
U	■	L	■	D	■	V	■	O	■	L	■	E	■	R
L	I	E	D	■	R	I	N	K	S	■	C	A	G	E
L	■	S	■	C	■	O	■	U	■	T	■	D	■	G
I	N	S	T	A	N	T	■	M	A	R	K	I	N	G
N	■	O	■	L	■	T	■	■	I	■	N	■	A	■
G	E	R	A	L	D	I	N	E	D	O	O	G	U	E

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